

A

Book of the Sea

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A Book of the Sea

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A
Book of the Sea

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Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς
ᾠλόμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν

*I am the tomb of one shipwrecked ; but sail thou ; for even
while we perished, the other ships sailed on over the sea*

IN MEMORY OF
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
MERCANTILE MARINE AND THE AUXILIARY
SERVICES
WHO HAVE DIED AT SEA
DURING THE WAR

PREFACE

THE Navies of the Allies guard our communications, and to their courage and services no tribute can be too high. These are recognized by all and find proper record from those they protect and serve. But the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine also face constant danger in serving our needs, and to them and to those brave fishermen, who, at the call of their country, have left their peaceful avocations for the sternest and hardest of duties, we owe also a heavy debt.

In the grey North Sea, in the narrow waters of the English and Irish Channels, in the long rollers of the Atlantic and the blue waves of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, the trawlers and the drifters of peace ply in war a new vocation as Patrols and as Mine-sweepers.

The men of Essex, of Hull and Grimsby, of Aberdeen and Wick, of classic Devon and many-harboured Cornwall, go forth to hold the ways for those who 'pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions'. No panoply of war, no glory of battle is theirs. Small vessels, lightly armed, seeking the mine that may be their own destruction, hunting the

submarines that may sink them, facing all weathers in all seas without comforts of any kind, with little rest and with death at hand, far from their homes, what can be said that is too much of their sacrifices and their heroism?

The merchantman on entering the danger zone welcomes the first sight of the trawler or drifter on its constant and hard patrol, and seeks its haven through the mine-swept passage which these men have cleared.

The man-of-war looks for information from these hardy watchmen of the sea, as do those whose duty it is to guard our shores from aeroplane or Zeppelin attack.

When the war ends what records will leap to light of these seamen, their services and their heroism!

We need not wait till then to pay our tribute. Now, in the Press and in literature, and, above all, by the support of funds for their benefit, we can strengthen their arms and give them fresh courage in the confidence that those dear to them will not be forgotten should they fall in the cause to which they have given all that men can give—themselves.

DESART.

EDITOR'S NOTE

A COLLECTION of this kind cannot, for obvious reasons, be complete: it can, at the best, only be representative. Where the field of choice is so large, what is chosen must depend finally on personal preference. A great deal of verse has been written dealing, directly or indirectly, with the sea, but much of it can only by courtesy be termed poetry. And if I seem to have shown more favour to legends of Greece than to those of the North, to passages descriptive rather of the influence of the wonder and beauty of the sea on the mind of the poet than of the struggles of the sailor with the wind and the waves, I can only say that the book was first conceived in Capri and planned during a summer holiday on the low shores between Porto Venere and the woods of Viareggio. In such surroundings Odysseus seemed a more fitting companion than 'Henry Martin', Shelley and Matthew Arnold more sympathetic singers than the eighteenth-century authors of ballads and chaunties. And although during this war, with its daily record of the endurance and valour of our sailors and fishermen in home and foreign waters, we are reminded constantly of the great seamen of the past—Drake and Raleigh, Nelson and Collingwood—the records of their deeds are already

gathered in the 'Naval Songs and Ballads' of the Navy Records Society, the 'Sailor's Garland' of Mr. Masefield, and the 'Sea Songs and Ballads' of Christopher Stone. And it is to these volumes and to Professor Arber's 'English Garner' and the reprints of the Hakluyt Society that the reader must turn who wishes for more stories of life at sea than are contained in this Anthology. I have, however, included some ballads on account of their historical interest as well as such patriotic poems and sailors' songs as seem to me of some literary value.

The French and Italian poems add, I think, to the interest and variety of the collection, besides having their obvious place in a book produced at a time when our fleets and those of our Allies are united in the guarding of the seas. As to the prose passages, difficult as it was to give any idea in brief quotations of the richness of our literature, it seemed impossible to have an Anthology in which—to name but three prose writers—Defoe, Herman Melville, and, above all perhaps, Joseph Conrad were unrepresented.

The arrangement of the book is simple—chronological in each section—but with frequent breaks in the order, when it seemed to me that, for purposes of comparison or contrast, it was interesting to put poems, even of widely differing periods, together.

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For the many useful suggestions both of friends and scholars I must confine myself to a general expression of my thanks ; but I cannot omit to mention the help rendered by my daughter in sharing many of the tasks involved the preparation of this book.

CONTENTS

PART I

LYRICS

No.		PAGE
1.	Hymn of St. Colum <i>From the Irish</i>	1
2.	'Cantemus Domino' <i>Exodus xv</i>	2
3.	'Quam magnificata' <i>Psalm civ</i>	3
4.	Leviathan <i>Job xli</i>	4
5.	The Fifth Day (from <i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VII) <i>John Milton</i>	5
6.	'They that go down to the sea in ships' <i>Psalm cvii</i>	6
7.	The ladye praieth the returne of her louer abidyng on the seas. <i>Anon. (Tottel's Miscellany)</i>	7
8.	Complaint of the Absence of her Lover <i>Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey</i>	8
9.	'One day I wrote her name vpon the strand' <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	10
10.	The Heart's Venture <i>William Browne</i>	10
11.	A Sonnet to the Moone <i>Charles Best</i>	11
12.	From <i>Orchestra</i> <i>Sir John Davies</i>	12
13.	Quando ride il mare <i>Gabriello Chiabrera</i>	12
14.	'Come unto these yellow sands' (from <i>The Tempest</i>) <i>William Shakespeare</i>	13
15.	A Hymne in Praise of Neptune <i>Thomas Campion</i>	14
16.	The Siren's Song <i>William Browne</i>	15
17.	A Dirge " "	15
18.	A Dialogue <i>John Dowland</i>	16
19.	Winter <i>Charles Cotton</i>	18
20.	From <i>Comus</i> <i>John Milton</i>	21
21.	From <i>Lycidas</i> " "	22
22.	Bermudas <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	24

No.		PAGE
23.	Pour un Marinier. <i>Honorat de Bueil, Marquis de Racan</i>	26
24.	To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas <i>Richard Lovelace</i>	27
25.	The First Ship <i>Dugald Moore</i>	28
26.	The Enchanted Island <i>L. A. Conolly</i>	29
27.	The Ocean <i>Lord Byron</i>	30
28.	Stanzas for Music " "	31
29.	'I saw from the beach' <i>Thomas Moore</i>	32
30.	From <i>Stanzas, written in Dejection near Naples</i> <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	33
31.	From <i>Ode to the West Wind</i> " " "	34
32.	Arethusa " " "	35
33.	From <i>Prometheus Unbound</i> " " "	38
34.	From <i>The Recollection</i> " " "	39
35.	A Dirge <i>George Darley</i>	40
36.	From <i>Nepenthe</i> " "	41
37.	From <i>Nepenthe</i> " "	44
38.	From <i>Ethelstan : Rumilda's Chant</i> " "	46
39.	'To Sea' <i>Thomas Lovell Beddoes</i>	47
40.	Song of the Sicilian Sea <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	47
41.	Æolian Harp <i>William Allingham</i>	48
42.	The Ocean Wood <i>Lord de Tabley</i>	49
43.	From <i>The Churchyard on the Sands</i> " " "	50
44.	The Sands of Dee <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	50
45.	Annabel Lee <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	51
46.	My Lost Youth <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	53
47.	'In Cabin'd Ships at Sea' <i>Walt Whitman</i>	56
48.	From <i>Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking</i> " "	57
49.	'On the Beach at Night' " "	60
50.	Pendant la Tempête <i>Théophile Gautier</i>	61
51.	Les Matelots " "	62
52.	'Where lies the Land to which the Ship would go?' <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i>	64
53.	The River of Time <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	64
54.	From <i>The Scholar Gipsy</i> " "	65
55.	From <i>Empedocles on Etna</i> " "	66
56.	'Break, break, break' <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	67

CONTENTS

xvii

No.	PAGE
57. Song of the Argonauts <i>William Morris</i>	68
58. The Wanderers (from <i>Paracelsus</i>) <i>Robert Browning</i>	70
59. Amphibian " "	72
60. From <i>Meeting at Night</i> " "	75
61. Parting at Morning " "	75
62. Sleep at Sea <i>Christina Rossetti</i>	75
63. By the Sea " "	77
64. The Sea Limits <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	77
65. 'Passa la Nave mia' <i>Giosuè Carducci</i>	78
66. 'Je ne sais pourquoi' <i>Paul Verlaine</i>	79
67. 'La Mer est plus belle' " "	80
68. To a Seamew <i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i>	81
69. From <i>By the North Sea</i> " " "	85
70. From <i>In Guernsey</i> " " "	87
71. From <i>Echoes</i> <i>William Ernest Henley</i>	87
72. From <i>Echoes</i> " " "	88
73. Over the Sea to Skye <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	88
74. From <i>The Wanderer</i> <i>Richard Watson Dixon</i>	89
75. Dalla Spiaggia <i>Giovanni Pascoli</i>	90
76. Il Mare " "	91
77. Song <i>John Davidson</i>	92
78. (i) From <i>A Cinque Port</i> " "	92
(ii) From <i>In Romney Marsh</i> " "	92
79. Les Silhouettes <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	93
80. In Hebrid Seas <i>Translated from the Gaelic</i>	94
81. The St. Kilda Maid's Song <i>Translated from the Gaelic by Alexander Stewart</i>	95
82. The Sea-Going Bark <i>Translated from the Irish by A. Perceval Graves</i>	97
83. The Hymn of the Fishermen <i>Sir Samuel Ferguson</i>	97
84. The Harvest of the Sea <i>Translated from the Manx by W. H. Gill</i>	98
85. The Undersong <i>Fiona Macleod</i>	99
86. The Moon-Child " "	100
87. My Grief on the Sea <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	101
88. Herring is King <i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	102
89. Can Doov Deelish <i>Dora Sigerson</i>	103

No.		PAGE
90.	The White Birds <i>William Butler Yeats</i>	104
91.	The Sad Shepherd " " "	105
92.	'There shall be no more Sea' <i>Elizabeth Dowden</i>	106
93.	The Haven <i>Mary E. Coleridge</i>	107
94.	Veneta " " "	108
95.	From <i>In the Midst of the Seas</i> <i>William Watson</i>	108
96.	Ode to the Mediterranean <i>George Santayana</i>	110
97.	The Old Ships <i>James Elroy Flecker</i>	112
98.	The Strait <i>Herbert Trench</i>	113
99.	From <i>Dauber</i> <i>John Masefield</i>	114
100.	Cargoes " "	115
101.	Sea Fever " "	116
102.	John Winter <i>Laurence Binyon</i>	117
103.	Dreams of the Sea <i>William H. Davies</i>	120
104.	The Sea " " "	121
105.	The full Heart <i>Robert Nichols</i>	122
106.	Rowers' Chant <i>T. Sturge Moore</i>	122
107.	'Never more, Sailor' <i>Walter De la Mare</i>	123
108.	'I found her out there' <i>Thomas Hardy</i>	124
109.	A Passer-by <i>Robert Bridges</i>	126
110.	The Cliff-top " "	127
111.	'Who has not walked upon the shore' " "	129
112.	'The evening darkens over' " "	130
113.	'The snow lies sprinkled' " "	131

PART II

REFLECTIONS AND PICTURES

114.	Spring on the Coast <i>Leonidas of Tarentum, trans. J. W. Mackail</i>	132
115.	A Restless Grave <i>Archias, " " " "</i>	132
116.	'When winds that move not' <i>Moschus of Syracuse, trans. Shelley</i>	133
117.	The Drowned Seaman <i>Horace, trans. E. C. Wickham</i>	133

CONTENTS

xix

No.	PAGE
118. The Sea-Burial of King Scyld	
From <i>Beowulf</i> , trans. C. B. Tinker	134
119. The Swimming-Match " " " "	135
120. From <i>Andreas</i> " " " " <i>Trans. R. K. Root</i>	136
121. The Storm-Spirit in the Sea From <i>The Anglo-Saxon Riddles</i> , trans. H. B. Brougham	139
122. From the <i>Divina Commedia</i> (<i>Purg. II</i>) Dante	139
123. Sonetto " " " " <i>Giovanni Boccaccio</i>	141
124. From the <i>Divina Commedia</i> (<i>Purg. VIII</i>) Dante	141
125. Port after Stormy Seas " <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	142
126. From <i>The Tragedy of Dido</i>	
<i>Thomas Nashe and Christopher Marlowe</i>	142
127. From <i>King Richard II</i> <i>William Shakespeare</i>	143
128. From <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> " "	143
129. From <i>The Tempest</i> " "	144
130. From <i>King Richard III</i> " "	144
131. From <i>Othello</i> " "	145
132. From <i>A Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> "	145
133. The Storme " " " " <i>John Donne</i>	146
134. The Calme " " " " " "	148
135. The Third Day " " " " <i>John Milton</i>	150
136. After the Shipwreck " " " " <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	150
137. 'A Squall, deep lowering' <i>William Falconer</i>	153
138. The Sea " " " " <i>George Crabbe</i>	154
139. The Spanish Galleons seen by an Aztec <i>John Dryden</i>	156
140. Les Plaisirs du Rivage <i>Nicolas-Germain Léonard</i>	157
141. Sea-birds " " " " <i>James Thomson</i>	158
142. (i) Omens of Storm (from <i>The Seasons</i>) " "	159
(ii) Clouds (from <i>The Castle of Indolence</i>) " "	159
143. L' Infinito " " " " <i>Giacomo Leopardi</i>	160
144. 'The world is too much with us'	
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	160
145. Evening by the Sea " " " "	161
146. The Ship " " " " "	161
147. From <i>The Old Margate Hoy</i> " " " " <i>Charles Lamb</i>	162
148. From <i>Julian and Maddalo</i> " " " " <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	164
149. From <i>Epipsychidion</i> " " " " "	165

No.		PAGE
150.	On the Sea <i>John Keats</i>	168
151.	To Ailsa Rock „ „	168
152.	From <i>To my Brother George</i> . . . „ „	169
153.	From <i>Endymion</i> „ „	169
154.	From <i>Hyperion</i> : The Shell's Song „ „	171
155.	The Shells <i>Walter Savage Landor</i>	172
156.	From <i>The Chambered Nautilus</i> <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	172
157.	From <i>Hyperion</i> <i>John Keats</i>	173
158.	The Swimmer <i>Lord Byron</i>	174
159.	The Swimmer <i>Roden Noel</i>	174
160.	The Swimmer at Sunrise . . . <i>Fiona Macleod</i>	177
161.	A Sea-Spell <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	177
162.	From <i>The Englishman in Italy</i> <i>Robert Browning</i>	178
163.	L'Homme et la Mer <i>Charles Baudelaire</i>	179
164.	From <i>Dover Beach</i> <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	180
165.	From <i>Sohrab and Rustum</i> . . . „ „	180
166.	Qua cūsum Ventus <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i>	181
167.	Tempête <i>Victor Hugo</i>	182
168.	A Gale at Sea <i>John Ruskin</i>	183
169.	Turner's Picture 'The Slave Ship' „ „	184
170.	From <i>Les Travailleurs de la Mer</i> . <i>Victor Hugo</i>	185
171.	From <i>Will o' the Mill</i> . . . <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	187
172.	The White Whale <i>Herman Melville</i>	187
173.	From <i>The Merry Men</i> . . . <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	189
174.	From <i>Sebastian van Storck</i> . . . <i>Walter Pater</i>	192
175.	From <i>The Sea Wall</i> <i>Alice Meynell</i>	193
176.	Sottomare <i>Geoffrey Scott</i>	195
177.	Venetian Sunrise . . . <i>John Addington Symonds</i>	195
178.	The Bond of the Sea <i>Joseph Conrad</i>	196
179.	The Small Sea World <i>Alice Meynell</i>	198
180.	From <i>The Aran Islands</i> <i>John Synge</i>	199
181.	Laying up the Boat . . . <i>Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch</i>	200
182.	The Pacific <i>Herman Melville</i>	203
183.	Youth and the Sea <i>Joseph Conrad</i>	204

PART III

STORIES OF BEAUTIES AND WONDERS

No.	PAGE
184. From Homeric <i>Hymn to Neptune</i> George Chapman	208
185. On first looking into Chapman's Homer John Keats	209
186. The Odyssey Andrew Lang	209
187. Poseidon goeth to the Achaians (<i>Iliad</i> , Book XIII) Homer, trans. A. Lang	210
188. The Wreck of Odysseus (<i>Odyssey</i> , Book V) Homer, trans. S. H. Butcher and A. Lang	211
189. From the <i>Odyssey</i> (Book XII) Homer, trans. George Chapman	226
190. From the <i>Divina Commedia</i> (<i>Purg. XIX</i>) Dante	231
191. Ulysses and the Syren Samuel Daniel	232
192. From Colin Clout's <i>Come Home Again</i> Edmund Spenser	235
193. From <i>Hero and Leander</i> Christopher Marlowe	238
194. Doris and Galatea Giles Fletcher	242
195. Idyll: The Fishermen Theocritus, trans. C. S. Calverley	245
196. Odysseus and his Companions reach the Land of the Lotos-Eaters (<i>Odyssey</i> , Book IX) Homer, trans. Worsley	248
197. From <i>The Lotos-Eaters</i> Lord Tennyson	250
198. From <i>Ulysses</i> „ „	255
199 The Death of Hippolytus Euripides, trans. Gilbert Murray	256
200. From <i>The Georgics</i> (Book IV) Virgil, trans. Lord Burghclere	259
201. The Boatrace (<i>Aeneid</i> , Book IV) Virgil, trans. William Morris	260
202. From <i>The Golden Apples</i> „ „	267
203. The Bark of Clanranald. The Blessing of the Ship From the Gaelic of Alexander Macdonald	271
204. „ „ The Sailing. From the Gaelic of Alexander Macdonald	272

No.		PAGE
205.	The Dæmon Lover <i>Ballad</i>	278
206.	Sir Patrick Spens "	280
207.	The Lass of Lochroyan "	283
208.	The Lawlands o' Holland "	291
209.	Bonnie Annie "	292
210.	Brown Robyn's Confession "	293
211.	Merman Rosmer "	294
212.	The Merman, or Marstig's Daughter "	299
213.	The Mermaid "	300
214.	Il Corsaro <i>Piedmontese Ballad</i>	302
215.	Lo Mariner <i>Catalan Ballad</i>	303
216.	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	305
217.	Endymion hears the Merman's tale (from <i>Endymion</i>) <i>John Keats</i>	327
218.	From <i>Alastor</i> <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	328
219.	The Forsaken Merman <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	332
220.	The Neckan " "	336
221.	The Rock of Cloud <i>Herbert Trench</i>	339
222.	Dolor Oogo <i>Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch</i>	344
223.	Santorin (A Legend of the Aegean) <i>James E. Flecker</i>	346
224.	Alexander <i>Walter De La Mare</i>	348

PART IV

SAILORS, THEIR DEEDS AND SONGS

225.	From <i>Homer's Hymn to Castor and Pollux</i> <i>Trans. Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	350
226.	A Shrine by the Sea (<i>Greek Anthology</i>) <i>Anyte, trans. Sir Rennell Rodd</i>	351
227.	The Harbour God (<i>Greek Anthology</i>) <i>Archias, trans. Sir Rennell Rodd</i>	351
228.	On the Empty Tomb of One lost at Sea (<i>Greek Anthology</i>) <i>Glaucus, trans. J. W. Mackail</i>	352
229.	On a Sailor drowned in Harbour (<i>Greek Anthology</i>) <i>Antipater of Sidon, trans. J. W. Mackail</i>	352

CONTENTS

xxiii

No.		PAGE
230.	The Sea-Farer <i>Anon., trans. from the Anglo-Saxon by L. Iddings</i>	353
231.	The Building of the Ark <i>Anon. (adapted)</i>	355
232.	How Alfred Caused Ships to be Built, and how the Pagans were beaten at Swanage <i>Asser's Life of Alfred</i>	355
233.	The Shipman <i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	356
234.	Winchelsea Fight, or the Humbling of the Spaniards <i>Laurence Minot</i>	357
235.	The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage <i>Anon., XVth cent.</i>	358
236.	'Lustely, Lustely' <i>Anon.</i>	361
237.	In Prais of Seafaringe Men, in Hope of Good Fortune <i>Anon.</i>	362
238.	From <i>The Faerie Queene</i> <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	363
239.	To Sleep <i>William Shakespeare</i>	364
240.	Henry V on the Way to France "	364
241.	A Ioyful New Ballad, declaring the Happie Obtain- ing of the Great Galleazzo <i>Thomas Deloney</i>	365
242.	Sir Francis Drake's First Sight of the Pacific, Feb- ruary 11th, 1593. <i>Philip Nichols</i>	369
243.	Epitaph on Drake <i>Wit's Recreations (1640)</i>	370
244.	Epitaph on Drake <i>Richard Barnfield</i>	371
245.	Epitaph on Hawkins "	371
246.	From <i>Britannia's Pastorals</i> <i>William Browne</i>	371
247.	Ode on Drake's Chair <i>Abraham Cowley</i>	372
248.	Drake's Drum <i>Sir Henry Newbolt</i>	374
249.	The Spanish Armada <i>Bishop John Still</i>	375
250.	From <i>The Armada</i> <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	376
251.	The Last Fight of H.M.S. <i>Revenge</i> <i>van Linschoten, trans. W. Phillip</i>	378
252.	The Last Fight of the <i>Revenge</i> <i>Gervase Markham</i>	379
253.	The English Admirals <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	384
254.	Henry Martin <i>Ballad</i>	387
255.	<i>The Sweet Trinity; or Sir Walter Raleigh</i> "	388
256.	<i>The Golden Vanity</i> "	391
257.	<i>The Mermaid</i> "	392
258.	Les Merveilles de la Mer <i>Jean Parmentier</i>	394

PART I. LYRICS

You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth
in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned
with th stars . . .—TRAHERNE.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us.

LANDOR.

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.—D. G. ROSSETTI.

1. *Hymn of St. Colum*

DELIGHTFUL would it be to me to be in Uchd
Ailium
On the pinnacle of a rock,
That I might often see
The face of the ocean;
That I might see its heaving waves
Over the wide ocean,
When they chant music to their Father
Upon the world's course;
That I might see its level sparkling strand,
It would be no cause of sorrow;
That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,
Source of happiness;
That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves
Upon the rocks;
That I might hear the roar by the side of the church
Of the surrounding sea;
That I might see its noble flocks
Over the watery ocean;

SAINT COLUM

That I might see the sea monsters,
 The greatest of all wonders ;
 That I might see its ebb and flood
 In their career ;
 That my mystical name might be, I say,
Cul ri Erin ;¹
 That contrition might come upon my heart
 Upon looking at her ;
 That I might bewail my evils all,
 Though it were difficult to compute them ;
 That I might bless the Lord
 Who conserves all. . . .

Translated from the Irish.

2.

Cantemus Domino

I WILL sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed
 gloriously :
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
 The Lord is my strength and song,
 And he is become my salvation :
 He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation :
 My father's God, and I will exalt him.
 The Lord is a man of war :
 The Lord is his name.
 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea :
 His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.
 The depths have covered them :
 They sank into the bottom as a stone.
 Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power :
 Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

¹ That is, ' Back turned to Ireland.'

And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast over-
thrown them that rose up against thee :

Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as
stubble.

And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered
together,

The floods stood upright as an heap,

And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said :—

I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil ;

My lust shall be satisfied upon them ;

I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them :

They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ;

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

Exodus, chap. xv.

3. *Quam magnificata*

O LORD, how manifold are thy works !

In wisdom hast thou made them all :

The earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea,

Wherein are things creeping innumerable,

Both small and great beasts.

There go the ships :

There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play
therein.

These wait all upon thee ;

That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

Psalms civ.

4. *Leviathan*

CANST thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? . . .

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears? . . .

Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about.

His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.

One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.

They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or cauldron.

His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.

In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him.

The flakes of his flesh are joined together; they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself the mighty are afraid; by reason of breakings they purify themselves.

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold : the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood . . .

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot : he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.

He maketh a path to shine after him ; one would think the deep to be hoary.

Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

Job, chap. xli.

5. *The Fifth Day*

AND God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde ;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill ;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea : part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch : on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play ; part huge of bulk

Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean : there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.

JOHN MILTON.

6. *'They that go down to the Sea in Ships'*

THEY that go down to the sea in ships :
 And occupy their business in great waters ;
 These men see the works of the Lord :
 And His wonders in the deep.
 For at His word the stormy wind ariseth :
 Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
 They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the
 deep :
 Their soul melteth away because of the trouble.
 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man :
 And are at their wit's end.
 So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble :
 He delivereth them out of their distress.
 For He maketh the storm to cease :
 So that the waves thereof are still.
 Then are they glad because they are at rest :
 And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they
 would be.
 Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His
 goodness ;
 And declare the wonders that He doeth for the children
 of men.

Psalm cvii.

7. *The ladye praieth the returne of her louer
abidyng on the seas*

SHALL I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will
not here?

Alas say nay, say nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and say that thou wilt
come.

Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a liues
man be.

The roaring hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghost,
And tosse thee vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be
lost.

Shall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed
thee?

But as thou art most sure aliue so wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I shall go see thy shippe ride on the strande
And thinke and say lo where he comes, and sure here will
he land.

And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hande,
And thou shalt thinke thine hert in ease, in helth to se
me stand.

And if thou come in dede (as Christ the send to do,)
Those armes whiche misse thee now shall then imbrace thee
to.

Ech vaine to euery ioynt, the liuely bloud shall spred,
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full
pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy trowth and do not come at all,

As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I
shall.

To please bothe thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forsaken so.

ANONYMOUS: Tottel's *Miscellany*.

8. *Complaint of the Absence of her Lover*

GOOD Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, and moorne
with me a while

And such as by their lordes do set but little price,

Let them sit still : it skilles them not what chance come
on ye dice.

But ye whom loue hath bound by ordre of desire

To loue your lords, whose good desertes none other
wold require :

Come ye yet ones again, and set your foote by mine,

Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great no tong may
wel define.

My loue and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,

Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his
health.

Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde

Is nowe amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the
winde.

Where God well him preserue, and sone him home me
send.

Without which hope, my life (alas) wer shortly at an
end.

Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,

With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my
payne.

The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so :

That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true,
or no.

Sometime the roring seas (me semes) do grow so hye :

That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die.

Another time the same doth tell me : he is cumme :

And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little
sonne,

So forth I go apace to se that leessom sight.

And with a kisse, me think, I say : welcome my lord,
my knight :

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfáre.

Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and
my care.

Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,

And saith : my dere, how is it now, that you haue all
thys paine ?

Wherwith the heauy cares : that heapt are in my brest.

Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge
vnrest.

But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreme,

The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme :

And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde

Sum hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my
mind,

Thus euery way you se, with absence how I burn :

And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good
return,

Saue whan I think, by sowre how swete is felt the more :

It doth abate som of my paines, that I abode before.

And then vnto my self I say : when we shal meete.

But litle while shall seme this paine, the ioy shal be so
sweete.

Ye windes, I you coniure in chieftest of your rage,

That ye my lord me safely sende, my sorowes to asswage :
And that I may not long abide in this excesse.

Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in
distresse.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

9. *'One day I wrote her name vpon the strand'*

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away :
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Wayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my selue shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize
to dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame :
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

EDMUND SPENSER.

10.

The Heart's Venture

AS carefull *Merchants* doe expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wynde)
Vpon the place where their braue *Ship* must land :
So waite I for the vessell of my minde.

Upon a great aduenture is it bound,
 Whose safe returne will vallu'd be at more
 Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd
 The golden wishes of an age before.

O hasten then ! and if thou be not gone
 Vnto that wished trafficke through the Mayne,
 My powrefull sighes shall quickly driue thee on,
 And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waues haue it opprest,
 It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

11. *A Sonnet to the Moone*

LOOKE how the pale Queene of the silent night,
 LDoth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
 And he as long as she is in his sight,
 With his full tide is ready her to honour :
 But when the siluer wagon of the Moone
 Is mounted vp so high he cannot follow,
 The sea cals home his crystall waues to mone,
 And with low ebbe doth manifest his sorrow :
 So you that are the soueraigne of my heart,
 Haue all my joyes attending on your will,
 My joyes low ebbing when you doe depart.
 When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill.

So as you come, and as you doe depart
 Joys ebbe and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST.

12.

From 'Orchestra'

FOR loe the Sea that fleets about the Land,
 And like a girdle clips her solide wast,
 Musick and measure both doth vnderstand :
 For his great Christall eye is alwayes cast
 Up to the Moone, and on her fixèd fast.
 And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
 So daunceth he about the Centre heere.

Sometimes his proud greene waues in order set,
 One after other flow vnto the shore,
 Which when they haue with many kisses wet,
 They ebb away in order as before ;
 And to make knowne his Courtly Loue the more,
 He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt Mace,
 And with his armes the timorous Earth embrace.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

13.

Quando ride il mare

QUANDO avvien che un zefiretto
 Per diletto
 Bagni il piè nell' onde chiare,
 Sicchè l' acqua in sull' arena
 Scherzi appena ;
 Noi diciam che ride il mare.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

14. *From 'The Tempest'*

(Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing, FERDINAND following.)

ARIEL *sings.*

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !

[*Burden : Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark :

[*Burden : Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer.

[*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

Ferdinand. Where should this music be ? i' th' air, or
th' earth ?

It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

[*Burden* : ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

15. *A Hymne in Praise of Neptune*

OF Neptunes Empyre let vs sing,
 At whose command the waues obay :
 To whom the Riuers tribute pay,
 Downe the high mountaines sliding.

To whom the skaly Nation yeelds
 Homage for the Cristall fields

Wherein they dwell ;

And euey Sea-god paies a Iem,
 Yeerely out of his watry Cell,
 To decke great *Neptunes* Diadem.

The *Trytons* dauncing in a ring,
 Before his Pallace gates, doo make
 The water with their Ecchoes quake,
 Like the great Thunder sounding :
 The Sea-Nymphes chaunt their Accents shrill,
 And the *Syrens* taught to kill

With their sweet voyce ;

Make eu'ry ecchoing Rocke reply,
 Vnto their gentle murmuring noyse,
 The prayse of *Neptunes* Empery.

THOMAS CAMPION.

16. *The Siren's Song*

STEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,
 All beaten mariners,
 Here lye Loues undiscounted mynes,
 A prey to passengers;
 Perfumes farre sweeter than the best
 Which make y^e Phœnix vrne and nest.
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you saue our lips,
 But come on shore,
 Where no ioy dyes till loue hath gōtten more.
 For swellinge waues, our panting brestes
 Where neuer stormes arise
 Exchange; and be awhile our gueses:
 For starres gaze on our eyes.
 The compasse loue shall hourelly singe,
 And as he goes aboute the ringe,
 We will not misse
 To telle each pointe he nameth wth a kisse.

Chorus.

Then come on shore,
 Where no ioye dyes till loue hath gotten more.
 WILLIAM BROWNE.

17. *A Dirge*

GLIDE soft ye siluer Floods,
 And euery Spring:
 Within the shady Woods,
 Let no Bird sing!
 Nor from the Groue a *Turtle Doue*,
 Be seene to couple with her loue,
 But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell
 Whilst WILLY bids his friend and ioy *Farewell*.

But (of great Thetis trayne)
 Yee *Mermaides* faire,
 That on the shores doe plaine
 Your Sea-greene haire,
 As yee in tramels knit your locks
 Weepe yee ; and so inforce the rocks
 In heauy murmures through the broade shores tell
 How WILLY bade his friend and ioy *Farewell*.

Cease, cease, yee murdring winds
 To moue a wave ;
 But if with troubled minds
 You seeke his graue ;
 Know 'tis as various as your selues,
 Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,
 His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
 Whilst WILLY weepes and bids all ioy *Farewell*.

Had he *Arion* like
 Beene iudg'd to drowne,
 Hee on his Lute could strike
 So rare a sown' ;
 A thousand *Dolphins* would haue come
 And iointly striue to bring him home.
 But he on Ship-boord dyde, by sicknesse fell,
 Since when his WILLY bade all ioy *Farewell*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

18.

A Dialogue

MY merry mates ! to Neptune's praise,
 Your voices high advance !
 The wat'ry nymphs shall dance,
 And Æolus shall whistle to your lays.
Master. Steersman, how stands the wind ?

Steersman. Full north-north-east.

Master. What course?

Steersman. Full south-south-west.

Master. No worse, and blow so fair,
Then sink despair,
Come solace to the mind !
Ere night, we shall the haven find.
O happy days, who may contain
But swell with proud disdain
When seas are smooth,
Sails full, and all things please ?

The Golden Mean that constant spirit bears !
In such extremes, that nor presumes nor fears.

Stay, merry mates, proud Neptune lowers !
Your voices all deplore you,
The nymphs standing weeping o'er you.
And Æolus and Iris bandy showers.

Master. Boatsman, haul in the boat !

Steersman. Hark ! hark the ratlings !

Master. 'Tis hail !

Steersman. Make fast the tacklings !

Master. Strike sail !

Make quick despatches !
Shut close the hatches !
Hold stern ! cast anchor out !
This night we shall at random float.

O dismal hours !
Who can forbear,
But sink with sad despair ;
When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing lowers.

JOHN DOWLAND.

19.

Winter

HARK, hark, I hear the North Wind roar,
See how he riots on the Shoar;
And with expanded Wings out-stretch,
Ruffels the Billows on the Beach.

Hark, how the routed Waves complain,
And call for Succor to the Main,
Flying the Storm as if they meant
To creep into the Continent.

Surely all Æoll's huffing Brood
Are met to War against the Flood,
Which seem surpriz'd, and have not yet
Had time his Levies to compleat.

The beaten Bark her Rudder lost,
Is on the rowling Billows tost;
Her Keel now Plows the Ouse, and soon
Her Top-Mast tilts against the Moon.

'Tis strange! the Pilot keeps his seat;
His bounding Ship does so curvet,
Whilst the poor Passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd.

Now Fins do serve for Wings, and bear
Their Scaly Squadrons through the Air;
Whilst the Airs Inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy Plumage in the Main.

Now Stars concealed in Clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep;
And Lobsters spuèd from the brine,
With Cancer constellations shine.

Sure Neptune's Watery Kingdoms yet
Since first their Corral Graves were wet,
Were ne're disturbed with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their Arms.

See where a Liquid Mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable Tides,
And tumbles headlong to the Strand,
As if the Sea would come to Land.

A Sail, a Sail, I plainly spy,
Betwixt the Ocean and the Sky,
An Argosy, a tall built Ship,
With all her Pregnant Sails a-trip.

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With Canvis Wings into the Bay ;
And now upon the Deck appears
A croud of busy Mariners.

Methinks I hear the Cordage crack,
With furrowing Neptune's foaming Back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His Fury to the neighb'ring Shoars.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding Keel above the Waves,
Opening his Liquid Arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

See how she dives into his Chest,
Whilst raising up his floating Brest
To clasp her in, he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprize.

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The Azure Surface of the deep,
And now at last the Waves have thrown
Their Rider on our Albion.

Under the Black cliff, spumy base,
The Sea-sick Hulk her freight displays,
And as she walloweth on the Sand,
Vomits her burthen to the Land.

With Heads erect, and plying Oar,
The Ship-wrack'd Mates make to the Shoar ;
And dreadless of their danger, climb
The floating Mountains of the brine.

Hark, hark, the noise, their Eccho make
The Island's Silver Waves to shake ;
Sure with these throws, the lab'ring Main
'S delivered of a Hurricane.

And see the Seas becalm'd behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of Wind ;
The Tempest has forsook the Waves,
And on Land begins his braves.

Hark, hark, their Voices higher rise,
They tear the Welkin with their Cries ;
The very Rocks their fury feel,
And like Sick Drunkards nod, and reel.

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Niles Cataracts to these are dumb ;
The Cyclope to these Blades are still,
Whose Anvils shake the burning Hill.

Were all the Stars enlightened Skies,
 As full of Ears as sparkling Eyes ;
 This rattle in the Christal Hall,
 Would be enough to deaf them all.

What monstrous Race is hither tost,
 Thus to Alarm our British Coast ;
 With Outcries, such as never yet
 War, or Confusion could beget.

Oh ! now I know them ; let us home,
 Our Mortal Enemy is come,
 Winter and all his blust'ring train,
 Have made a voyage o're the Main.

CHARLES COTTON.

20.

From 'Comus'

i

SABRINA fair
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 'Listen and save !

Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
 And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
 By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,
 And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,

By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
 By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.
 Listen and save !

ii

To the Ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that ly
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky !

JOHN MILTON.

21.

From 'Lycidas'

BUT now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea
 That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine. . . .
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid' *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold ;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,

For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

JOHN MILTON.

22.

Bermudas

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
 In th' ocean's bosome unespy'd,
 From a small boat, that row'd along,
 The list'ning winds receiv'd this song :

‘What should we do but sing His praise,
 That led us through the wat'ry maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own ?
 Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,

That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelat's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing ;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice ;
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shoar.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at Heaven's vault ;
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the Mexique Bay.'

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a chearful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

23.

*Pour un Marinier**Vers de Ballet*

DESSUS la mer de Cypre, où souvent il arrive
 Que les meilleurs nochers se perdent dès la rive,
 J'ay navigué la nuit plus de fois que le jour.
 La beauté d'Uranie est mon pole et mon phare,
 Et, dans quelque tourmente où ma barque s'égare,
 Je n'invoque jamais d'autre dieu que l'Amour.

- Souvent à la mercy des funestes Pléyades,
 Ce pilote sans peur m'a conduit en des rades
 Où jamais les vaisseaux ne s'estoient hasardez ;
 Et, sans faire le vain, ceux qui m'entendront dire
 De quel art cet enfant a guidé mon navire
 Ne l'accuseront plus d'avoir les yeux bandez.

Il n'est point de broüillards que ses feux n'esclaircissent ;
 Par ses enchantements les vagues s'adoucissent ;
 La mer se fait d'azur et le ciel de saphirs,
 Et, devant la beauté dont j'adore l'image,
 En faveur du printemps, qui luit en son visage,
 Les plus fiers aquilons se changent en zephirs.

Mais, bien que dans ses yeux l'amour prenne ses charmes,
 Qu'il y mette ses feux, qu'il y forge ses armes,
 Et qu'il ait estably son empire en ce lieu,
 Toutesfois sa grandeur leur rend obeïssance ;
 Sur cette ame de glace il n'a point de puissance,
 Et seulement contre elle il cesse d'estre dieu.

Je sçay bien que ma nef y doit faire naufrage :
 Ma science m'apprend à predire l'orage ;
 Je connois le rocher qu'elle cache en son sein ;

Mais plus j'y voy de morts, et moins je m'epouvante ;
Je me trahis moy-mesme, et l'art dont je me vante,
Pour l'honneur de perir en un si beau dessein.

HONORAT DE BUEIL, MARQUIS DE RACAN.

24. *To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas*

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone ;
Then my *Lucasta* might I crave
Pity from blustering winde, or swallowing wave.
But I'le not sigh one blast or gale
* To swell my saile,
Or pay a teare to swage
The foming blew Gods rage ;
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.
Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,
Our Faith and Troth,
Like separated soules,
All time and space controules :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.
So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speake like spirits unconfin'd.
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

25.

The First Ship

THE sky in beauty arch'd
The wide and weltering flood,
While the winds in triumph march'd
Through their pathless solitude—
Rousing up the plume on ocean's hoary crest,
That like space in darkness slept,
When his watch old Silence kept,
Ere the earliest planet leapt
From its breast.

A speck is on the deeps,
Like a spirit in her flight;
How beautiful she keeps
Her stately path in light!
She sweeps the shining wilderness in glee—
The sun has on her smiled,
And the waves, no longer wild,
Sing in glory round that child
Of the sea.

'Twas at the set of sun
That she tilted o'er the flood,
Moving like God alone
O'er the glorious solitude—
The billows crouch around her as her slaves.
How exulting are her crew!—
Each sight to them is new,
As they sweep along the blue
Of the waves.

DUGALD MOORE.

26.

The Enchanted Island

TO Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail
When summer breezes softly blew,
And there I heard so sweet a tale
That oft I wished it could be true.

They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
And hushed is every turbid swell,
A mermaid rises from the deep
And sweetly tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave,
In dying falls the sound retain,
As if some choral spirits gave
Their aid to swell her witching strain.

Then summoned by that dulcet note,
Uprising to th' admiring view,
A fairy island seems to float
With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
All on this fairy isle are seen :
And waving trees, and shady bowers,
With more than mortal vesture green.

And as it moves, the western sky
Glow with a thousand varying rays ;
And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
Seems like a golden flood of haze.

They also say, if earth or stone
From verdant Erin's hallowed land
Were on this magic island thrown,
For ever fixed it then would stand.

But when for this some little boat
 In silence ventures from the shore,
 The mermaid sinks—hushed is the note—
 The fairy isle is seen no more.

L. A. CONOLLY.

27.

The Ocean

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown. . . .

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

28.

Stanzas for Music

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep :
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee ;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

•

29. *' I saw from the beach '*

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

THOMAS MOORE.

30. *From 'Stanzas, written in Dejection
near Naples'*

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion....

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

31. *From 'Ode to the West Wind'*

THOU on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine æry surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh, hear !
 Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

32.

Arethusa

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains. .
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams ;
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook ;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It unsealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
And the beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

‘ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair !
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer ;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main

Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones ;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light ;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night :—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the Ocean's foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;

At noontide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of asphodel;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

33.

From 'Prometheus Unbound'

ECHOES (*unseen*).

ECHOES we : listen !
 We cannot stay :
 As dew-stars glisten
 Then fade away—
 Child of Ocean !

O, follow, follow,
 As our voice recedeth
 Through the caverns hollow,
 Where the forest spreadeth ;

(*More distant.*)

O, follow, follow !
 Through the caverns hollow,
 As the song floats thou pursue,
 Where the wild bee never flew,
 Through the noontide darkness deep,
 By the odour-breathing sleep

Of faint night flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves,
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently falling feet,
Child of Ocean !

In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken ;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken ;
Child of Ocean !

O, follow, follow !
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noontide dew ;
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,
Through the many-folded mountains ;
To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,
Where the Earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when He and thou
Parted, to commingle now ;
Child of Ocean !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

34.

From 'The Recollection'

WE wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay ;

It seemed as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
 Which scattered from above the sun
 A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
 As serpents interlaced.
 And soothed by every azure breath,
 That under Heaven is blown,
 To harmonies and hues beneath,
 As tender as its own ;
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
 Like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

35.

A Dirge

PRAYER unsaid, and mass unsung,
 Deadman's dirge must still be rung :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound !
 Mermen chant his dirge around !

Wash him bloodless, smoothe him fair,
 Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go !
 Mermen swing them to and fro !

In the wormless sands shall he
 Feast for no foul gluttons be :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime !
 Mermen keep the tone and time !

We must with a tombstone brave
 Shut the shark out from his grave :
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll !
 Mermen dirgers ring his knoll !

Such a slab will we lay o'er him
 All the dead shall rise before him !
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom !
 Mermen lay him in his tomb !

GEORGE DARLEY.

36.

From 'Nepenthe'

HIE on to great Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !
 Fleet as water can gallop, hie on !
 Hear ye not thro' the ground
 How the sea-trumpets sound
 Round the sea-monarch's shallop, hie on !

Hie on to brave Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !
 From the sleek mountain levels, hie on !
 Hear ye not in the boom
 Of the water-bell's womb
 Pleasant whoop to sea-revels, hie on !

Hie on to bright Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !
 'Tis the store of rich waters, hie on !
 Hear ye not the rough sands
 Rolling gold on the strands
 For poor Earth's sons and daughters, hie on !

Hie on to calm Ocean! hie on! hie on!
 Summer-rest from earth riot, hie on!

Hear ye not the smooth tide
 With deep murmur and wide
 Call ye down to its quiet, hie on!

.

Shrill on those lofty-sloping leas
 The wind-bells sounded in the breeze,
 Dingling beside me, as I glid,
 So sweet, I scarce knew what I did;
 But shrilly, too, as that lithe shell
 Blown from old Ocean's world-broad well,
 When the red hour of morn's begun
 And Zephyr posts before the Sun.
 Yet shriller still than rings at morn
 The wet-mouthed wind-god's broadening horn,
 Sudden above my head I heard
 The cliff-scream of the thunder-bird,
 The rushing of his forest wings,
 A hurricane when he swoops or springs,
 And saw upon the darkening glade
 Cloud-broad his sun-eclipsing shade.

.

I tremble with delight,
 Proud of my terrible plight,
 And turn me to the hollow caves
 Where the hoarse spirit of the Euxine raves.
 The melancholy tale of that drown'd Youth he tells
 To the fast fleeting waves,
 For ever in vast murmurs, as he laves
 With foam his sedgy locks loose-floating down the
 Dardanelles!

Down the Dardanelles !
What Echo in musical sound repels
My words, like thunder tolled
From the high-toppling rocks
In loud redoublous shocks
Behold, great Sun, behold !

Down the Dardanelles !
Behold the Thunderer where she rides !
Behold her how she swells
Like floating clouds her canvas sides !
Raising with ponderous breast the tides
On both the shores, as down she rides,
Down the Dardanelles !

Down the Dardanelles !
Each Continent like a caitiff stands,
As every broadside knells !
While with a voice that shakes the strands
She spreads her hundred-mouth'd commands,
Albion's loud law to both the lands,
Down the Dardanelles !

Down the Dardanelles !
Ye billowy hills before her bowne !
Wind Caverns ! your deep shells
Ring Ocean and Earth her old Renown
Long as that sun from Ida's crown
Smoothes her broad road with splendour down,
Down the Dardanelles !

GEORGE DARLEY.

37. *From 'Nepenthe'*

IN the caves of the deep—lost Youth ! lost Youth !—
 O'er and o'er, fleeting billows ! fleeting billows !—
 Rung to his restless everlasting sleep
 By the heavy death-bells of the deep,
 Under the slimy-dropping sea-green willows,
 Poor Youth ! lost Youth !
 Laying his dolorous head, forsooth,
 On Carian reefs uncouth—
 Poor Youth !—
 On the wild sand's ever-shifting pillows !

In the foam's cold shroud—lost Youth ! lost Youth !—
 And the lithe waterweed swathing round him !—
 Mocked by the surges roaring o'er him loud,
 ' Will the sun-seeker freeze in his shroud,
 Aye, where the deep-wheeling eddy has wound him ?'
 Lost Youth ! poor Youth !
 Vail him his Daedalian wings, in truth ?
 Stretched there without all ruth—
 Poor Youth !—
 Weeping fresh torrents into those that drowned him !

Strymon, heaven-descended stream !
 Valley along, thy silver sand
 Broader and broader yet doth gleam,
 Spreading into ocean's strand,
 Over whose white verge the storm
 With his wide-swaying loomy arm
 Weaves his mournful tapestry,
 Slowly let down from sky to sea.

Dull in the Drowner's ear
Bubbled amid far ocean these sad echoes drear.

In the caves of the deep—Hollo! hollo!—
Lost Youth!—o'er and o'er fleeting billows!
Hollo! hollo!—without all ruth!—
In the foam's cold shroud!—Hollo! hollo!
To his everlasting sleep!—Lost Youth!

Over the ocean blown,
Far-winnowing, let my soul be mingled with her own,
By sighs responsive to each other known!
Bird unto bird's loved breast has often flown
From distant zone to zone;
Why must the Darling of the Morn lament him here alone?
Shall not his fleeting spirit be mingled with her own,
Over the ocean blown?

O could my Spirit wing
Hills over, where salt Ocean hath his fresh headspring
And snowy curls bedeck the Blue-haired King,
Up where sweet oral birds articulate sing
Within the desert ring—
Their mighty shadows o'er broad Earth the Lunar Mountains fling,
Where the Sun's chariot bathes in Ocean's fresh headspring—
O could my Spirit wing!

GEORGE DARLEY.

38. *From 'Ethelstan': Runilda's Chant.*

O'ER the wild gannet's bath
Come the Norse coursers !
O'er the whale's heritage
Gloriously steering !
With beaked heads peering,
Deep-plunging, high-rearing,
Tossing their foam abroad,
Shaking white manes aloft,
Creamy-neck'd, pitchy-ribb'd,
Steeds of the Ocean !

O'er the Sun's mirror green
Come the Norse coursers !
Trampling its glassy breadth
Into bright fragments !
Hollow-back'd, huge-bosom'd,
Fraught with mail'd riders,
Clanging with hauberks,
Shield, spear, and battleaxe,
Canvas-wing'd, cable-rein'd,
Steeds of the Ocean !

O'er the Wind's ploughing-field
Come the Norse coursers !
By a hundred each ridden,
To the bloody feast bidden,
They rush in their fierceness
And ravine all round them !
Their shoulders enriching
With fleecy-light plunder,
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,
Steeds of the Ocean !

GEORGE DARLEY.

39.

' To Sea '

TO sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
 And unseen Mermaids' pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.

Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.

The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full : To sea, to sea !

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

40.

Song of the Sicilian Sea

(*Nereids sing.*)

STROPHE.

FAR off the storms were dying ;
 The Sea-nymphs and Sea-gods
 On new-lulled billows lying,

With tridents and pearl-rods :
 Upon their sliding thrones

And beds of waving waters
 Reclined august, old Ocean's sons,
 And the choir of his foam-white daughters.

ANTISTROPHE.

Into their deep conchs blowing,
 They smoothed the scowling waves,
 And the great sea-music forth flowing
 Was echoed in the glassy caves.
 There was no sound but song
 Save now and then far under,
 When an ocean monster streamed along
 With a roll of Ocean's thunder.

EPODE.

Then Iris, lightly dropping,
 Leaped from her cloudy screen,
 And lit on a wave down-sloping
 In floods of crimson-green :
 A moment its neck she trod,
 And cried, 'The Gods of Heaven
 Are coming to feast with the Ocean-God,
 So Jove has sworn, this even.'

AUBREY DE VERE.

41.

Æolian Harp

O PALE green sea,
 With long pale purple clouds above—
 What lies in me like weight of love ?
 What dies in me
 With utter grief, because there comes no sign
 Through the sun-raying West, or on the dim sea-line ?
 O salted air,
 Blown round the rocky headlands chill—
 What calls me there from cove and hill ?

What calls me fair
 From Thee, the first-born of the youthful night?
 Or in the waves is coming through the dusk twilight?

O yellow Star,
 Quivering upon the rippling tide—
 Sendest so far to one that sigh'd?
 Bendest thou, Star,
 Above where shadows of the dead have rest
 And constant silence, with a message from the blest?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

42.

The Ocean Wood

GREY woods within whose silent shade
 The ocean voice is dimly known:
 Where undisturbed the violets fade,
 And roses perish overblown.

Calm rests the wave against the beach:
 Calm rocks the wave-bird on its tide,
 And calmer in their heaven than each,
 The gleaming bands of sunset ride.

Soon will the ripple move again:
 Soon will the shorelark flute its song:
 And in sweet emphasis of pain
 The rock-dove mourn the cliffs along.

Sweet shall resound the curlew's wail,
 New sails come sweeping up the sea.
 But all the ships that ever sail
 Will bring no comfort home to me.

LORD DE TABLEY.

43. *From 'The Churchyard on the Sands'*

MY Love lies in the gates of foam,
 The last dear wreck of shore :
 The naked sea-marsh binds her home,
 The sand her chamber door.

The grey gull flaps the written stones,
 The ox-birds chase the tide ;
 And near that narrow field of bones
 Great ships at anchor ride. . . .

Sleep and forget all things but one,
 Heard in each wave of sea,—
 How lonely all the years will run
 Until I rest by thee.

LORD DE TABLEY.

44. *The Sands of Dee*

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee ;'

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
 And never home came she.

‘Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—

A tress of golden hair,

A drownèd maiden’s hair

Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair

Among the stakes on Dee.’

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel crawling foam,

The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea :

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

45.

Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee ;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea ;

But we loved with a love that was more than love—

I and my Annabel Lee ;

With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven

Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

46. *My Lost Youth*

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.
 And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.
 And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still : -
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide !
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In the graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
 Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
 In quiet neighbourhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the schoolboy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
 There are things of which I may not speak ;
 There are dreams that cannot die ;
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
 Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town ;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
 And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were,
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still :
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

47. *'In Cabin'd Ships at Sea'*

IN cabin'd ships at sea,
 The boundless blue on every side expanding,
 With whistling winds and music of the waves, the large
 imperious waves,
 Or some lone bark buoy'd on the dense marine,
 Where joyous full of faith, spreading white sails,
 She cleaves the ether mid the sparkle and the foam of
 day, or under many a star at night,
 By sailors young and old haply will I, a reminiscence of
 the land, be read,
 In full rapport at last.

Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts,
 Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by
 them be said,
 The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath
 our feet,
 We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,
 The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions
 of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,
 The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melan-
 choly rhythm,
 The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,
 And this is ocean's poem.

Then falter not O book, fulfil your destiny,
 You not a reminiscence of the land alone,
 You too as a lone bark cleaving the ether, purpos'd I know
 not whither, yet ever full of faith,
 Consort to every ship that sails, sail you!
 Bear forth to them folded by love, dear mariners, for you
 (I fold it here in every leaf;)

Speed on my book! spread your white sails my little bark
athwart the imperious waves,
Chant on, sail on, bear o'er the boundless blue from me to
every sea,
This song for mariners and all their ships.

WALT WHITMAN.

48. *From 'Out of the Cradle endlessly
Rocking'*

BLOW! blow! blow!

Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the
shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds
and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.
Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!

Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every
one close,

But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the
breakers?

What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!

Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!

O moon do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my
mate back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I
look.

On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping,
the face of the sea almost touching,

The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his
hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last
tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd
secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Are you whispering it, and have you been all the time, you
sea-waves?

Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before
daybreak,

Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd
child's heart,

But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me
softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray
beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,

My own songs awaked from that hour,
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
 The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,
 (Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in
 sweet garments, bending aside,)
 The sea whisper'd me.

WALT WHITMAN.

49. *'On the Beach at Night'*

ON the beach at night,
 Stands a child with her father,
 Watching the east, the autumn sky.
 Up through the darkness,
 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses
 spreading,
 Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the sky,
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,
 Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,
 Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades.
 From the beach the child holding the hand of her father,
 Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon to devour
 all,
 Watching, silently weeps.
 Weep not, child,
 Weep not, my darling,
 With these kisses let me remove your tears,
 The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,
 They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars
 only in apparition,

Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night,
 the Pleiades shall emerge,
 They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden
 shall shine out again,
 The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again,
 they endure,
 The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive
 moons shall again shine.

Then dearest child mournest thou only for Jupiter?
 Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars?

Something there is,
 (With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,
 I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection,)
 Something there is more immortal even than the stars,
 (Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing
 away,)
 Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous
 Jupiter,
 Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,
 Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades.

WALT WHITMAN.

50.

Pendant la Tempête

LA barque est petite et la mer immense,
 La vague nous jette au ciel en courroux,
 Le ciel nous renvoie au flot en démençe :
 Près du mât rompu prions à genoux !

De nous à la tombe il n'est qu'une planche :
Peut-être ce soir, dans un lit amer,
Sous un froid linceul, fait d'écume blanche,
Irons-nous dormir, veillés par l'éclair !

Fleur du paradis, sainte Notre-Dame,
Si bonne aux marins en péril de mort,
Apaise le vent, fais taire la lame,
Et pousse du doigt notre esquif au port.

Nous te donnerons, si tu nous délivres,
Une belle robe en papier d'argent,
Un cierge à festons pesant quatre livres,
Et, pour ton Jésus, un petit Saint-Jean.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

51.

Les Matelots

SUR l'eau bleue et profonde
Nous allons voyageant,
Environnant le monde
D'un sillage d'argent,
Des îles de la Sonde,
De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,
Jusqu'au pôle gelé . . .

Les petites étoiles
Montrent de leur doigt d'or
De quel côté les voiles
Doivent prendre l'essor ;
Sur nos ailes de toiles,
Comme de blancs oiseaux,
Nous effleurons les eaux.

Nous pensons à la terre
Que nous fuyons toujours,
A notre vieille mère,
A nos jeunes amours ;
Mais la vague légère
Avec son doux refrain
Endort notre chagrin.

Le laboureur déchire
Un sol avare et dur ;
L'éperon du navire
Ouvre nos champs d'azur,
Et la mer sait produire,
Sans peine ni travail,
La perle et le corail.

Existence sublime !
Bercés par notre nid
Nous vivons sur l'abîme
Au sein de l'infini ;
Des flots rasant la cime,
Dans le grand désert bleu
Nous marchons avec Dieu !

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

52. *'Where lies the Land to which the Ship
would go?'*

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go,

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

53. *The River of Time*

HAPLY, the River of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
 Of the grey expanse where he floats,
 Freshening its current and spotted with foam
 As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
 Peace to the soul of the man on its breast :

As the pale Waste widens around him—
 As the banks fade dimmer away—
 As the stars come out, and the night-wind
 Brings up the stream
 Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

54. *From 'The Scholar Gipsy'*

THEN fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
 —As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow
 Among the Ægean isles ;
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine ;
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves ;
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

55. *From 'Empedocles on Etna'*

. . . and CALLICLES sings :—

FAR, far from here,
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
 Among the green Illyrian hills ; and there
 The sunshine of the happy glens is fair,
 And by the sea, and in the brakes.
 The grass is cool, the sea-side air
 Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
 As virginal and sweet as ours.
 And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
 Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
 In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
 Nor do they see their country, nor the place
 Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
 Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
 Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.
 There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
 They had stay'd long enough to see,
 In Thebes, the billow of calamity
 Over their own dear children roll'd,
 Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
 For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
 A grey old man and woman ; yet of old
 The Gods had to their marriage come,
 And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns ; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the Pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

56. *' Break, break, break '*

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

57. *Song of the Argonauts*

O BITTER sea, tumultuous sea,
Full many an ill is wrought by thee!—
Unto the wasters of the land
Thou holdest out thy wrinkled hand ;
And when they leave the conquered town,
Whose black smoke makes thy surges brown,
Driven betwixt thee and the sun,
As the long day of blood is done,
From many a league of glittering waves
Thou smilest on them and their slaves.

The thin, bright-eyed Phœnician
Thou drawest to thy waters wan :
With ruddy eve and golden morn
Thou temptest him, until, forlorn,
Unburied, under alien skies,
Cast up ashore his body lies.

Yea, whoso sees thee from his door,
Must ever long for more and more ;
Nor will the beechen bowl suffice,
Or homespun robe of little price,
Or hood well-woven of the fleece
Undyed, or unspiced wine of Greece ;
So sore his heart is set upon
Purple, and gold, and cinnamon ;
For, as thou cravest, so he craves,
Until he rolls beneath thy waves.
Nor, in some land-locked unknown bay,
Can satiate thee for one day.

Now therefore, O thou bitter sea,
With no long words we pray to thee,

But ask thee, hast thou felt before
Such strokes of the long ashen oar?
And hast thou yet seen such a prow
Thy rich and niggard waters plough?

Nor yet, O sea, shalt thou be cursed,
If at thy hands we gain the worst,
And, wrapt in water, roll about,
Blind-eyed, unheeding song or shout,
Within thine eddies far from shore,
Warmed by no sunlight any more.

Therefore, indeed, we joy in thee,
And praise thy greatness, and will we
Take at thy hands both good and ill,
Yea, what thou wilt, and praise thee still,
Enduring not to sit at home,
And wait until the last days come,
When we no more may care to hold
White bosoms under crowns of gold,
And our dulled hearts no longer are
Stirred by the clangorous noise of war,
And hope within our souls is dead,
And no joy is remembered.

So, if thou hast a mind to slay,
Fair prize thou hast of us to-day;
And if thou hast a mind to save,
Great praise and honour shalt thou have:
But whatso thou wilt do with us
Our end shall not be piteous,
Because our memories shall live
When folk forget the way to drive
The black keel through the heaped-up sea,
And half dried up the waters be.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

58.

The Wanderers

OVER the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament :
Each bark built out of a forest-tree
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game :
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar ;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too :
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky :
' Avoid it,' cried our pilot, ' check
The shout, restrain the eager eye ! '
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;
So we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck !
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone !
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done.
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
What laughter all the distance stirs !
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders !
' Our isles are just at hand,' they cried,

'Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping;
 Our temple-gates are opened wide,
 Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
 For these majestic forms'—they cried.
 Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
 From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
 How bare the rock, how desolate,
 Which had received our precious freight:
 Yet we called out—'Depart!
 Our gifts, once given, must here abide:
 Our work is done; we have no heart
 To mar our work,'—we cried.

ROBERT BROWNING.

59.

Amphibian

THE fancy I had to-day,
 Fancy which turned a fear!
 I swam far out in the bay,
 Since waves laughed warm and clear.
 I lay and looked at the sun,
 The noon-sun looked at me:
 Between us two, no one
 Live creature, that I could see.
 Yes! There came floating by
 Me, who lay floating too,
 Such a strange butterfly!
 Creature as dear as new:
 Because the membraned wings
 So wonderful, so wide,
 So sun-suffused, were things
 Like soul and nought beside.

A handbreadth over head !
All of the sea my own,
It owned the sky instead ;
Both of us were alone.

I never shall join its flight,
For, nought buoys flesh in air.
If it touch the sea—good night !
Death sure and swift waits there.

Can the insect feel the better
For watching the uncouth play
Of limbs that slip the fetter,
Pretend as they were not clay ?

Undoubtedly I rejoice
That the air comports so well
With a creature which had the choice
Of the land once. Who can tell ?

What if a certain soul
Which early slipped its sheath,
And has for its home the whole
Of heaven, thus look beneath,

Thus watch one who, in the world,
Both lives and likes life's way,
Nor wishes the wings unfurled
That sleep in the worm, they say ?

But sometimes when the weather
Is blue, and warm waves tempt
To free oneself of tether,
And try a life exempt

ROBERT BROWNING

From worldly noise and dust,
In the sphere which overbrims
With passion and thought,—why, just
Unable to fly, one swims !

By passion and thought upborne,
One smiles to oneself—‘ They fare
Scarce better, they need not scorn
Our sea, who live in the air ! ’

Emancipate through passion
And thought, with sea for sky,
We substitute, in a fashion,
For heaven—poetry :

Which sea, to all intent,
Gives flesh such noon-disport
As a finer element
Affords the spirit-sort.

Whatever they are, we seem :
Imagine the thing they know ;
All deeds they do, we dream ;
Can heaven be else but so ?

And meantime, yonder streak
Meets the horizon’s verge ;
That is the land, to seek
If we tire or dread the surge :

Land the solid and safe—
To welcome again (confess !)
When, high and dry, we chafe
The body, and don the dress.

Does she look, pity, wonder
At one who mimics flight,
Swims—heaven above, sea under,
Yet always earth in sight?

ROBERT BROWNING.

60. *From 'Meeting at night'*

THE grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

61. *Parting at Morning*

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

ROBERT BROWNING.

62. *Sleep at Sea*

SOUND the deep waters :—
Who shall sound that deep?—
Too short the plummet,
And the watchmen sleep.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Some dream of effort
 Up a toilsome steep ;
 Some dream of pasture grounds
 For harmless sheep.

White shapes flit to and fro
 From mast to mast ;
 They feel the distant tempest
 That nears them fast :
 Great rocks are straight ahead,
 Great shoals not past ;
 They shout to one another
 Upon the blast.

Driving and driving,
 The ship drives amain :
 While swift from mast to mast
 Shapes flit again,
 Flit silent as the silence
 Where men lie slain ;
 Their shadow cast upon the sails
 Is like a stain.

No voice to call the sleepers,
 No hand to raise :
 They sleep to death in dreaming
 Of length of days.
 Vanity of vanities,
 The Preacher says :
 Vanity is the end
 Of all their ways.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

63.

By the Sea

WHY does the sea moan evermore?
 Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
 It frets against the boundary shore:
 All earth's full rivers cannot fill
 The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness
 Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed:
 Anemones, salt, passionless,
 Blow flower-like—just enough alive
 To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve or spot or spike,
 Encrusted live things argus-eyed,
 All fair alike yet all unlike,
 Are born without a pang, and die
 Without a pang, and so pass by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

64.

The Sea-Limits

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
 Time's self it is, made audible,—
 The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime
 Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
 No furlong further. Since time was,
 This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
 The mournfulness of ancient life,
 Enduring always at dull strife.
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,

Its painful pulse is in the sands.
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
 Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
 Listen alone among the woods ;
 Those voices of twin solitudes
 Shall have one sound alike to thee :
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
 Surge and sink back and surge again,—
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
 And listen at its lips : they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's speech.
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art :
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

65.

‘Passa la Nave mia’

PASSA la nave mia con vele nere,
 Con vele nere pe 'l selvaggio mare.
 Ho in petto una ferita di dolore,
 Tu ti diverti a farla sanguinare.
 È, come il vento, perfido il tuo core,
 E sempre qua e là presto a voltare.
 Passa la nave mia con vele nere,
 Con vele nere pe 'l selvaggio mare.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

66. *'Je ne sais pourquoi'*

JE ne sais pourquoi
 Mon esprit amer
 D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer,
 Tout ce qui m'est cher,
 D'une aile d'effroi
 Mon amour le couve au ras des flots. Pourquoi, pourquoi ?

Mouette à l'essor mélancolique,
 Elle suit la vague, ma pensée,
 A tous les vents du ciel balancée
 Et biaisant quand la marée oblique,
 Mouette à l'essor mélancolique.

Ivre de soleil
 Et de liberté,
 Un instinct la guide à travers cette immensité.
 La brise d'été
 Sur le flot vermeil
 Doucement la porte en un tiède demi-sommeil.

Parfois si tristement elle crie
 Qu'elle alarme au lointain le pilote,
 Puis au gré du vent se livre et flotte
 Et plonge, et l'aile toute meurtrie
 Revole, et puis si tristement crie !

Je ne sais pourquoi
 Mon esprit amer
 D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer,
 Tout ce qui m'est cher,
 D'une aile d'effroi
 Mon amour le couve au ras des flots. Pourquoi, pourquoi ?

PAUL VERLAINE.

67. *‘ La Mer est plus belle ’*

LA mer est plus belle
Que les cathédrales,
Nourrice fidèle,
Berceuse de râles,
La mer sur qui prie
La Vierge Marie !

Elle a tous les dons
Terribles et doux.
J’entends ses pardons
Gronder ses courroux.
Cette immensité
N’a rien d’entêté.

O ! si patiente,
Même quand méchante !
Un souffle ami hante
La vague, et nous chante :
‘ Vous sans espérance,
Mourez sans souffrance ! ’

Et puis sous les cieux
Qui s’y rient plus clairs,
Elle a des airs bleus,
Rose, gris et verts . . .
Plus belle que tous,
Meilleure que nous !

PAUL VERLAINE.

68.

To a Seamew

WHEN I had wings, my brother,
 Such wings were mine as thine :
 Such life my heart remembers
 In all as wild Septembers
 As this when life seems other,
 Though sweet, than once was mine ;
 When I had wings, my brother,
 Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens
 The silence of thy flight,
 Or fills thy note's elation
 With lordlier exultation
 Than man's, whose faint heart sickens
 With hopes and fears that blight
 Such life as thrills and quickens
 The silence of thy flight.

Thy cry from windward clanging
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice ;
 Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,
 Thy call salutes the morrow ;
 While shades of pain seem hanging
 Round earth's most rapturous voice,
 Thy cry from windward clanging
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice.

We, sons and sires of seamen,
 Whose home is all the sea,
 What place man may, we claim it ;
 But thine—whose thought may name it ?

Free birds live higher than freemen,
 And gladlier ye than we—
 We, sons and sires of seamen,
 Whose home is all the sea.

For you the storm sounds only
 More notes of more delight
 Than earth's in sunniest weather :
 When heaven and sea together
 Join strength against the lonely
 Lost bark borne down by night,
 For you the storm sounds only
 More notes of more delight.

With wider wing, and louder
 Long clarion-call of joy,
 Thy tribe salutes the terror
 Of darkness, wild as error,
 But sure as truth, and prouder
 Than waves with man for toy ;
 With wider wing, and louder
 Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
 The wave's heart swells and breaks ;
 One moment's passion thrills it,
 One pulse of power fulfils it
 And ends the pride it utters
 When, loud with life that quakes,
 The wave's wing spreads and flutters,
 The wave's heart swells and breaks.

But thine and thou, my brother,
 Keep heart and wing more high

Than aught may scare or sunder ;
 The waves whose throats are thunder
 Fall hurtling each on other,
 And triumph as they die ;
 But thine and thou, my brother,
 Keep heart and wing more high.

More high than wrath or anguish,
 More strong than pride or fear,
 The sense or soul half hidden
 In thee, for us forbidden,
 Bids thee nor change nor languish,
 But live thy life as here,
 More high than wrath or anguish,
 More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion
 On earth is nearest thine ;
 Who sing, and cease from flying ;
 Who live, and dream of dying :
 Grey time, in time's grey fashion,
 Bids wingless creatures pine :
 We are fallen, even we, whose passion
 On earth is nearest thine.

The lark knows no such rapture,
 Such joy no nightingale,
 As sways the songless measure
 Wherein thy wings take pleasure :
 Thy love may no man capture,
 Thy pride may no man quail ;
 The lark knows no such rapture,
 Such joy no nightingale.

And we, whom dreams embolden,
 We can but creep and sing
 And watch through heaven's waste hollow
 The flight no sight may follow
 To the utter bourne beholden
 Of none that lack thy wing :
 And we, whom dreams embolden,
 We can but creep and sing.

Our dreams have wings that falter,
 Our hearts bear hopes that die ;
 For thee no dream could better
 A life no fears may fetter,
 A pride no care can alter,
 That wots not whence or why
 Our dreams have wings that falter,
 Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joy more fierce and sweeter
 Than joys we deem divine
 Their lives, by time untarnished,
 Are girt about and garnished,
 Who match the wave's full metre
 And drink the wind's wild wine
 With joy more fierce and sweeter
 Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,
 Wouldst thou change lives with me,
 And take my song's wild honey,
 And give me back thy sunny

Wide eyes that weary never,
 And wings that search the sea ;
 Ah, well were I for ever,
 Wouldst thou change lives with me.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

69. *From 'By the North Sea'*

MILES, and miles, and miles of desolation !
 Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change !
 Sign or token of some eldest nation

Here would make the strange land not so strange.
 Time-forgotten, yea, since time's creation,
 Seem these borders where the sea-birds range.

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder
 Grows his heart who journeys here alone.
 Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under
 Deep as deep in water sinks a stone.
 Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
 Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses,
 Sharp and soft in many a curve and line
 Gleam and glow the sea-coloured marsh-mosses,
 Salt and splendid from the circling brine.
 Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses
 All the land sea-saturate as with wine.

Far, and far between, in divers orders,
 Clear grey steeples cleave the low grey sky ;
 Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders,
 Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high.
 These alone in all the wide sea-borders
 Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

All the land is like as one man's face is,
 Pale and troubled still with change of cares.
 Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces :
 Strength and length of life and peace are theirs ;
 Theirs alone amid these weary places,
 Seeing not how the wild world frets and fares.

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes
 Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight thinned,
 Stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges
 Watch the towers and tombs of men that sinned
 Once, now calm as earth whose only change is
 Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind.

Out and in and out the sharp straits wander,
 In and out and in the wild way strives,
 Starred and paved and lined with flowers that squander
 Gold as golden as the gold of hives,
 Salt and moist and multiform : but yonder
 See, what sign of life or death survives ?

Seen then only when the songs of olden
 Harps were young whose echoes yet endure,
 Hymned of Homer when his years were golden,
 Known of only when the world was pure,
 Here is Hades, manifest, beholden,
 Surety, surely here, if aught be sure !

All too sweet such men's Hellenic speech is,
 All too fain they lived of light to see,
 Once to see the darkness of these beaches,
 Once to sing this Hades found of me
 Ghostless, all its gulfs and creeks and reaches,
 Sky, and shore, and cloud, and waste, and sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

70. *From 'In Guernsey'*

MY mother sea, my fostress, what new strand,
What new delight of waters, may this be,
The fairest found since time's first breezes fanned
My mother sea?

Once more I give me body and soul to thee,
Who hast my soul for ever: cliff and sand
Recede, and heart to heart once more are we.

My heart springs first and plunges, ere my hand
Strike out from shore: more close it brings to me,
More near and dear than seems my fatherland,
My mother sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

71. *From 'Echoes'*

THE wan sun westers, faint and slow;
The eastern distance glimmers gray;
An eerie haze comes creeping low
Across the little, lonely bay;
And from the sky-line far away
About the quiet heaven are spread
Mysterious hints of dying day,
Thin, delicate dreams of green and red.

And weak, reluctant surges lap
And rustle round and down the strand.
No other sound . . . If it should hap,
The ship that sails from fairy-land!
The silken shrouds with spells are manned,
The hull is magically scrolled,
The squat mast lives, and in the sand
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold.

It steals to seaward silently ;
 Strange fish-folk follow thro' the gloom ;
 Great wings flap overhead ; I see
 The Castle of the Drowsy Doom
 Vague thro' the changeless twilight loom,
 Enchanted, hushed. And ever there
 She slumbers in eternal bloom,
 Her cushions hid with golden hair.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

72.

From 'Echoes'

THE full sea rolls and thunders
 In glory and in glee.
 O, bury me not in the senseless earth
 But in the living sea !

Ay, bury me where it surges
 A thousand miles from shore,
 And in its brotherly unrest
 I'll range for evermore.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

73.

Over the Sea to Skye

SING me a song of a lad that is gone,
 Say, could that lad be I ?
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day
 Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
 Eigg on the starboard bow ;
 Glory of youth glowed in his soul :
 Where is that glory now ?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

74.

From 'The Wanderer'

OFt by the marsh's quaggy edge
I heard the wind-swept rushes fall;
Where through an overgrowth of sedge
Rolled the slow mere funereal;
I heard the music of the leaves
Unto the night wind's fingering,
I saw the dropping forest eaves
Make in the mere their water-ring. . . .

But day by day about the marge
 Of this slow-brooding dreaminess,
 The shadow of the past lay large,
 And brooded low and lustreless ;
 Then vanished as I looked on it,
 Yet back returned with wider sweep,
 And broad upon my soul would sit,
 Like a storm-cloud above the deep. . . .
 ' I see ', I cried, ' the waste of waves,
 That shifts from out the western tracts ;
 I see the sun that ever laves
 With liquid gold their cataracts ;
 And night by night I see the moon
 Career and thwart the waves of cloud ;
 I see great nature burgeon
 Through all her seasons, laughter-browed.
 But what are these things unto me ?
 They lack not me, they are full-planned.
 I must have love in my degree,
 A human heart, a human hand ;
 For oh ! 'tis better far to share,
 Though life all dark, all bitter be,
 With human bosoms human care : '
 I launched my boat upon the sea.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON.

75.

Dalla Spiaggia

I

C' È sopra il mare tutto abbonacciato
 Il tremolare quasi d' una maglia :
 In fondo in fondo un ermo colonnato,
 Nivee colonne d' un candor che abbaglia :

Una rovina bianca e solitaria,
Là dove azzurra è l'acqua come l'aria:

Il mare nella calma dell'estate
Ne canta tra le sue larghe sorsate.

II

O bianco tempio che credei vedere
Nel chiaro giorno, dove sei vanito?
Due barche stanno immobilmente nere,
Due barche in panna in mezzo all'infinito.

E le due barche sembrano due bare
Smarrite in mezzo all'infinito mare;

E piano il mare scivola alla riva
E ne sospira nella calma estiva.

GIOVANNI PASCOLI.

76.

Il Mare

M'AFFACCIO alla finestra, e vedo il mare:
Vanno le stelle, tremolano l'onde.
Vedo stelle passare, onde passare:
Un guizzo chiama, un palpito risponde.

Ecco sospira l'acqua, alita il vento:
Sul mare è apparso un bel ponte d'argento.

Ponte gettato sui laghi sereni,
Per chi dunque sei fatto e dove meni?

GIOVANNI PASCOLI.

77.

Song

THE boat is chafing at our long delay,
 And we must leave too soon
 The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,
 The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight !
 Watch from thy pearly throne
 Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
 To reach a land unknown.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

78. (i) *From 'A Cinque Port'*

BELOW the down the stranded town,
 What may betide forlornly waits,
 With memories of smoky skies,
 When Gallic navies crossed the straits ;
 When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
 And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
 Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ;
 Across the bar the ship of war,
 In castled stern and lanterned poop,
 Came up with conquests on her lee,
 The stately mistress of the sea.

(ii) *From 'In Romney Marsh'*

MASTS in the offing wagged their tops ;
 The swinging waves pealed on the shore ;
 The saffron beach, all diamond drops
 And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
 I saw above the Downs' low crest
 The crimson brands of sunset fall,
 Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank : like flakes of silver fire
 The stars in one great shower came down ;
 Shrill blew the wind ; and shrill the wire
 Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
 Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore ;
 The beach, with all its organ stops
 Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

79.

Les Silhouettes

THE sea is flecked with bars of grey,
 The dull dead wind is out of tune,
 And like a withered leaf the moon
 Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand
 Lies the black boat : a sailor boy
 Clambers aboard in careless joy
 With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,
 Where through the dusky upland grass
 The young brown-throated reapers pass,
 Like silhouettes against the sky.

OSCAR WILDE.

80.

In Hebrid Seas

WE turned her prow into the sea,
Her stern into the shore,
And first we raised the tall tough masts,
And then the canvas hoar ;

Fast filled our towering cloud-like sails,
For the wind came from the land,
And such a wind as we might choose
Were the winds at our command :

A breeze that rushing down the hill
Would strip the blooming heather,
Or, rustling through the green-clad grove,
Would whirl its leaves together.

But when it seized the aged saugh,
With the light locks of grey,
It tore away its ancient root,
And there the old trunk lay !

It raised the thatch too from the roof,
And scattered it along ;
Then tossed and whirled it through the air,
Singing a pleasant song.

It heaped the ruins on the land :
Though sire and son stood by
They could not help afford, but gaze
With wan and troubled eye !

A flap, a flash, the green roll dashed,
And laughed against the red ;
Upon our boards, now here, now there,
It knocked its foamy head.

The dun bowed whelk in the abyss,
 As on the galley bore,
 Gave a tap upon her gunwale
 And a slap upon her floor.

She could have split a slender straw—
 So clean and well she went—
 As still obedient to the helm
 Her stately course she bent.

We watched the big beast eat the small—
 The small beast nimbly fly,
 And listened to the plunging eels—
 The sea-gull's clang on high.

We had no other music
 To cheer us on our way :
 Till round those sheltering hills we passed
 And anchored in this bay.

Translated from the Gaelic.

81. *The St. Kilda Maid's Song*

OVER the rocks, steadily, steadily ;
 Down to the clefts with a shout and a shove, O ;
 Warily tend the rope, shifting it readily,
 Eagerly, actively, watch from above, O.
 Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's
 love :
 (And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
 above !)

Sweet 'tis to sleep on a well feathered pillow,
 Sweet from the embers the fulmar's red egg, O ;
 Bounteous our store from the rock and the billow ;
 Fish and birds in good store, we need never to beg, O ;

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's
love :

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
above !)

Hark to the fulmar and guillemot screaming :

Hark to the kittiwake, puffin, and gull, O :

See the white wings of solan goose gleaming ;

Steadily, men ! on the rope gently pull, O.

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's
love :

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
above !)

Deftly my love can hook ling and conger,

The grey-fish and hake, with the net and the creel, O ;

Far from our island be plague and be hunger ;

And sweet our last sleep in the quiet of the Kiel, O.

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's
love :

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
above !)

Pull on the rope, men, pull it up steadily :

(There's a storm on the deep, see the scart claps his
wings, O) ;

Cunningly guide the rope, shifting it readily ;

Welcome my true love, and all that he brings, O !

Now God be praised, my lover's safe, he's worth a
maiden's love :

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high
above !)

Trans. from the Gaelic by ALEXANDER STEWART.

Kiel] churchyard.

82. *The Sea-Going Bark*

SHALL I loose my dusky little coracle
 On the glorious, deep, wide-bosomed ocean?
 Shall I face, O Heaven's bright King and Oracle,
 Of my own free will the salt commotion?

Whether narrow in Thy sight or wide it be,
 Served by few or by a host in number,
 O my God, wilt Thou Thyself beside it be,
 When my struggling bark the billows cumber?

Trans. from the Irish by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES.

83. *The Hymn of the Fishermen*

TO God give foremost praises,
 Who, 'neath the rolling tides,
 In ocean's secret places,
 Our daily bread provides;
 Who in His pasture grazes
 The flat fish and the round,
 And makes the herring '*maces*'
 In shoaling heaps abound.

Who, in the hour of trial,
 When, down the rattling steep
 The tempest's wrathful vial
 Is poured upon the deep,
 Gives courage, calm and steady,
 Through every form of fear,
 And makes our fingers ready
 To hand, and reef, and steer.

Who, when through drift and darkness
 The reeling hooker flies,
 And rocks, in ridgy starkness,
 Athwart our bows arise,
 Prompt to the helm's commanding,
 Brings round the swerving tree,
 Till, into harbour standing,
 We anchor safe and free.

And, great and small sufficing,
 Before that equal law,
 That rules the sun's uprising,
 And makes the mainsail draw,
 Brings round his erring creatures
 To seek salvation's ways,
 By laws surpassing Nature's—
 To God give foremost praise.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

84.

The Harvest of the Sea

Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn.

HEAR us, O Lord, from Heaven, Thy dwelling place :
 Like them of old in vain we toil all night
 Unless with us Thou go, Who art the Light ;
 Come then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.

Thou, Lord, dost rule the raging of the sea,
 When loud the storm and furious is the gale ;
 Strong is Thine arm, our little barks are frail ;
 Send us Thy help ; remember Galilee.

Our wives and children we commend to Thee ;
 For them we plough the land and plough the deep,
 For them by day the golden corn we reap,
 By night the silver harvest of the sea.

Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear Love,
 That we may reap Contentment, Joy, and Peace ;
 And, when at last our earthly labours cease,
 Grant us to join Thy Harvest Home above.

Trans. from the Manx by W. H. GILL.

85. *The Undersong*

I HEAR the sea-song of the blood in my heart,
I I hear the sea-song of the blood in my ears :
 And I am far apart,
 And lost in the years.

But when I lie and dream of that which was
Before the first man's shadow flitted on the grass.
 I am stricken dumb
 With sense of that to come.

Is then this wildering sea-song but a part
 Of the old song of the mystery of the years—
 Or only the echo of the tired heart
 And of tears ?

FIONA MACLEOD.

86.

The Moon-child

A LITTLE lonely child am I
That have not any soul :
God made me as the homeless wave,
That has no goal.

A seal my father was, a seal
That once was man :
My mother loved him tho' he was
'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drown'd her,
She took a wave and lifted him :
And I was born where shadows are
In sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours
I swim and glide in waters green :
Never by day the mournful shores
By me are seen.

But when the gloom is on the wave
A shell unto the shore I bring :
And then upon the rocks I sit
And plaintive sing.

I have no playmate but the tide
The seaweed loves with dark brown eyes :
The night-waves have the stars for play,
For me but sighs.

FIONA MACLEOD.

87. ' *My Grief on the Sea* '

MY grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll !
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul !

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair ?

My grief, and my trouble !
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster,
Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
Oh, heart-bitter wound !—
On the board of the ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
He came from the South ;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

88. *Herring is King*

LET all the fish that swim the sea,
 Salmon and turbot, cod and ling,
 Bow down the head, and bend the knee,
 To herring, their king ! to herring, their king !
 Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
 'Tis we have brought the summer in.¹

The sun sank down so round and red
 Upon the bay, upon the bay ;
 The sails shook idly overhead,
 Becalmed we lay, becalmed we lay ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

Till Shawn, The Eagle, dropped on deck—
 The bright-eyed boy, the bright-eyed boy ;
 'Tis he has spied your silver track,
 Herring, our joy—herring, our joy ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

It was in with the sails and away to shore,
 With the rise and swing, the rise and swing
 Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
 After herring, our king—herring, our king ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

The Manx and the Cornish raised the shout,
 And joined the chase, and joined the chase ;
 But their fleets they fouled as they went about,
 And we won the race, we won the race ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

¹ The second line to the refrain translates the first.

For we turned and faced you full to land,
 Down the góleen ¹ long, the góleen long,
 And after you, slipped from strand to strand
 Our nets so strong, our nets so strong ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

Then we called to our sweethearts and our wives,
 ‘Come welcome us home, welcome us home !’
 Till they ran to meet us for their lives
 Into the foam, into the foam ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

O the kissing of hands and waving of caps
 From girl and boy, from girl and boy,
 While you leapt by scores in the lasses’ laps,
 Herring, our pride and joy ;
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

89. *Can Doov Deelish*

CAN doov deelish, beside the sea
 I stand and stretch my hands to thee
 Across the world.

The riderless horses race to shore
 With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
 Blown manes uncurled.

Can doov deelish, I cry to thee
 Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
 Thou being dead.

Where hast thou hidden from the beat
 Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
 Thy dear black head ?

¹ Creek.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
 From the tossing waves will recover thee
 And lashing wind.

Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
 Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
 And lips so kind ?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
 But I shall for this woman from day to day,
 ' Comfort my dead,
 The sport of the winds and the play of the sea.'
 I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
 O dear black head !

DORA SIGERSON.

90.

The White Birds

I WOULD that we were, my beloved, white birds on the
 foam of the sea !
 We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and
 flee ;
 And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the
 rim of the sky,
 Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may
 not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew dabbled, the
 lily and rose ;
 Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor
 that goes,
 Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the
 fall of the dew :
 For I would we were changed to white birds on the wander-
 ing foam : I and you !

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan
 shore,
 Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come
 near us no more ;
 Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames
 would we be,
 Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the
 foam of the sea !

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

91. *The Sad Shepherd*

THERE was a man whom Sorrow named his friend,
 And he, of his high comrade Sorrow dreaming,
 Went walking with slow steps along the gleaming
 And humming sands, where windy surges wend :
 And he called loudly to the stars to bend
 From their pale thrones and comfort him, but they
 Among themselves laugh on and sing alway :
 And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend
 Cried out, *Dim sea, hear my most piteous story !*
 The sea swept on and cried her old cry still,
 Rolling along in dreams from hill to hill ;
 He fled the persecution of her glory
 And, in a far-off, gentle valley stopping,
 Cried all his story to the dewdrops glistening,
 But naught they heard, for they are always listening,
 The dewdrops, for the sound of their own dropping.
 And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend,
 Sought once again the shore, and found a shell
 And thought, *I will my heavy story tell*

*Till my own words, re-echoing, shall send
 Their sadness through a hollow, pearly heart ;
 And my own tale again for me shall sing,
 And my own whispering words be comforting
 And lo ! my ancient burden may depart.*
 Then he sang softly nigh the pearly rim ;
 But the sad dweller by the sea-ways lone
 Changed all he sang to inarticulate moan
 Among her wildering whirls, forgetting him.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

92. ' *There shall be no more Sea* '

' **T**HERE shall be no more Sea.' Ah, surely this
 Is only for the souls who reach the bliss
 Of Paradise ! They need not seek the kiss
 Of Earth's great mother, Sea ; nor will they miss,
 Whose pulses with new-risen life beat high,
 The soothings of the Æolian lullaby,
 Which now doth win man's weariness to lie,
 Lapped in its sound and be content to die.

Hearts strong in vigour of their fresh great joy
 Will ask no more the leaping waves to buoy
 Their moods to kindred laughter, and destroy
 Through alien glee their human cares' annoy
 A little while. The eyes whereon doth break
 The light of Heaven, what need have they to take
 Sad pleasure in those ocean gleams that make
 Dim lives worth living for their beauty's sake ?

Yet though the Blessed need no more the Sea,
Will not God leave her to the Lost?—that she,
Who could not save them from their woe, may be
Their nurse to comfort, ever tenderly
With vast and low-voiced hushabies to still
The restlessness of pain incurable,
And with a sense of vague, fair sadness fill
Their hunger for lost good adorable.

Men love her, earth's old Sea. She loves them well.
If she may be their mother too in Hell,
Will she not rock them there with lulling swell,
In her deep constancy? Ah, who can tell?
If waters' strength and love's be not in vain,
Some souls who nevermore God's grace might gain
May yet to peace of dreamless sleep attain,
Lost to all gladness, lost alike to pain.

ELIZABETH DOWDEN.

93.

The Haven

WHERE the gray bushes by the gray sea grow,
Where the gray islands lie,
Naked and bare to all the winds that blow,
Under the dim gray sky—
The very flowers are gray, and dare not show
The blue we know the little harebell by.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

94.

Veneta

WIND and waters ring the bells
 That rang for them of high degree,
 Trumpets are the sounding shells
 In the city under the sea.

Where a Queen was wont to hide
 Her outwearied majesty,
 Swim the fishes open-eyed
 In the city under the sea.

Many a street lies broad and fair,
 Many a palace fair and free,
 Neither a man nor woman there,
 In the city under the sea.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

95. *From 'In the Midst of the Seas'*

I

LET them not dream that they have known the ocean
 Who have but seen him where his locks are spread
 'Neath purple cliffs, on curving beaches golden ;
 Who have but wandered where his spume is shed
 On those dear Isles where thou and I were bred,
 Far Britain, and far Ierne ; and who there,
 Dallying about his porch, have but beholden
 The fringes of his power, and skirts of his commotion,
 And culled his voiceful shells, and plucked his ravelled hair.

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III

Many have sung of the terrors of Storm ;
I will make me a song of its beauty, its graces of hue and
form ;

A song of the loveliness gotten of Power,
Born of Rage in her blackest hour,
When never a wave repeats another,
But each is unlike his own twin brother,
Each is himself from base to crown,
Himself alone as he clambers up,
Himself alone as he crashes down ;—
When the whole sky drinks of the sea's mad cup,
And the ship is thrilled to her quivering core,
But amidst her pitching, amidst her rolling,
Amidst the clangour and boom and roar,
Is a Spirit of Beauty all-controlling !
For here in the thick of the blinding weather
The great waves gather themselves together,
Shake out their creases, compose their folds,
As if each one knew that an eye beholds.
And look ! there rises a shape of wonder,
A moving menace, a mount of gloom,
But the moment ere he breaks asunder
His forehead flames into sudden bloom,
A burning rapture of nameless green,
That never on earth or in heaven was seen,
Never but where the midmost ocean
Greets and embraces the tempest in primal divine emotion.
And down in a vale of the sea, between
Two roaring hills, is a wide smooth space,
Where the foam that blanches the ocean's face
Is woven in likeness of filmiest lace,
Delicate, intricate, fairy-fine,

Wrought by the master of pure design,
Storm, the matchless artist, and lord of colour and line.

IV

And what of the ship, the great brave vessel,
Buffeted, howled at, patient, dumb,
Built to withstand, and manned to wrestle,
Fashioned to strive and to overcome ?
She slackens her pace, her athlete speed,
Like a bird that checks his ardent pinion ;
She husbands her strength for the day of her need,
But she thrusts right on through her salt dominion ;
She staggers to port, she reels to starboard,
But weathers the storm and lives it down ;
And one chill morning beholds her harboured
Under the lee of the great chill town.

WILLIAM WATSON.

96. *Ode to the Mediterranean*

OF thee the Northman by his beachèd galley
Dreamt, as he watched the never-setting Ursa
And longed for summer and thy light, O sacred
Mediterranean.

Unseen he loved thee ; for the heart within him
Knew earth had gardens where he might be blessed,
Putting away long dreams and aimless, barbarous
Hunger for battle.

The foretaste of thy languors thawed his bosom
A great need drove him to thy caverned islands
From the gray, endless reaches of the outer
Desert of ocean.

He saw thy pillars, saw thy sudden mountains
Wrinkled and stark, and in their crooked gorges,
'Neath peeping pine and cypress, guessed the torrent
 Smothered in flowers.

Thine incense to the sun, thy gathered vapours,
He saw suspended on the flanks of Taurus,
Or veiling the snowed bosom of the virgin
 Sister of Atlas.

He saw the luminous top of wide Olympus,
Fit for the happy gods ; he saw the pilgrim
River, with rains of Ethiopia flooding
 Populous Egypt.

And having seen, he loved thee. His racked spirit,
By thy breath tempered and the light that clothes thee,
Forgot the monstrous gods, and made of Nature
 Mistress and mother.

The more should I, O fatal sea, before thee
Of alien words make echoes to thy music ;
For I was born where first the rills of Tagus
 Turn to the westward,

And, wandering long, alas ! have need of drinking
Deep of the patience of thy perfect sadness,
O thou that constant through the change of ages,
 Beautiful ever,

Never was wholly young and void of sorrows,
Nor ever canst be old, while yet the morning
Kindles thy ripples, or the golden evening
 Dyes thee in purple.

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,
 The Roman called his own until he perished,
 As now the busy English hover o'er thee,
 Stalwart and noble ;

But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter
 Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara
 Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid
 Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin ;
 Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland
 I may behold thy beauty, the eternal
 Solace of mortals.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

97. *The Old Ships*

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
 Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
 With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
 For Famagusta and the hidden sun
 That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;
 And all those ships were certainly so old.
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
 The pirate Genoese
 Hell-raked them till they rolled
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,
 Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
 (Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
 And with great lies about his wooden horse
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES E. FLECKER.

98. *The Strait*

AH, sleepless race—
 Ye that a thousand years sailed to destroy
 Past Lemnos isle and Samothrace
 The cloud-rebuilt pirate fort of Troy—
 Who fell not for a Helen's face
 To keep for kings her beauty's joy
 But died to burst the Asian robbers' gate
 And send Athena shining through the iron strait
 On lifted shield—

Sleep now in pride ;
 Asia shall yield to you to-day once more
 When beak'd ships of the freemen ride
 Past Holy Wisdom's wave-wash'd temple door.
 Across the Hellespont's astride
 Power darker than the Minotaur :
 But in your Goddess Virgin's battle-wake
 Again shall we the sea-path into freedom break
 That you reveal'd.

HERBERT TRENCH.

99.

From 'Dauber'

FAIR came the falling wind ; a seaman said
 The Dauber was a Jonah ; once again
 The clipper held her course, showing red lead,
 Shattering the sea-tops into golden rain.
 The waves bowed down before her like blown grain ;
 Onwards she thundered, on ; her voyage was short,
 Before the tier's bells rang her into port.

Cheerly they rang her in, those beating bells,
 The new-come beauty stately from the sea,
 Whitening the blue heave of the drowsy swells,
 Treading the bubbles down. With three times three
 They cheered her moving beauty in, and she
 Came to her berth so noble, so superb ;
 Swayed like a queen, and answered to the curb.

Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft,
 And unbent sails in that most lovely hour,
 When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
 And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

Working aloft they saw the mountain tower,
Snow to the peak ; they heard the launchmen shout ;
And bright along the bay the lights came out.

And then the night fell dark, and all night long
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,
Frozen, alert, austere ; the eagle's song
Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars.
On her intense crags where the air is sparse
The stars looked down ; their many golden eyes
Watched her and burned, burned out, and came to rise.

Silent the finger of the summit stood,
Icy in pure, thin air, glittering with snows.
Then the sun's coming turned the peak to blood,
And in the rest-house the muleteers arose.
And all day long, where only the eagle goes,
Stones, loosened by the sun, fall ; the stones falling
Fill empty gorge on gorge with echoes calling.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

100.

Cargoes

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

101.

Sea-Fever

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running
tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy
life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's
like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

102.

John Winter

WHAT ails John Winter, that so oft
Silent he sits apart?

The neighbours cast their looks on him;
But deep he hides his heart.

In Deptford streets the houses small
Huddle forlorn together.

Whether the wind blow or be still,
'Tis soiled and sorry weather.

But over these dim roofs arise
Tall masts of ocean ships.
Whenever John Winter looked on them,
The salt blew on his lips.

He cannot pace the street about,
But they stand before his eyes!
The more he shuns them, the more proud
And beautiful they rise.

He turns his head, but in his ear
The steady Trade-winds run,
And in his eye the endless waves
Ride on into the sun.

His little child at evening said,
Now tell us, Dad, a tale
Of naked men that shoot with bows,
Tell of the spouting whale!

He told old tales, his eyes were bright,
His wife looked up to see
And smiled on him: but in the midst
He ended suddenly.

He bade his boys good-night, and kissed
And held them to his breast.
They wondered and were still, to feel
Their lips so fondly pressed.

He sat absorbed in silent gloom.
His wife lifted her head
From sewing, and stole up to him,
What ails you, John? she said.

He spoke no word. A silent tear
Fell softly down her cheek.
She knelt beside him, and his hand
Was on her forehead meek.

But even as his tender touch
Her dumb distress consoled,
The mighty waves danced in his eyes
And through the silence rolled.

There fell a soft November night,
Restless with gusts that shook
The chimneys, and beat wildly down
The flames in the chimney nook.

John Winter lay beside his wife,
'Twas past the mid of night.
Softly he rose, and in dead hush
Stood stealthily upright.

Softly he came where slept his boys,
And kissed them in their bed.
One stretched his arms out in his sleep;
At that he turned his head

And now he bent above his wife,
She slept a sleep serene,
Her patient soul was in the peace
Of breathing slumber seen.

At last he kissed one aching kiss,
Then shrank again in dread,
And from his own home guiltily
And like a thief he fled.

But now with darkness and the wind
He breathes a breath more free,
And walks with calmer steps like one
Who goes with destiny.

And see, before him the great masts
Tower with all their spars
Black on the dimness, soaring bold
Among the mazy stars.

In stormy rushings through the air
Wild scents the darkness filled,
And with a fierce forgetfulness
His drinking nostril thrilled.

He hasted with quick feet, he hugged
The wildness to his breast,
As one who goes the only way
To set his heart at rest.

When morning glimmered, a great ship
Dropt gliding down the shore.
John Winter coiled the anchor ropes
Among his mates once more.

LAURENCE BINYON.

103.

Dreams of the Sea

I KNOW not why I yearn for thee again,
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood ;
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

Yet I have seen thee lash the vessel's sides
In fury, with thy many tailèd whip ;
And I have seen thee, too, like Galilee,
When Jesus walked in peace to Simon's ship.

And I have seen thy gentle breeze as soft
As summer's, when it makes the cornfields run ;
And I have seen thy rude and lusty gale
Make ships show half their bellies to the sun.

Thou knowest the way to tame the wildest life,
Thou knowest the way to bend the great and proud :
I think of that Armada whose puffed sails,
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud.

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and drowned,
Lying on shore and, by thy cruel hand,
A seaweed beard was on his tender chin,
His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand.

And yet, for all, I yearn for thee again,
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood :
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

104.

The Sea

HER cheeks were white, her eyes were wild,
Her heart was with her sea-gone child.

‘Men say you know and love the sea?’

It is ten days, my child left me ;

Ten days, and still he doth not come,

And I am weary of my home.’

I thought of waves that ran the deep

And flashed like rabbits, when they leap,

The white part of their tails ; the glee

Of captains that take brides to sea,

And own the ships they steer ; how seas

Played leap-frog over ships with ease.

The great Sea-Wind, so rough and kind ;

Ho, ho ! his strength ; the great Sea-Wind

Blows iron tons across the sea !

Ho, ho ! his strength ; how wild and free !

He breaks the waves, to our amaze,

Into ten thousand little sprays !

‘Nay, have no fear’ ; I laughed with joy,

‘That you have lost a sea-gone boy ;

The Sea’s wild horses, they are far

More safe than Land’s tamed horses are ;

They kick with padded hoofs, and bite

With teeth that leave no marks in sight.

‘True, Waves will howl when, all day long

The Wind keeps piping loud and strong ;

For in ship’s sails the wild Sea-Breeze

Pipes sweeter than your birds in trees ;

But have no fear’—I laughed with joy,

‘That you have lost a sea-gone boy.’

That night I saw ten thousand bones
 Confined in ships, in weeds and stones ;
 Saw how the Sea's strong jaws could take
 Big iron ships like rats to shake ;
 Heard him still moan his discontent
 For one man or a continent.

I saw that woman go from place
 To place, hungry for her child's face ;
 I heard her crying, crying, crying ;
 Then, in a flash ! saw the Sea trying,
 With savage joy, and efforts wild,
 To smash his rocks with a dead child.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

105.

The full Heart

ALONE on the shore in the pause of the night-time
 I stand and I hear the long wind blow light ;
 I view the constellations quietly, quietly burning ;
 I hear the wave fall in the hush of the night.

Long after I am dead, ended this bitter journey,
 Many another whose heart holds no light
 Shall your solemn sweetness, hush, awe, and comfort,
 O my companions, Wind, Waters, Stars, and Night.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

106.

Rowers' Chant

ROW till the land dip 'neath
 The sea from view.
 Row till a land peep up,
 A home for you.

Row till the mast sing songs
Welcome and sweet.
Row till the waves, out-stripped,
Give up dead beat.

Row till the sea-nymphs rise
To ask you why
Rowing you tarry not
To hear them sigh.

Row till the stars grow bright
Like certain eyes.
Row till the noon be high
As hopes you prize.

Row till you harbour in
All longing's port.
Row till you find all things
For which you sought.

T. STURGE MOORE.

107.

'Never more, Sailor'

NEVER more, Sailor,
Shalt thou be
Tossed on the wind-ridden,
Restless sea.
Its tides may labour;
All the world
Shake 'neath that weight
Of waters hurled:
But its whole shock

Can only stir
 Thy dust to a quiet
 Even quieter.
 Thou mock'dst at land
 Who now art come
 To such a small
 And shallow home ;
 Yet bore the sea
 Full many a care
 For bones that once
 A sailor's were.
 And though the grave's
 Deep soundlessness
 Thy once sea-deafened
 Ear distress,
 No robin ever
 On the deep
 Hopped with his song
 To haunt thy sleep.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

108.

'I found her out there'

I FOUND her out there
 On a slope few see,
 That falls westwardly
 To the salt-edged air,
 Where the ocean breaks
 On the purple strand,
 And the hurricane shakes
 The solid land.

I brought her here,
And have laid her to rest
In a noiseless nest
No sea beats near.
She will never be stirred
In her loamy cell
By the waves long heard
And loved so well.

So she does not sleep
By those haunted heights
The Atlantic smites
And the blind gales sweep,
Whence she often would gaze
At Dundagel's far head,
While the dipping blaze
Dyed her face fire-red ;

And would sigh at the tale
Of sunk Lyonesse,
As a wind-tugged tress
Flapped her cheek like a flail ;
Or listen at whiles
With a thought-bound brow
To the murmuring miles
She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe,
Will creep underground
Till it catch the sound
Of that western sea
As it swells and sobs
Where she once domiciled,
And joy in its throbs
With the heart of a child.

THOMAS HARDY.

109.

A Passer-by

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails
crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,

Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,

When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,

Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest

In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,

And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,

Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare;

Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair

Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,

I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine

That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,

Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,

As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,

From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line

In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

110.

The Cliff-top

THE cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold and green :
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds scud between.

A flock of gulls are wheeling
And wailing round my seat ;
Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet.

THE OCEAN.

Were I a cloud I'd gather
My skirts up in the air,
And fly I well know whither,
And rest I well know where.

As pointed the star surely,
The legend tells of old,
Where the wise kings might offer
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ;

Above the house I'd hover
Where dwells my love, and wait
Till haply I might spy her
Throw back the garden-gate.

There in the summer evening
I would bedeck the moon ;
I would float down and screen her
From the sun's rays at noon ;

And if her flowers should languish
 Or wither in the drought
 Upon her tall white lilies
 I'd pour my heart's blood out :
 So if she wore one only,
 And shook not out the rain,
 Were I a cloud, O cloudlet,
 I had not lived in vain.

[*A cloud speaks.*]

A CLOUD.

But were I thou, O ocean,
 I would not chafe and fret
 As thou, because a limit
 To thy desires is set.
 I would be blue, and gentle,
 Patient, and calm, and see
 If my smiles might not tempt her,
 My love, to come to me.
 I'd make my depths transparent,
 And still, that she should lean
 O'er the boat's edge to ponder
 The sights that swam between.
 I would command strange creatures,
 Of bright hue and quick fin,
 To stir the water near her,
 And tempt her bare arm in.
 I'd teach her spend the summer
 With me ; and I can tell,
 That, were I thou, O ocean,
 My love should love me well.

*

*

But on the mad cloud scudded,
The breeze it blew so stiff;
And the sad ocean bellowed,
And pounded at the cliff.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

111. *'Who has not walked upon the shore'*

WHO has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
Are pastured round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds, that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea;

Whereon the timid ships steal out,
And laugh to find their foe asleep,
That lately scattered them about,
And drove them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chased
Break into phalanx, line, and band:
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep,
 Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
 And flit across the downs, and leap
 Sheer off the cliff upon the sea ;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
 And still I watch their fleecy trains,
 That piling all the south with light,
 Dapple in France the fertile plains.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

112. ‘ *The evening darkens over* ’

THE evening darkens over
 After a day so bright
 The windcapt waves discover
 That wild will be the night.
 There ’s a sound of distant thunder.

The latest sea-birds hover
 Along the cliff’s sheer height ;
 As in the memory wander
 Last flutterings of delight,
 White wings lost on the white.

There ’s not a ship in sight ;
 And as the sun goes under
 Thick clouds conspire to cover
 The moon that should rise yonder.
 Thou art alone, fond lover.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

113. 'The snow lies sprinkled'

THE snow lies sprinkled on the beach,
And whitens all the marshy lea :
The sad gulls wail adown the gale,
The day is dark and black the sea.

Shorn of their crests the blighted waves
With driven foam the offing fleck :
The ebb is low and barely laves
The red rust of the giant wreck.

On such a stony, breaking beach
My childhood chanced and chose to be :
'Twas here I played, and musing made
My friend the melancholy sea.

He from his dim enchanted caves
With shuddering roar and onrush wild
Fell down in sacrificial waves
At feet of his exulting child.

Unto a spirit too light for fear
His wrath was mirth, his wail was glee :—
My heart is now too fixed to bow
Tho' all his tempests howl at me :

For to the gain life's summer saves,
My solemn joy's increasing store,
The tossing of his mournful waves
Makes sweetest music evermore.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

PART II

REFLECTIONS AND PICTURES

‘The best in this kind are but shadows . . .’

114. *Spring on the Coast*

NOW is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow is come, and the gracious west wind; the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thine hawsers, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set: this I Priapus of the harbour bid thee, O man, that thou mayest sail forth to all thy trafficking.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. *Trans. by J. W. MACKAIL.*

115. *A Restless Grave*

NOT even in death shall I Theris, tossed shipwrecked upon land by the waves, forget the sleepless shores; for beneath the spray-beaten reefs, nigh the disastrous main, I found a grave at the hands of strangers, and for ever do I wretchedly hear roaring even among the dead the hated thunder of the sea.

ARCHIAS. *Trans. by J. W. MACKAIL.*

116. *'When winds that move not'*

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep
 The azure sea, I love the land no more ;
 The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
 Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar
 Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
 Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
 I turn from the drear aspect to the home
 Of Earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
 Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
 Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
 Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
 Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
 Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

MOSCHUS OF SYRACUSE. *Trans. by* SHELLEY.

117. *The Drowned Seaman*

THE measurer of sea and land and of the sands that are
 without number, the tribute of a handful of dust holds
 thee fast, Archytas, by the Matine shore ; nor aught avails
 it thee to have climbed in thought the homes of the sky and
 ranged from end to end of the round heaven ; for thou hadst
 still to die. Died Pelops' sire too, the guest of gods, and
 Tithonus though he was rapt into the sky, and Minos
 though he was admitted to the secrets of Jove. And the son
 of Panthus is safe in Tartarus since he descended a second
 time to the lower world, for all that before (for he took
 down the shield and proved his knowledge of the days of

Troy) he had yielded to black death no spoils beyond mere sinews and skin—by thy witness no mean master he of nature and of truth. But one and the same night awaits us all, and the path of death must once be trodden. Some the Furies give to make shows for grim Mars. The greedy sea is the destruction of those who go in ships. Of young and old without difference the funerals crowd along. There is no head that imperious Proserpine ever feared to touch. Me too the south wind, boisterous comrade of Orion at his setting, whelmed in Illyrian waters. But thou, sailor, grudge not churlishly a handful of the drifting sand to my unburied bones and skull: so what promise soever of ill the east wind has in store for the western waves, may Venusia's woods feel his vengeance and thou be safe, and a stream of rich reward, whence only it can, pour into thy lap from kindly Jove and Neptune, guardian of sacred Tarentum! Art thou careless of committing a crime that shall bring punishment presently on thy innocent children? Who knows but that in thine own person the debt of justice and a return of contumely may be in store for thee? If I am deserted, my prayers shall not be unavenged: and for thee, no expiations shall release thee. Whatever be thy haste, the delay is not long: sprinkle the dust thrice, and thou mayst go on thy way.

HORACE. *Trans. by E. C. WICKHAM.*

118. *The Sea-Burial of King Scyld*

WHEN at length the fated hour was come, Scyld, the valiant, departed unto the keeping of the Lord. Then his dear companions bore him down to the ocean flood even as he himself had bidden them, while as yet the friend of the Scyldings ruled them with his words and long did

reign over them, dear prince of the land. There at the harbour stood a ship with curving prow, all icy, eager to depart—meet for a prince. And in the ship's bosom, hard by the mast, they laid their dear lord, the giver of treasure, that famous hero. Many treasures were there, abundance of ornaments brought from afar. Never have I heard tell of a ship more splendidly laden with battle weapons and war-harness, with sword and coats of mail. Upon his breast lay many precious things which were to go out with him into the realm of the waters. Verily no fewer of their gifts and tribal treasures did this people bestow upon him than they who at his birth sent him forth alone over the waves, babe as he was. Moreover they set up a golden banner high o'er his head, and let the sea bear him away, giving him over to the deep. Sad at heart were they, sorrowful in spirit. No man can truly say—no lord of hall, or hero under heaven—into whose hands that burden fell.

From 'Beowulf'.

119. *The Swimming Match*

BEOWULF, son of Egtheow, spoke: 'Well! thou hast said a deal about Breca in thy drunkenness, Unferth, my friend, and hast talked much of his adventure. The truth now I tell, that I had more sea-strength, more battling with the waves, than any man else. We talked of this when boys, and boasted, being yet in the days of our youth, that we would venture our lives out at sea; and we performed it even so. Naked in our hands we held our hard swords as we swam, purposing to defend us against the whale-fishes. He, nowise swifter on the flood, could not float far from me through the waves, nor would I part from

him. Thus we two were in the sea for the space of five nights, till the flood, the tossing waves, coldest of weathers, and darkening night, drove us apart, and a fierce north wind beat down upon us—rough were the waves. The spirit of the sea-fishes was roused, then my corslet, hard and hand-wrought, was of help to me against my foes; my woven armour, gold-adorned, lay upon my breast. An evil monster dragged me to the bottom; the grim foe held me fast in its clutch; yet it was granted unto me to strike the creature with the point of my war-sword; the fierce struggle carried off the mighty sea-beast by my hand.

Thus did the evil creatures often press me hard, but, as was meet, I served them well with my war-sword; they had no joyous fill by eating me, wicked destroyers, sitting round their feast nigh the bottom of the sea; but in the morning, wounded by the sword, slain by the dagger, they lay up along the sea-strand, so that they could never more hinder sea-farers on their course in the deep channel.

Light came from the east, the bright beacon of the Lord; the waves were stilled, and I could descry the sea-headlands, those wind-swept walls.'

From 'Beowulf'. Trans. by C. B. TINKER.

120.

From 'Andreas'

St. Andrew goes down to the Sea.

SO at the dawning, when the day first broke,
 He gat him o'er the sand-downs to the sea,
 Valiant in heart, and with him went his thanes
 To walk upon the shingle, where the waves
 Loud thundered, and the streams of ocean beat

Against the shore. Full glad was that brave saint
To see upon the sands a galley fair
Wide-bosomed. Then, behold, resplendent dawn,
Brightest of beacons, came upon her way,
Hasting from out the murky gloom of night,
And heaven's candle shone across the floods.
Three seamen saw he there, a glorious band,
Courageous men, upon their ocean bark
Sitting all ready to depart, like men
Just come across the deep. The Lord himself
It was, the everlasting Lord of hosts,
Almighty, with his holy angels twain.
In raiment they were like sea-faring men,
These heroes, like to wanderers on the waves,
When in the flood's embrace they sail with ships
Upon the waters cold to distant lands.

A Storm.

Then was the ocean stirred
And deeply troubled, then the horn-fish played,
Shot through the raging deep; the sea-gull gray,
Greedy for slaughter, flew in circling flight.
The candle of the sky grew straightway dark,
The winds waxed strong, the waves whirled, and the surge
Leapt high, the ropes creaked, dripping with the waves;
The Terror of the waters rose, and stood
Above them with the might of multitudes.
The thanes were sore afraid; not one of them
Dared hope that he would ever reach the land,
Of those who by the sea had sought a ship
With Andrew, for as yet they did not know
Who pointed out the course for that sea-bark.

Andrew tells how Christ stilled the Tempest.

I know
Myself that there is one that shieldeth us,
The Maker of the angels, Lord of hosts.
Rebuked and bridled by the King of might,
The Terror of the waters shall grow calm,
The leaping sea. So once, in days of yore
Within a bark upon the struggling waves
We tried the waters, riding on the surge,
And very fearful seemed the sad sea-roads.
The ocean-floods beat fierce against the shores;
Oft wave would answer wave; and whiles upstood
From out the ocean's bosom, o'er our ship,
A Terror on the breast of our sea-boat.
Thereon that ocean courser bode his time,
The glorious God, Creator of mankind,
Almighty One. The men were filled with fear,
They sought protection, mercy from the Lord.
And when that company began to call,
The King straightway arose and stilled the waves,
The seething of the waters—He who gives
Bliss to the angels; He rebuked the winds;
The sea subsided and the boundaries
Of ocean-stream grew calm. Then laughed our soul,
When under heaven's course our eyes beheld
The winds and waves and Terror of the deep
Affrighted by the vision of the Lord.

Trans. by R. K. Root.

121. *The Storm-Spirit in the Sea*

THE billows crash above me while I move,
 No man knows whither, searching out the earth
 In the vast caverns of the sea. Then stirs
 The ocean, and impels the watery mass
 To burst in foam. Fiercely the whale-mere rises
 And shouts aloud, and groans in mighty pain,
 While sounds the tramp of floods along the shore.
 Against precipitous cliffs incessantly
 Rocks, sands, and heaving waves and weeds are hurled.
 Yet toiling, robed with the strength of many waters,
 I stir the soil of ocean's ample grounds,
 Nor can I 'scape the whelming tide, till he
 That is my guide allows. O man of wisdom,
 Tell who may wrest me from the encircling grasp
 Of water, when the streams again are stilled,
 And waves that covered me beat harmony.

From the Anglo-Saxon Riddles.

Trans. by H. B. BROUGHAM.

122. *From the 'Divina Commedia'*

NOI eravam lunghesso il mare ancora,
 come gente che pensa a suo cammino,
 che va col core, e col corpo dimora :
 ed ecco qual, sul presso del mattino,
 per li grossi vapor Marte rosseggia
 giù nel ponente sopra il suol marino ;
 cotal m'apparve, s'io ancor lo veggia,
 un lume per lo mar venir sì ratto,
 che il mover suo nessun volar pareggia ;

dal qual com'io un poco ebbi ritratto
l'occhio per domandar lo Duca mio,
rividil più lucente e maggior fatto.

Poi d'ogni lato ad esso m'apparìo
un non sapeva che bianco, e di sotto
a poco a poco un altro a lui uscìo.

Lo mio Maestro ancor non fece motto,
mentre che i primi bianchi apparser ali:
allor che ben conobbe il galeotto,

Gridò: 'Fa, fa che le ginocchia cali;
ecco l'Angel di Dio: piega le mani:
omai vedrai di sì fatti ufficiali.

Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani,
sì che remo non vuol, nè altro velo
che l'ali sue, tra liti sì lontani.

Vedi come l'ha dritte verso il cielo,
trattando l'aere con l'eternè penne,
che non si mutan come mortal pelo.'

Poi come più e più verso noi venne
l'uccel divino, più chiaro appariva;
per che l'occhio da presso nol sostenne:

ma chinai 'l giuso; e quei sen venne a riva
con un vasello snelletto e leggiere,
tanto che l'acqua nulla ne inghiottiva.

Da poppa stava il celestial nocchiero,
tal che pareo beato per iscripto;
e più di cento spirti entro sediero.

DANTE, *Purgatorio*, Canto II.

123.

Sonetto

ASSAI sem raggirati in alto mare,
E quanto posson gli empiti de' venti,
L'onde commosse, et i fieri accidenti
Provat' abbiamo: nè già il navigare
Alcun legno con vela, o con vogare
Scampati ci ha da perigli eminenti,
Fra' duri scogli, e le secche latenti,
Ma sol colui che, ciò che vuol, può fare.
Tempo è omai da reducirsi in porto,
E l'ancore fermare a quella pietra,
Che del tempio congiunse i due parieti,
Quivi aspettare il fin del viver corto
Nell' amor di Colui da cui s'impetra
Con umiltà la vita de' quieti.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

124.

From the 'Divina Commedia'

ERA già l'ora che volge il disio
ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
lo dì ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio;

e che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
che paia il giorno pianger che si more.

DANTE, *Purgatorio*, Canto VIII.

125. *Port after Stormy Seas*

WHAT if some little paine the passage haue,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

EDMUND SPENSER.

126. *From 'The Tragedy of Dido'**Æneas.*

SO much haue I receiu'd at *Didos* hands,
 As without blushing I can aske no more:
 Yet Queene of *Affricke*, are my ships vnrigd,
 My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde,
 My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost,
 Yea all my Nauie split with Rockes and Shelves:
 Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleete,
 Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer board:
 Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supplie,
 We will account her author of our liues.

Dido.

Æneas, Ile repaire thy Troian ships,
 Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
 And let *Achates* saile to *Italy*:
 Ile giue thee tackling made of riueled gold,
 Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
 Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes,
 Through which the water shall delight to play:
 Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes,

Which if thou lose shall shine about the waues :
 The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang,
 Hollow Pyramides of silver plate :
 The sailes of foulded Lawne, where shall be wrought
 The warres of *Troy*, but not *Troyes* ouerthrow :
 For ballace, emptie *Didos* treasure,
 Take what ye will, but leaue *Æneas* here.
Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
 As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships,
 And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs.

THOMAS NASHE AND CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

127. *From 'King Richard II'*

THIS precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, . . .
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune.

128. *From 'The Merchant of Venice'*

YOUR mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

129. *From 'The Tempest'**i*

THE sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls within her.

ii

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
 He came alive to land.

130. *From 'King Richard III'*

METHOUGHT I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

131. *From 'Othello'*

METHINKS the wind had spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? . . .
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did such molestation view
On the enchafèd flood.

132. *From 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream'*

THOU remember'st,
Since once I stood upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

133.

The Storme

ENGLAND to whom we 'owe, what we be, and have.
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
Honour and misery have one face and way.)
From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde
Which at th' ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw
Downeward againe ; and so when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete,
Meate comes, it came ; and swole our sailes, when wee
So joyd, as *Sara* 'her swelling joy'd to see.
But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then.
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Asunder, meet against a third to warre,
The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile ;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name.
Jonas, I pittie thee, and curse those men,
Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then ;
Sleep is paines easiest salve, and doth fullfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not ;

I, and the Sunne, which should teach mee 'had forgot
East, West, Day, Night, and I could onely say,
If 'the world had lasted, now it had beene day.
Thousands our noyses were, yet wee 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call :
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye ;
And as sin-burd'ned soules from graves will creepe,
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe :
And tremblingly 'aske what newes, and doe heare so,
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast
With a salt dropsie clog'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe so,
As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine ?
Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe ;
Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers ; and if they
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the 'Bermuda calme.
Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right
Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all formes, uniforme deformity

Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,
 That though thine absence sterve me, 'I wish not thee.

JOHN DONNE.

134

The Calme

OUR storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out themselves, or us ;
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady 'as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
 The sea is now. And, as the Isles which wee
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee.
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out :
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
 The fighting place now seamens ragges supply ;
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthornes ; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
 Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire.
 We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover.
 Onely the Calenture together drawes
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes :
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.

Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepherds scoffe,
Or like slacke sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade
Of Ants, durst th' Emperours lov'd snake invade,
The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and a coward die.
Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge, 'gainst which wee all forget to pray,
He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well
Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell.
What are wee then? How little more alas
Is man now, then before he was? he was
Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;
Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.
Wee have no power, no will, no sense: I lye,
I should not then thus feele this miserie.

JOHN DONNE.

135.

The Third Day

AS Armies at the call

Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas.

JOHN MILTON.

136.

After the Shipwreck

IN this distress, the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and, with the help of the rest of the men, they got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy, and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon the shore, and might well be called *den wild zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. In a word, it took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as

well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, 'O God !' for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water ; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it ; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could ; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible ; my greatest concern now being that the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty foot deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way ; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water ; and though it was not two seconds of time that

I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath, and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments, to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and run with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

DANIEL DEFOE.

137. *A Squall, deep lowering'*

ASQUALL, deep lowering, blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain :
' Reef topsails !—Reef ! ' the master calls again.
The halyards and top bowlines soon are gone ;
To clewlines and reef-tackles next they run ;
The shivering sails descend ; the yards they square,
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair ;
The weather-earings and the lee are passed,
The reefs enrolled, and every point's made fast.
Their task above thus finished, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whit'ning surface of the deep !

.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend !
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies :
' Brail up the mizzen quick ! ' the master cries ;
' Man the clew-garnets ! Let the mainsheet fly ! '—
It rends in scores of shivering shreds on high !
The main-sail, all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar !
The ship still labours in th' oppressive strain,
Low bending, as if ne'er to rise again.
' Bear up the helm a while ! ' young Rodmond cries ;
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies.
She feels its guiding power and veers apace ;
And now the foresail right athwart they brace.

The swelling sail, the flowing sheets sustain,
 Whose firm coërtion equally restrain.
 While o'er the foam, the ship impetuous flies,
 The helm, th' attentive timoneer applies :
 Thus vigilant, the falcon marks his prey,
 And skims with ardent eye, th' aërial way ;
 Each motion watches, of the doubtful chace,
 Obliquely wheeling thro' the azure space :
 Thus, and so quick, the helm responsive flew,
 Whose swift rotations all her curves subdue.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

138.

The Sea

TURN to the watery world!—but who to thee
 (A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
 When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms ;
 Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
 Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
 Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
 In limpid blue, and evanescent green ;
 And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
 Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye.

Be it the summer-noon : a sandy space
 The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
 Then, just the hot and stony beach above,
 Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move
 (For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
 And with the cooler in its fall contends) ;
 Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
 An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps,

Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd ; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide ;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more ?

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud, to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the winter-storm, above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud :
'Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ;
And sometimes hid, and sometimes show'd, his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells.
But, nearer land, you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off, the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray ;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch ;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry ;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

GEORGE CRABBE.

139. *The Spanish Galleons seen by an Aztec*

Guyómar.

AT last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the Sea, somewhat, methought did rise
Like blewish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore. . . .
The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew,
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow :
And at their roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Montezuma.

What Divine Monsters, O ye gods, were these
That float in air and flye upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the shore?

Guyomar.

Alas, they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar :
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that Thunders from on high,
Or these the younger brothers of the Skie.
Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,
No mortal courage can support the fright.

JOHN DRYDEN.

140. *Les Plaisirs du Rivage*

ASSIS sur la rive des mers,
Quand je sens l'amoureux zéphire
Agiter doucement les airs
Et souffler sur l'humide empire,

Je suis des yeux les voyageurs,
A leur destin je porte envie.
Le souvenir de ma patrie
S'éveille et fait couler mes pleurs.

Je tressaille au bruit de la rame
Qui frappe l'écume des flots.
J'entends retentir dans mon âme
Le chant joyeux des matelots.

Un secret désir me tourmente
De m'arracher à ces beaux lieux,
Et d'aller sous de nouveaux cieux
Porter ma fortune inconstante.

Mais quand le terrible Aquilon
Gronde sur l'onde bondissante,
Que dans le liquide sillon
Roule la foudre étincelante ;

Alors je repose mes yeux
Sur les forêts, sur le rivage,
Sur les vallons silencieux
Qui sont à l'abri de l'orage ;

Et je m'écrie : Heureux le sage
Qui rêve au fond de ces berceaux,
Et qui n'entend sous leur feuillage
Que le murmure des ruisseaux !

NICOLAS-GERMAIN LÉONARD.

141.

Sea-birds

... WHERE the Northern Ocean in vast whirls
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides—
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

JAMES THOMSON.

142.

Omens of Storm

AMID the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
Compressed, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.
Of no regard save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once
Precipitant descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fixed the sailor stands.
Art is too slow ; by rapid fate oppressed,
His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led and bolder thirst
Of gold.

JAMES THOMSON.

Clouds

AS when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)

Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

JAMES THOMSON.

143.

L' Infinito

SEMPRE caro mi fu quest'ermo colle,
 E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
 Dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
 Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
 Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani
 Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
 Io nel pensier mi fingo; ove per poco
 Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
 Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
 Infinito silenzio a questa voce
 Vo comparando: e mi sovvien l'eterno,
 E le morte stagioni, e la presente
 E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
 Immensità s'annega il pensier mio:
 E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

144. *'The world is too much with us'*

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

145. *Evening by the Sea*

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

146. *The Ship*

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array ;
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
 What boots the enquiry ?—Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for ; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way

Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

147. *From 'The Old Margate Hoy'*

WILL it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), *at the sight of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment. Is it not, that in *the latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain, compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH?

I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life, —all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen ; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry ; crowding their images, and extracting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those that go down unto it ; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes ; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation ; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ;

of fatal rocks, and the ‘still-vexed Bermoothes’ ; of great whirlpools, and the water-spout ; of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths ; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as bugbs to frighten babes withal,
Compared with the creatures in the sea’s entral ;

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez ; of pearls, and shells ; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles ; of mermaids’ grots—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these ; and when the

actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,—

Is this the mighty ocean?—is this *all*?

CHARLES LAMB.

148. *From 'Julian and Maddalo'*

A BARE strand

Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
 Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
 Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
 Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
 Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
 Abandons; and no other object breaks
 The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
 Broken and unrepared, and the tide makes
 A narrow space of level sand thereon,
 Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
 This ride was my delight. I love all waste
 And solitary places; where we taste
 The pleasure of believing what we see
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:

And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
 More barren than its billows ;
 For the winds drove
 The living spray along the sunny air
 Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,
 Stripped to their depths by the awakening north ;
 And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth
 Harmonising with solitude, and sent
 Into our hearts aëreal merriment.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

149. *From 'Epipsychidion'*

A SHIP is floating in the harbour now,
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
 No keel has ever ploughed that path before ;
 The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;
 The merry mariners are bold and free :
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
 Is a far Eden of the purple East ;
 And we between her wings will sit, while Night,
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
 Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
 It is an isle under Ionian-skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
 This land would have remained a solitude
 But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air

Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold.
The blue Aegean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar ;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide :
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales ;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs ;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep ;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison :
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.—
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity ;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.

It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way :
The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which Sun*or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess :
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of th' Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.—

.
We too will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour ;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

150.

On the Sea

IT keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be mov'd for days from where it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
 Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
 Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody—
 Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

JOHN KEATS.

151.

To Ailsa Rock

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
 Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
 When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
 When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
 How long is 't since the mighty power bid
 Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
 Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
 Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid.
 Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead asleep;
 Thy life is but two dead eternities—

The last in air, the former in the deep ;
 First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
 Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
 Another cannot wake thy giant size.

JOHN KEATS.

152. *From 'To my Brother George'*

AND on the other side, outspread, is seen
 Ocean's blue mantle streak'd with purple, and green.
 Now 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now
 Mark the bright silver curling round her prow.
 I see the lark down-dropping to his nest,
 And the broad winged sea-gull never at rest ;
 For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
 His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
 Now I direct my eyes into the west,
 Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest.

JOHN KEATS.

153. *From 'Endymion'*

The Shipwreck.

ON a day,
 Sitting upon a rock above the spray,
 I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
 A gallant vessel: soon she seem'd to sink
 Away from me again, as though her course
 Had been resum'd in spite of hindering force—
 So vanish'd: and not long, before arose
 Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose.

Old Æolus would stifle his mad spleen,
 But could not : therefore all the billows green
 Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds.
 The tempest came : I saw that vessel's shrouds
 In perilous bustle ; while upon the deck
 Stood trembling creatures. I beheld the wreck ;
 The final gulphing ; the poor struggling souls :
 I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls.

Wind on the Sea.

The wind out-blows
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavillion ;
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
 Handfuls of daisies. . . .

The Poet praises the Moon.

She dies at the thinnest cloud ; her loveliness
 Is wan on Neptune's blue : yet there's a stress
 Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
 Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
 The curly foam with amorous influence.
 O, not so idle : for down-glancing thence
 She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
 O'erwhelming water-courses ; scaring out
 The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
 Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning.

.
 On gold sand impearl'd
 With lilly shells, and pebbles milky white,
 Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light
 Against his pallid face : he felt the charm

To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
 Of his heart's blood : 'twas very sweet ; he stay'd
 His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
 His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
 To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,
 Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
 And so he kept, until the rosy veils
 Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
 Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd
 Into sweet air ; and sober'd morning came
 Meekly through billows :—when like taper-flame
 Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
 He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
 Along his fated way.

JOHN KEATS.

154.

*From 'Hyperion'**The Shell's Song.*

I STOOD upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
 Where a sweet clime was breathèd from a land
 Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
 Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief ;
 Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth ;
 So that I felt a movement in my heart
 To chide, and to reproach that solitude
 With songs of misery, music of our woes ;
 And sat me down, and took a mouthèd shell
 And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
 O melody no more ! for while I sang,
 And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
 The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand

Just opposite, an island of the sea,
 There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
 That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
 I threw my shell away upon the sand,
 And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
 With that new blissful golden melody.

JOHN KEATS.

155.

The Shells

BUT I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace porch ; where, when unyoked,
 His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
 Shake one, and it awakens ; then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

156. *From 'The Chambered Nautilus'*

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread this lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no more.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

157.

From 'Hyperion'

HAVE ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor ? Have ye seen his face ?
Have ye beheld his chariots, foam'd along
By noble wingèd creatures he hath made ?
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire : farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye ; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.

JOHN KEATS.

158.

The Swimmer

HOW many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd ; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me ; and oft
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they waxed fearful ; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep : exulting
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird.

LORD BYRON.

159.

The Swimmer

YONDER, lo ! the tide is flowing ;
Clamber, while the breeze is blowing,
Down to where a soft foam flusters
Dulse and fairy feathery clusters !
While it fills the shelly hollows,
A swift sister billow follows,
Leaps in hurrying with the tide,
Seems the lingering wave to chide ;

Both push on with eager life,
And a gurgling show of strife.
O the salt, refreshing air
Shrilly blowing in the hair !
A keen, healthful savour haunts
Sea-shell, sea-flower, and sea-plants.
Innocent billows on the strand
Leave a crystal over sand,
Whose thin ebbing soon is crossed
By a crystal foam-enmossed,
Variegating silvergrey
Shell-empetalled sand in play :
When from sand dries off the brine,
Vanishes swift shadow fine ;
But a wet sand is a glass
Where the plummy cloudlets pass,
Floating islands of the blue,
Tender, shining, fair, and true.

Who would linger idle,
Dallying would lie,
When wind and wave, a bridal
Celebrating, fly ?
Let him plunge among them,
Who hath wooed enough,
Flirted with them, sung them !
In the salt seatrough
He may win them, onward
On a buoyant crest,
Far to seaward, sunward,
Oceanborne to rest !
Wild wind will sing over him,
And the free foam cover him,

Swimming seaward, sunward,
On a blithe sea-breast !
On a blithe sea-bosom
Swims another too,
Swims a live sea-blossom,
A grey-winged seamew !
Grape green all the waves are,
By whose hurrying line
Half of ships and caves are
Buried under brine ;
Supple, shifting ranges
Lucent at the crest,
With pearly surface-changes
Never laid to rest :
Now a dripping gunwale
Momently he sees,
Now a fuming funnel,
Or red flag in the breeze.
Arms flung open wide,
Lip the laughing sea ;
For playfellow, for bride,
Claim her impetuously !
Triumphantly exult with all the free
Buoyant bounding splendour of the sea !
And if, while on the billow
Wearily he lay,
His awful wild playfellow
Filled his mouth with spray,
Reft him of his breath,
To some far realms away
He would float with Death ;
Wild wind would sing over him,
And the free foam cover him,

Waft him sleeping onward,
Floating seaward, sunward,
All alone with Death;
In a realm of wondrous dreams,
And shadow-haunted ocean gleams!

RODEN NOEL.

160. *The Swimmer at Sunrise*

WHILE still the dusk impends above the glimmering
waste

A tremor comes: wave after wave turns silvery bright:
A sudden yellow gleam athwart the east is traced:
The waning stars fade forth, swift perishing pyres.
The moon lies pearly-wan upon the front of Night.
Then all at once upwells a flood of golden light
And a myriad waves flash forth a myriad fires:
Now is the hour the amplest glory of life to taste,
Outswimming towards the sun upon the billowy waste.

FIONA MACLEOD.

161. *A Sea-Spell*

(*For a Picture.*)

HER lute hangs shadowed in the apple-tree,
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
Between its chords; and as the wild notes swell,
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?
What netherworld gulf-whispers doth she hear,
In answering echoes from what planisphere,
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell : and when full soon
 Her lips move and she soars into her song,
 What creatures of the midmost main shall throng
 In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune :
 Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,
 And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die ?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

162. *From 'The Englishman in Italy'*

SO, I turned to the sea ; and there slumbered
 As greenly as ever
 Those isles of the siren, your Galli ;
 No ages can sever
 The Three, nor enable their sister
 To join them,—halfway
 On the voyage, she looked at Ulysses—
 No farther to-day,
 Tho' the small one, just launched in the wave,
 Watches breast-high and steady
 From under the rock, her bold sister
 Swum halfway already.
 Fortù, shall we sail there together
 And see from the sides
 Quite new rocks show their faces, new haunts
 Where the siren abides ?
 Shall we sail round and round them, close over
 The rocks, tho' unseen,
 That ruffle the grey glassy water
 To glorious green ?
 Then scramble from splinter to splinter,
 Reach land and explore,

On the largest, the strange square black turret
 With never a door,
Just a loop to admit the quick lizards ;
 Then, stand there and hear
The birds' quiet singing, that tells us
 What life is, so clear ?
—The secret they sang to Ulysses
 When, ages ago,
He heard and he knew this life's secret
 I hear and I know.

ROBERT BROWNING.

163. *L'Homme et la Mer*

HOMME libre, toujours tu chériras la mer :
La mer est ton miroir ; tu contemples ton âme
Dans le déroulement infini de sa lame,
Et ton esprit n'est pas un gouffre moins amer.

Tu te plais à plonger au sein de ton image ;
Tu l'embrasses des yeux et des bras, et ton cœur
Se distrait quelquefois de sa propre rumeur
Au bruit de cette plainte indomptable et sauvage.

Vous êtes tous les deux ténébreux et discrets :
Homme, nul n'a sondé le fond de tes abîmes,
Ô mer, nul ne connaît les richesses intimes,
Tant vous êtes jaloux de garder vos secrets !

Et cependant voilà des siècles innombrables
Que vous vous combattez sans pitié ni remords,
Tellement vous aimez le carnage et la mort,
Ô lutteurs éternels, ô frères implacables !

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

164. *From 'Dover Beach'*

THE sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits ;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air !
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen ! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

165. *From 'Sohrab and Rustum'*

BUT the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,
Under the solitary moon : he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjê,
Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents ; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—

Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

166. *Qua cursum Ventus*

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce two leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt that each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

167.

Tempête

TOUTE l'immensité en tumulte se ruait sur l'écueil
 Douvres. On entendait des voix sans nombre. Qui
 donc crie ainsi ? L'antique épouvante panique était là. Par
 moments, cela avait l'air de parler, comme si quelqu'un
 faisait un commandement. Puis des clameurs, des clairons,
 des trépidations étranges, et ce grand hurlement majestueux
 que les marins nomment *appel de l'océan*. Les spirales
 indéfinies et fuyantes du vent sifflaient en tordant le flot ; les
 vagues, devenues disques sous ces tournoiemens, étaient
 lancées contre les brisants comme des palets gigantesques
 par des athlètes invisibles. L'énorme écume échevelait
 toutes les roches. Torrents en haut, baves en bas. Puis
 les mugissemens redoublaient. Aucune rumeur humaine
 ou bestiale ne saurait donner l'idée des fracas mêlés à ces
 dislocations de la mer. La nuée canonnait, les grêlons
 mitraillaient, la houle escaladait. De certains points sem-
 blaient immobiles ; sur d'autres le vent faisait vingt toises
 par seconde. La mer à perte de vue était blanche ; dix
 lieues d'eau de savon emplissaient l'horizon. Des portes de
 feu s'ouvraient et se fermaient. Quelques nuages paraissaient
 brûlés par les autres, et sur des tas de nuées rouges qui ressem-

blaient à des braises, ils ressemblaient à des fumées. Des configurations flottantes se heurtaient et s'amalgamaient, se déformant les unes par les autres. Une eau incommensurable ruisselait. On entendait des feux de peloton dans le firmament. Il y avait au milieu du plafond d'ombre une espèce de vaste hotte renversée d'où tombaient pêle-mêle la trombe, la grêle, les nuées, les pourpres, les phosphores, la nuit, la lumière, les bruits, les foudres, tant ces penchements du gouffre sont formidables !

VICTOR HUGO.

168.

A Gale at Sea

FEW people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights ; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge ; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each. The surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract ; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the

air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any land-mark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract.

JOHN RUSKIN.

169. *Turner's Picture 'The Slave Ship'*

IT is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the

tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty¹ ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

JOHN RUSKIN.

170. *From 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer'*

IL semblait que l'eau fût incendiée. Aussi loin que le regard pouvait s'étendre, dans l'écueil et hors de l'écueil, toute la mer flamboyait. Ce flamboiement n'était pas rouge; il n'avait rien de la grande flamme vivante des

¹ She is a slaver, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses.

cratères et des fournaises. Aucun pétillement, aucune ardeur, aucune pourpre, aucun bruit. Des traînées bleuâtres imitaient sur la vague les plis de suaire. Une large lueur blême frissonnait sur l'eau. Ce n'était pas l'incendie, c'en était le spectre.

C'était quelque chose comme l'embrasement livide d'un dedans de sépulcre par une flamme de rêve.

Qu'on se figure des ténèbres allumées.

La nuit, la vaste nuit trouble et diffuse, semblait être le combustible de ce feu glacé. C'était on ne sait quelle clarté faite d'aveuglement. L'ombre entraînait comme élément dans cette lumière fantôme.

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A cette lumière, les choses perdent leur réalité. Une pénétration spectrale les fait comme transparentes. Les roches ne sont plus que des linéaments. Les câbles des ancres paraissent des barres de fer chauffées à blanc. Les filets des pêcheurs semblent sous l'eau du feu tricoté. Une moitié de l'aviron est d'ébène, l'autre moitié, sous la lame, est d'argent. En retombant de la rame dans le flot, les gouttes d'eau étoilent la mer. Toute barque traîne derrière elle une comète. Les matelots mouillés et lumineux semblent des hommes qui brûlent. On plonge sa main dans le flot, on la retire gantée de flamme ; cette flamme est morte, on ne la sent point. Votre bras est un tison allumé. Vous voyez des formes qui sont dans la mer rouler sous les vagues à vau-le-feu. L'écume étincelle. Les poissons sont des langues de feu et des tronçons d'éclair serpentant dans une profondeur pâle.

VICTOR HUGO.

171. *From 'Will o' the Mill'*

'AND what is the sea?' asked Will.
 'The sea!' cried the miller. 'Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

172. *The White Whale*

LIKE noiseless nautilus shells, the light prows (of the whalemens' boats) sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unconscious prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling

playfully accompanying the shade ; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake ; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowl softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight ; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back : and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns ; his lovely, leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid ; with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete ; not Jove did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell, that but once laving him, then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it ; and had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale ! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on,

still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk; entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbled body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

173. *From 'The Merry Men'*

ON all this part of the coast, and especially near Aros, these great granite rocks that I have spoken of go down together in troops into the sea, like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbours ashore; only the salt water sobbing between them instead of the quiet earth, and clots of sea-pink blooming on their sides instead of heather; and the great sea-conger to wreath about the base of them instead of the poisonous viper of the land. On calm days you can go wandering between them in a boat for hours, echoes following you about the labyrinth; but when the sea is up, Heaven help the man that hears that caldron boiling.

Off the south-west end of Aros these blocks are very many, and much greater in size. Indeed, they must grow monstrously bigger out to sea, for there must be ten sea miles of open water sown with them as thick as a country place with houses, some standing thirty feet above the tides, some covered, but all perilous to ships; so that on a clear westerly blowing day, I have counted, from the top of

Aros, the great rollers breaking white and heavy over as many as six-and-forty buried reefs. But it is nearer in shore that the danger is worst; for the tide, here running like a mill-race, makes a long belt of broken water—a *Roost* we call it—at the tail of the land. I have often been out there in a dead calm at the slack of the tide; and a strange place it is, with the sea swirling and combing up and boiling like the caldrons of a linn, and now and again a little dancing mutter of sound as though the *Roost* were talking to itself. But when the tide begins to run again, and above all in heavy weather, there is no man could take a boat within half a mile of it, nor a ship afloat that could either steer or live in such a place. You can hear the roaring of it six miles away. At the seaward end there comes the strongest of the bubble; and it's here that those big breakers dance together—the dance of death, it may be called—that have got the name, in these parts, of the Merry Men. I have heard it said that they run fifty feet high; but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that. Whether they got the name from their movements, which are swift and antic, or from the shouting they make about the turn of the tide, so that all Aros shakes with it, is more than I can tell.

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The night, though we were so little past midsummer, was as dark as January. Intervals of a groping twilight alternated with spells of utter blackness; and it was impossible to trace the reason of these changes in the flying horror of the sky. The wind blew the breath out of a man's nostrils; all heaven seemed to thunder overhead like one huge sail; and when there fell a momentary lull on Aros, we could hear the gusts dismally sweeping in the distance. Over all the lowlands of the Ross the wind

must have blown as fierce as on the open sea ; and God only knows the uproar that was raging around the head of Ben Kyaw. Sheets of mingled spray and rain were driven in our faces. All round the isle of Aros, the surf, with an incessant, hammering thunder, beat upon the reefs and beaches. Now louder in one place, now lower in another, like the combinations of orchestral music, the constant mass of sound was hardly varied for a moment. And loud above all this hurly-burly I could hear the changeful voices of the Roost and the intermittent roaring of the Merry Men. At that hour there flashed into my mind the reason of the name that they were called. For the noise of them seemed almost mirthful, as it out-topped the other noises of the night ; or if not mirthful, yet instinct with a portentous joviality. Nay, and it seemed even human. As when savage men have drunk away their reason, and, discarding speech, bawl together in their madness by the hour ; so, to my ears, these deadly breakers shouted by Aros in the night.

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Never before had I seen the Merry Men thus violent. The fury, height, and transiency of their spoutings was a thing to be seen and not recounted. High over our heads on the cliff rose their white columns in the darkness ; and the same instant, like phantoms, they were gone. And yet the spectacle was rather maddening in its levity than impressive by its force. Thought was beaten down by the confounding uproar ; a gleeful vacancy possessed the brains of men, a state akin to madness ; and I found myself at times following the dance of the Merry Men as it were a tune upon a jiggling instrument.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

174. *From 'Sebastian van Storck'*

THE sea which Sebastian so much loved, and with so great a satisfaction and sense of wellbeing in every hint of its nearness, is never far distant in Holland. Invading all places, stealing under one's feet, insinuating itself everywhere along an endless network of canals (by no means such formal channels as we understand by the name, but picturesque rivers, with sedgy banks and haunted by innumerable birds) its incidents present themselves oddly even in one's park or woodland walks; the ship in full sail appearing suddenly among the great trees or above the garden wall, where we had no suspicion of the presence of water. In the very conditions of life in such a country there was a standing force of pathos. The country itself shared the uncertainty of the individual human life; and there was pathos also in the constantly renewed, heavily-taxed labour, necessary to keep the native soil, fought for so unselfishly, there at all, with a warfare that must still be maintained when that other struggle with the Spaniard was over. But though Sebastian liked to breathe, so nearly, the sea and its influences, those were considerations he scarcely entertained. In his passion for *Schwindsucht*—we haven't the word—he found it pleasant to think of the resistless element which left one hardly a foot-space amidst the yielding sand; of the old beds of lost rivers, surviving now only as deeper channels in the sea; of the remains of a certain ancient town, which within men's memory had lost its few remaining inhabitants, and, with its already empty tombs, dissolved and disappeared in the flood. . . . He would ponder Pliny's account of those

primeval forefathers, but without Pliny's contempt for them. A cloyed Roman might despise their humble existence, fixed by necessity from age to age, and with no desire of change, as, 'the ocean poured in its flood twice a day, making it uncertain whether the country was a part of the continent or of the sea'. But for his part Sebastian found something of poetry in all that, as he conceived what thoughts the old Hollander might have had at his fishing, with nets themselves woven of seaweed, waiting carefully for his drink on the heavy rains, and taking refuge, as the flood rose, on the sand-hills, in a little hut constructed but airily on tall stakes, conformable to the elevation of the highest tides, like a navigator, thought the learned writer, when the sea was risen, like a shipwrecked mariner when it was retired. For the fancy of Sebastian he lived with great breadths of calm light above and around him, influenced by, and, in a sense, living upon them, and surely might well complain, though to Pliny's so infinite surprise, on being made a Roman citizen.

WALTER PATER.

175. *From 'The Sea Wall'*

IT was against a seaport fortress, profoundly walled, that some remembered winter storms lately turned their great artillery. It was a time of resounding nights; the sky was so clamorous and so close, up in the towers of the stronghold, that one seemed to be indeed admitted to the perturbed counsels of the winds. The gale came with an indescribable haste, hooting as it flew; it seemed to break itself upon the heights, yet passed unbroken out to sea; in the voice of the sea there were pauses, but none in that

of the urgent gale with its hoo-hoo-hoo all night, that clamoured down the calling of the waves. That lack of pauses was the strangest thing in the tempest, because the increase of sound seemed to imply a lull before. The lull was never perceptible, but the lift was always an alarm. The onslaught was instant, where would it stop? What was the secret extreme to which this hurry and force were tending? You asked less what thing was driving the flocks of the storm than what was calling them. And there were moments when the end seemed about to be attained

.

This storm tossed the wave and the stones of the sea-wall up together. The next day it left the waters white with the thrilling whiteness of foam in sunshine. It was only the Channel; and in such narrow waters you do not see the distances, the wide levels of fleeting and floating foam, that lie light between long wave and long wave on a Mediterranean coast, regions of delicate and transitory brightness so far out that all the waves, near and far, seem to be breaking at the same moment, one beyond the other, and league beyond league, into foam. But the Channel has its own strong, short curl that catches the rushing shingle up with the freshest of all noises and runs up with sudden curves, white upon the white sea-wall, under the random shadow of sea-gulls and the light of a shining cloud.

ALICE MEYNELL.

176

Sottomare

A FAINT wind draws from the soon-faded sky,
 The pines are filled with moaning overhead;
 Beneath their murmuring dome the air is dead,
 And no leaf stirs to sound its threnody.
 Bound by the slumber of the woods we lie
 In a green silence; our vain thoughts unsaid
 And shadowy longing unaccomplished
 Drift and pass forth with the slow clouds on high.
 So lies a seaman in the moveless deep
 By some lost argosy of loaded ore,
 Who guards a harvest he may never reap,
 Sunk for all time on that untrodden floor,
 With steadfast eyes upgazing to no shore,
 Where the tides ponder and the eddies sleep.

GEOFFREY SCOTT.

177.

Venetian Sunrise

HOW often have I now outwatched the night
 Alone in this grey chamber toward the sea
 Turning its deep-arcaded balcony!
 Round yonder sharp acanthus-leaves the light
 Comes stealing, red at first, then golden bright;
 Till when the day-god in his strength and glee
 Springs from the orient flood victoriously,
 Each cusp is tipped and tongued with quivering white.
 The islands that were blots of purple bloom,
 Now tremble in soft liquid luminous haze,
 Uplifted from the sea-floor to the skies;
 And dim discerned erewhile through roseate gloom,
 A score of sails now stud the waterways,
 Ruffling like swans afloat from paradise.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

178.

The Bond of the Sea

THE sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sail of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. . . .

. . . We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shore in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, 'followed the sea' with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark 'interlopers' of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned 'generals' of East

India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth !. . . The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the gems of empires.

The sun set ; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

‘And this also,’ said Marlow suddenly, ‘has been one of the dark places of the earth.’

JOSEPH CONRAD.

179.

The Small Sea World

UP at the top of the seaward hill your first thought is one of some compassion for sailors, inasmuch as they see but little of their sea. A child on a mere Channel cliff looks upon spaces and sizes that they cannot see in the Pacific, on the ocean side of the world. Never in the solitude of the blue water, never between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, never between the Islands and the West, has the seaman seen anything but a little circle of sea. The Ancient Mariner, when he was alone, did but drift through a thousand narrow solitudes. The sailor has nothing but his mast, indeed. And but for his mast he would be isolated in as small a world as that of a traveller through the plains.

ALICE MEYNELL.

180. *From 'The Aran Islands'*

A WEEK of sweeping fogs has passed over and given me a strange sense of exile and desolation. I walk round the island nearly every day, yet I can see nothing anywhere but a mass of wet rock, a strip of surf, and then a tumult of waves.

The slaty limestone has grown black with the water that is dripping on it, and wherever I turn there is the same grey obsession twining and wreathing itself among the narrow fields, and the same wail from the wind that shrieks and whistles in the loose rubble of the walls.

It has cleared, and the sun is shining with a luminous warmth that makes the whole island glisten with the splendour of a gem, and fills the sea and sky with a radiance of blue light.

I have come out to lie on the rocks where I have the black edge of the north island in front of me, Galway Bay, too blue almost to look at, on my right, the Atlantic on my left, a perpendicular cliff under my ankles, and over me innumerable gulls that chase each other in a white cirrus of wings.

A nest of hooded crows is somewhere near me, and one of the old birds is trying to drive me away by letting itself fall like a stone every few moments, from about forty yards above me to within reach of my hand.

Gannets are passing up and down above the sound, swooping at times after a mackerel, and further off I can see the whole fleet of hookers coming out from Kilronan for a night's fishing in the deep water to the west.

As I lie here hour after hour, I seem to enter into the wild pastimes of the cliff, and to become a companion of the cormorants and crows.

Many of the birds display themselves before me with the vanity of barbarians, forming in strange evolutions as long as I am in sight, and returning to their ledge of rock when I am gone. Some are wonderfully expert, and cut graceful figures for an inconceivable time without a flap of their wings, growing so absorbed in their own dexterity that they often collide with one another in their flight, an incident always followed by a wild outburst of abuse. Their language is easier than Gaelic, and I seem to understand the greater part of their cries, though I am not able to answer. There is one plaintive note which they take up in the middle of their usual babble with extraordinary effect, and pass on from one to another along the cliff with a sort of an inarticulate wail, as if they remembered for an instant the horror of the mist.

On the low sheets of rock to the east I can see a number of red and grey figures hurrying about their work. The continual passing in this island between the misery of last night and the splendour of to-day, seems to create an affinity between the moods of these people and the moods of varying rapture and dismay that are frequent in artists, and in certain forms of alienation. Yet it is only in the intonation of a few sentences or some old fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk with endless iteration of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara.

JOHN SYNGE.

181. *Laying up the Boat*

THERE arrives a day towards the end of October—or with luck we may tide over into November—when the wind in the mainsail suddenly takes a winter force, and we begin to talk of laying up the boat. Hitherto we have kept

a silent compact and ignored all change in the season. We have watched the blue afternoons shortening, fading through lilac into grey, and let pass their scarcely perceptible warnings. One afternoon a few kittiwakes appeared. A week later the swallows fell to stringing themselves like beads along the coastguard's telephone-wire on the hill. They vanished, and we pretended not to miss them. When our hands grew chill with steering we rubbed them by stealth or stuck them nonchalantly in our pockets. But this unmistakable winter gust breaks the spell. We take one look around the harbour, at the desolate buoys awash and tossing; we cast another seaward at the thick weather through which, in a week at latest, will come looming the earliest of the Baltic merchantmen, our November visitors—bluff vessels with red-painted channels, green deckhouses, white top-strakes, wooden davits overhanging astern, and the Danish flag fluttering aloft in the haze. Then we find speech; and with us, as with the swallows, the move into winter quarters is not long delayed when once it comes into discussion. We have dissembled too long; and know, as we go through the form of debating it, that our date must be the next spring-tides.

This ritual of laying up the boat is our way of bidding farewell to summer; and we go through it, when the day comes, in ceremonial silence. *Favete linguis!* The hour helps us, for the spring-tides at this season reach their height a little after night-fall, and it is on an already slackening flood that we cast off our moorings and head up the river with our backs to the waning sunset. Since we tow a dinghy astern and are ourselves towed by the silent yachtsman, you may call it a procession. She has been stripped, during the last two days, of all but the mainmast. Now we bring her alongside the town quay and beneath the shears—

the abhorred shears—which lift this too out of its step, dislocated with a creak as poignant as the cry of Polydorus. We lower it, lay it along the deck, and resume our way ; past quay doors and windows where already the townsfolk are beginning to light their lamps ; and so by the jetties where foreign crews rest with elbows on bulwarks and stare down upon us idly through the dusk. She is after all but a little cutter of six tons, and we might well apologize, like the Athenian, for so diminutive a corpse. But she is our own ; and they never saw her with jack-yarder spread, or spinnaker or jib-topsail delicate as samite—those heavenly wings!—nor felt her gallant spirit straining to beat her own record before a tense northerly breeze. Yet even to them her form, in pure white with gilt fillet, might tell of no common obsequies. For in every good ship the miracle of Galatea is renewed ; and the shipwright who sent this keel down the ways to her element surely beheld the birth of a goddess.

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She is ours now by purchase, but ours too by something better. Like a slave's her beautiful untaught body came to us ; but it was we who gave wings to her, and with wings a soul, and a law to its grace, and discipline to its vital impulses. She is ours too by our gratitude, since the delicate machine

Has like a woman given up its joy ;

and by memories of her helpfulness in such modest perils as we tempt, of her sweet companionship through long days empty of annoyance—land left behind with its striving crowds, its short views, its idols of the market-place, its sordid worries ; the breast flung wide to the horizon, swept by wholesome salt airs, void perhaps, but so beatifically clean!—then it was that we learned her worth, drinking

in the knowledge without effort, lulled hour after hour by her whisperings which asked for no answer, by the pulse of her tiller soft against the palm. Patter of reef-points, creak of cordage, hum of wind, hiss of brine—I think at times that she has found a more human language. Who that has ever steered for hours together cannot report of a mysterious voice ‘breaking the silence of the seas’, as though a friend were standing and speaking astern? or has not turned his head to the confident inexplicable call? The fishermen fable of drowned sailors ‘hailing their names’. But the voice is of a single speaker; it bears no likeness to the hollow tones of the dead; it calls no name; it utters no particular word. It merely speaks.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

182.

The Pacific

THERE is one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea, whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath; like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried evangelist, St. John. And meet it is, that over these sea-pastures, wide-rolling, watery prairies and Potters’ Fields of all four continents, the waves should rise and fall, and ebb and flow unceasingly; for here, millions of mixed shades and shadows, drowned dreams, somnambulisms, reveries; all that we call lives and souls, lie dreaming, dreaming, still; tossed like slumberers in their beds; the ever-rolling waves but made so by their restlessness.

To any meditative Magian rover, this serene Pacific once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption.

It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian Ocean and Atlantic being but its arms. The same waves wash the moles of the new-built Californian towns, but yesterday planted by the recentest race of men, and have the faded but still gorgeous skirts of Asiatic lands, older than Abraham; while all between float milky-ways of coral isles, and low-lying, endless, unknown Archipelagoes and impenetrable Japans. Thus this mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about; makes all coasts one bay to it; seems the tide-beating heart of earth. Lifted by those eternal swells, you needs must own the seductive god, bowing your head to Pan.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

183.

Youth and the Sea

I NEED not tell you what it is to be knocking about in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm when we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain-squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant

conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

‘And this is how I see the East. I have seen its sacred places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

‘We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours. Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest sat at the tiller. We had made out the red light in that bay and steered for it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat’s nose against the end of a jutting wharf. We were blind with fatigue. My men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead. I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light,

not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine.

The East looked at them without a sound.

‘I have known its fascination since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-bye!—Night—Good-bye. . . .!’

He drank.

‘Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. Glamour and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you.’

He drank again.

‘By all that’s wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn’t that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?’

JOSEPH CONRAD.

PART III

STORIES OF BEAUTY AND WONDER

. . . in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.

184. *From 'Homeric Hymn to Neptune'*

NEPTUNE, the mighty Marine God, I sing ;
Earth's mover ; & the fruitles Oceans king.
That Helicon, and th' Ægean Deepes dost hold.
O thou Earth-shaker ; Thy Command, two-fold
The Gods have sorted ; making thee, of Horses
The awfull Tamer ; and of Navall Forces
The sure Preserver. Haile (O Saturns Birth)
Whose gracefull greene hayre, circkles all the Earth.
Beare a benigne minde ; and thy helpfull hand,
Lend All, submitted, to thy drad Command.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

185. *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

186. *The Odyssey*

AS one that for a weary space has lain
 Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours
 They hear like Ocean on a western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG.

187. *Poseidon goeth to the Achaïans*

BUT the mighty Earthshaker held no blind watch, who sat and marvelled on the war and strife, high on the topmost crest of wooded Samothrace, for thence all Ida was plain to see; and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaïans. Thither did he go from the sea and sate him down, and he had pity on the Achaïans, that they were subdued to the Trojans, and strong was his anger against Zeus.

Then forthwith he went down from the rugged hill, faring with swift steps, and the high hills trembled, and the woodland, beneath the immortal steps of Poseidon as he moved. Three strides he made, and with the fourth he reached his goal, even Aigae, and there was his famous palace in the deeps of the mere, his glistening golden mansions builded, imperishable for ever. Thither went he, and let harness to the car his bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, clothed with their golden manes. He girt his own golden array about his body, and seized the well-wrought lash of gold, and mounted his chariot, and forth he drove across the waves. And the sea beasts frolicked beneath him, on all sides out of the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and with gladness the sea stood asunder, and swiftly they sped, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath, and the bounding steeds bare him on to the ships of the Achaïans.

Now there is a spacious cave in the depths of the deep mere, between Tenedos and rugged Imbros; there did Poseidon, the Shaker of the earth, stay his horses, and loosed them out of the chariot, and cast before them ambrosial food to graze withal, and golden tethers he

bound about their hooves, tethers neither to be broken nor loosed, that there the horses might continually await their lord's return. And he went to the host of the Achaians.

Trans. by ANDREW LANG.

188. *The Wreck of Odysseus*

THEREWITH he spake to Hermes, his dear son: 'Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses my unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, how he is to come to his home, with no furtherance of gods or of mortal men. Nay, he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods. And they shall give him all worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own dear country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with the share of the spoil that fell to him. On such wise is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country.'

So spake he, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of Argos. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep. With this rod in his hand flew the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped

along the wave like the cormorant, that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetteth his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves. But when he had now reached that far-off isle, he went forth from the sea of violet blue to get him up into the land, till he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses: and he found her within. And on the hearth there was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandal wood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. And therein roosted birds long of wing, owls and falcons and chattering sea-crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters. And fountains four set orderly were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows bloomed of violets and parsley, yea, even a deathless god who came thither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. There the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered. Now when he had gazed at all with wonder, anon he went into the wide cave; nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for the gods use not to be strange one to another, the immortals, not though one have his habitation far away. But he found not Odysseus, the greathearted, within the cave, who sat weeping on the shore even as aforetime, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested deep. And

Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining seat :

‘Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas of old thou wert not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfil it I may, and if it hath been fulfilled in the counsel of fate. But now follow me further, that I may set before thee the entertainment of strangers.’

Therewith the goddess spread a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Argos, did eat and drink. Now after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, at the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise :

‘Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee my saying truly, at thy command. ’Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine ; nay, who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs ? But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis. He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet,

and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country.'

So spake he, and Calypso, that fair goddess, shuddered and uttered her voice, and spake unto him winged words : ' Hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding, who ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make a mortal her dear bed-fellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, ye gods that live at ease were jealous thereof, till chaste Artemis, of the golden throne, slew him in Ortygia with the visitation of her gentle shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demeter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and cast at him with his white bolt and slew him. So again ye gods now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Him I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a bark, for that Zeus had crushed and cleft his swift ship with a white bolt in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And him have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age for ever. Yet forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will give him no despatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bear him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide nought, that all unharmed he may come to his own country.'

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her : ' Yea, speed him now upon his path and have regard

unto the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter.'

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the lady nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. And there she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no more found favour in his sight. Howsoever by night he would sleep by her, as needs he must, in the hollow caves, unwilling lover by a willing lady. And in the day-time he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him that fair goddess spake to him:

'Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the axe, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do.'

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus shuddered, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words: 'Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the

breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a raft to displeasure thee, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt.'

So spake he, and Calypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spake and hailed him :

'Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit, thou that hast conceived and spoken such a word. Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that falling water of the Styx, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt. Nay, but my thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if so sore a need came over me. For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine.'

Therewith the fair goddess led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess. And they reached the hollow cave, the goddess and the man ; so he sat him down upon the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. As for her she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands upon the good cheer set before them. But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Calypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said :

'Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, so it is indeed thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country even in this hour? Good fortune go with thee even so ! Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfil, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou

wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day. Not in sooth that I avow me to be less noble than she in form or fashion, for it is in no wise meet that mortal women should match them with immortals, in shape and comeliness.'

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and spake unto her: 'Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen. Myself I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death. Yet even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning. Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction. For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those.'

So spake he, and the sun sank and darkness came on. Then they twain went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, abiding each by other.

As soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head. Then she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great axe, fitted to his grasp, an axe of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adze, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him. Now

after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went on busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the axe of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers, so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with trenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some man well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yard-arm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make him sails; and these too he fashioned very skilfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sate and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and

Boötes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phaeacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him; and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi: even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep; and he was yet more angered in spirit, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart. 'Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phaeacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering.'

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands; and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea: and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own great spirit:

'Oh, wretched man that I am! what is to befall me at the last? I fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came to mine own country; and lo,

all these things have an end. In such wise doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath troubled the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds ; yea, now is utter doom assured me. Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasure to the sons of Atreus ! Would to God that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus ! So should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achaeans would have spread my fame ; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death.'

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand ; and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yard-arm fell afar into the deep. Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave : for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head. Yet even so forgot he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spring after it in the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the midst thereof, avoiding the issues of death ; and the great wave swept it hither and thither along the stream. And as the North Wind in the harvest tide sweeps the thistle-down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither and thither along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase.

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him, Ino of the fair ankles, Leucothea, who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea she had gotten her share of worship from the gods. She took pity on Odysseus in his wandering and travail, and she rose, like a sea-gull on the wing, from the depth of the mere, and sat upon the well-bound raft and spake saying:

‘Hapless one, wherefore was Poseidon, shaker of the earth, so wondrous wroth with thee, seeing that he soweth for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet shall he not make a full end of thee, for all his desire. But do even as I tell thee, and methinks thou art not witless. Cast off these garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds, but do thou swim with thine hands and strive to win a footing on the coast of the Phaeacians, where it is decreed that thou escape. Here, take this veil imperishable and wind it about thy breast; so is there no fear that thou suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep far from the land, and thyself turn away.’

With that the goddess gave the veil, and for her part dived back into the heaving deep, like a sea-gull: and the dark wave closed over her. But the steadfast goodly Odysseus pondered, and heavily he spake to his own brave spirit:

‘Ah, woe is me! Can it be that some one of the immortals is weaving a new snare for me, that she bids me quit my raft? Nay verily, I will not yet obey, for I had sight of the shore yet a long way off, where she told me that I might escape. I am resolved what I will do;—and methinks on this wise it is best. So long as the timbers abide in the dowels, so long will I endure steadfast in

affliction, but so soon as the wave hath shattered my raft asunder, I will swim, for meanwhile no better counsel may be.'

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and soul, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred against him a great wave, terrible and grievous, and vaulted from the crest, and therewith smote him. And as when a great tempestuous wind tosseth a heap of parched husks, and scatters them this way and that, even so did the wave scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode a single beam, as one rideth on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Calypso gave him. And presently he wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one eager to swim. And the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw him and shook his head, and communed with his own soul. 'Even so, after all thy sufferings, go wandering over the deep, till thou shalt come among a people, the fosterlings of Zeus. Yet for all that I deem not that thou shalt think thyself too lightly afflicted.' Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Aegae, where is his lordly home.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Behold, she bound up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North and brake the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, might mingle with the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, avoiding death and the fates.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead,

(he being upborne on a great wave,) he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood; and he swam onward being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within earshot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea,—for there were no harbours for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs; then at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit:

‘Ah me! now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight of land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the sea, here there is no place to land on from out of the grey water. For without are sharp crags, and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth rock rises, and the sea is deep thereby, so that in no wise may I find firm foothold and escape my bane, for as I fain would go ashore, the great wave may haply snatch and dash me on the jagged rock—and a wretched endeavour that would be. But if I swim yet further along the coast to find, if I may, spits that take the waves aslant and havens of the sea, I fear lest the storm-winds catch me again and bear me over the teeming deep, making heavy moan; or else some god may even send forth against me a monster from out of the shore water; and many such pastureth the renowned Amphitrite. For I know how wroth against me hath been the great Shaker of the Earth.’

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and

mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash it leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him. There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained, had not grey-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart :

‘Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art ; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king ; for I avow myself thy suppliant.’

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his

heart was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him. But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain-giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit :

‘ Ah, woe is me ! what is to betide me ? what shall happen unto me at the last ? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, and I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey.’

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other ; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch ; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it

and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbours nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light otherwhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

Trans. by S. H. BUTCHER and A. LANG.

189.

From the 'Odyssey'

THIS said; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose
 Up to my ship; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
 When reuerend *Circe* helpt vs to conuaie
 Our vessell safe, by making well inclind
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
 With which she filld our sailes, when, fitting all
 Our Armes close by vs; I did sadly fall
 To graue relation, what concernd in Fate
 My friends to know, and told them that the state
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
 That since their liues and deaths were left to fall
 In their elections; they might life elect,
 And giue what would preserue it, fit effect.
 I first inform'd them, that we were to flie
 The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,

And flowre-adorned Meadow. And that I
 Had charge to heare their song ; but fetterd fast
 In bands, vnfaour'd, to th' erected Mast ;
 From whence, if I should pray ; or vse command
 To be enlarg'd ; they should with much more band
 Containe my struglings. This I simply told
 To each particular ; nor would withhold
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,
 That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.

In meane time, flew our ships ; and straight we fetcht
 The *Sirens* Ile ; a spleenelesse wind, so stretcht
 Her wings to waft vs, and so vrg'd our keele.
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele
 The least gaspe of it : it was stricken dead,
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread :
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew
 My friends to worke ; strooke saile, together drew,
 And vnder hatches stowd them : sat, and plied
 The polisht oares ; and did in curls diuide
 The white-head waters. My part then came on ;
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon ;
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword ; and wrought
 With strong hand, euery peece, till all were soft.
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,
 To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,
 I stopt their eares ; and they, as faire did ply
 My feete, and hands with cords ; and to the Mast
 With other halsers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate ; and forth our passage strooke ;
 The fomie Sea, beneath their labour shooke.

Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice ;
 The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice ;

Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong ;
And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song :

*Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise ;
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise ;
Vlysses ! stay thy ship ; and that song heare
That none past euer, but it bent his eare :
But left him rauisht, and instructed more
By vs, then any, euer heard before.
For we know all things whatsoeuer were
In wide Troy labour'd : whatsoeuer there
The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd ;
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoeuer, all the earth can show
T' informe a knowledge of desert, we know.*

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine
That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.
When my constrain'd heart needs would haue mine eare
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and heare.
To which end I commanded, with all signe
Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine
Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue
My limbs free way. They freely striu'd to driue
Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)
Euryloclus, and *Perimedes* rose
To wrap me surer ; and opprest me more
With many a halser, then had vse before.
When, rowing on, without the reach of sound ;
My friends vnstopt their eares ; and me, vnbound ;
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend :
A horrid murmure hearing. Every friend
Astonisht sat : from every hand, his oare

Fell quite forsaken ; with the dismall Rore
Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood
Our ship it selfe : because the ghastly flood
Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne :
I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe
My friends recouerd spirits. One by one
I gaue good words, and said : That well were knowne
These ills to them before : I told them all ;
And that these could not proue more capitall
Then those the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in ; yet
My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counsailes, set
Their freedoms open. I could not beleue
But they rememberd it, and wisht them giue
My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust :
The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must
Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid
His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid
To scape euen that death. In particular then
I told our Pylot, that past other men
He, most must beare firme spirits : since he swaid
The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile
The fierie whirlpooles ; that to all our spoile
Inclosde a Rocke : without which, he must stere,
Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid ; and little knew
That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue
The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,
To be by *Scylla* opened ; for their feare
Would then haue robd all, of all care to stere ;
Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath :
When they, and all, had died an idle death.

But then, euen I forgot to shunne the harme
Circe forewarnd ; who willd I should not arme,
Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, lest in vaine
I ventur'd life. Yet could I not containe
But arm'd at all parts ; and two lances tooke :
Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,
And taken my life, with the friends I feard.

From thence yet, no place could afford her sight ;
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a streight
That gaue my selfe, and some few more receipt
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis* ; whence we saw
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad
She spit againe out : neuer Caldron sod
With so much feruor, fed with all the store
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
With troubl'd waters : round about the tops
Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.
But, when her draught, the sea and earth dissunderd,
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and she thunderd ;
Farre vnder shore, the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole sterne sight, the startl'd blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare ;
Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,
In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,
And hands cast vp, I might discern ; and heare
Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.

And as an Angler, medcine for surprise
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe ;
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie
 Vp to the Aire ; then sleightly hurles them by,
 When, helplesse sprauling on the land they lie ;
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
 My wofull friends ; and so vnhelpt, entrapt
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape ;
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape ;
 Shriekt as she tore ; and vp, their hands to me
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neuer see
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus hauing fled these rocks (these cruell dames
Scylla, Charybdis) where the king of flames
 Hath offerings burnd to him, our ship put in
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse* : where the broad of head
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

190. *From the 'Divina Commedia'*

'IO son,' cantava, 'io son dolce sirena,
 che i marinari in mezzo mar dismago :
 tanto son di piacere a sentir piena.
 Io volsi Ulisse del suo cammin vago
 col canto mio ; e qual meco si ausa
 rado sen parte, sì tutto l'appago.'

DANTE.

191. *Ulysses and the Syren**Syren.*

COME worthy Greeke *Vlysses* come,
 Possesse these shores with me,
 The Windes and Seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.

Here may we sit, and view their toyle
 That trauaile in the deepe,
 And ioy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleepe.

Vlysses.

Faire Nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attain'd with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leaue such toiles as these.

But here it dwels, and here must I
 With danger seeke it forth,
 To spend the time luxuriously,
 Becomes not men of worth.

Syren.

Vlysses, O be not deceiu'd
 With that vnreall name,
 Tis honour is a thing conceiu'd,
 And rests on others fame.

Begotten onely to molest,
 Our peace and to beguile.
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,
 And giues vs vp to toyle.

Vlysses.

Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report.
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport,
For toyle doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy,
And ease findes tediousnes as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syren.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diuersly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And ease may haue variety,
As well as action may.

Vlysses.

But natures of the noblest frame
These royles and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease,
And with the thought of actions past,
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaues a touch at last,
To show that it was ill.

Syren.

That doth opinion onely cause,
 That's out of custome bred,
 Which makes vs many other lawes,
 Then euer Nature did.

No widdowes waile for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood,
 The world we see by warlike wights
 Receiues more hurt then good.

Vlysses.

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of vnrest :
 And these great Spirits of high desire
 Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischiefes that increase,
 And all good order mar,
 For oft we see a wicked peace,
 To be well chang'd for war.

Syren.

Well, well *Vlysses* then I see,
 I shall not haue thee here :
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there,

I must be wonne that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not wonne,
 For beauty hath created bin,
 T' vndoo, or be vndone.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

192. From 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again'

SO to the sea we came ; the sea ? that is
 A world of waters heaped vp on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.

And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull ?

Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear :
 Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
 Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
 Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
 • Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
 And yet would liue with heart halfe stonie cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
 Bold men presuming life for gaine to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
 Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell.
 For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
 Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,
 Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,
 As if it scornd the daunger of the same,
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some subtile matter,
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
 And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
 Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was,
 That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
 Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The same aboard vs gently did receaue,
 And without harme vs farre away did beare,

So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,
His liege his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne.
And *Proteus* eke with him does driue his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:
Where I will liue or die at her behest,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire *Cynthiaes* sheep, when they be shorne,

And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the shepheards which my *Cynthia* serue,
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
For land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde :
Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde :
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We *Lunday* passe ; by that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same the shepherd told me, were the fields
In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea :
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare :
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all ashore on *Cynthias* land.

EDMUND SPENSER.

193. . . . *From 'Hero and Leander'*

ON *Hellespont* guiltie of True-loues blood,
 In view and opposit two citties stood,
 Seaborderers, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might :
 The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
 At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt ; *Hero* the faire,
 Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
 And offred as a dower his burning throne,
 Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon. . . .
 Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,
 And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
 But this is true, so like was one the other,
 As he imagyn'd *Hero* was his mother.
 And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
 About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
 And laid his childish head vpon her brest,
 And with still panting rockt, there tooke his rest. . . .
 Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
 (Whose tragedie diuine *Musæus* soong)
 Dwelt at *Abidus* : since him dwelt there none,
 For whom succeeding times make greater mone.
 His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
 Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
 Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*
 To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.
 Faire *Cinthia* wisht his armes might be her spheare,
 Greefe makes her pale, because she mooues not there.
 His bodie was as straight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
 Euen as delicious meat is to the tast,

So was his necke in touching, and surpast
 The white of *Pelops* shoulder . . . let it suffice,
 That my slacke muse sings of *Leanders* eies,
 Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
 That leapt into the water for a kis
 Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
 Died ere he could enioy the loue of any. . . .

The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euerie yeare,
 (For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,
 Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast.
 Thither resorted many a wandring guest,
 To meet their loues ; such as had none at all,
 Came louers home from this great festiuall.
 For euerie street like to a Firmament
 Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
 Frighted the melancholie earth, which deem'd
 Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,
 As if another *Phaeton* had got
 The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.
 But far aboue the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,
 And stole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,
 For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
 So was her beautie to the standers by.
 Not that night-wandring pale and watrie starre
 (When yawning dragons draw her thirling¹ carre
 From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,
 Where crown'd with blazing light and maiestie,
 She proudly sits) more ouer-rules the flood,
 Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood. . .
 On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
 Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
 To *Venus* temple, where unhappilye,

¹ whirling.

As after chaunc'd, they did each other spy.
 So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,
 The wals were of discoloured *Iasper* stone,
 Wherein was *Proteus* carued, and o'rehead,
 A liuelie vine of greene sea agget spread ;
 Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
 And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
 Of Christall shining faire the pauement was,
 The towne of *Sestos* cal'd it *Venus* glasse. . . .
 For know, that vnderneath this radiant floure
 Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower, . . .
 Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy
 That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,
 Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee.
 And in the midst a siluer altar stood ;
 There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
 Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
 And modestly they opened as she rose :
 Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
 And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
 Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
 Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
 For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win ;
 And one especiallie doe we affect
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.
 The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eies,

Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Thus hauing swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,
And would be thought to graunt against her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at last shee said :
Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceiue a maid ?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* stoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
And thus bespake him : Gentle youth forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Saue that the sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*
In silence of the night to visite vs.)
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day. . . .
Come thither. As she spake this, her toong tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, moouing seuerall waies,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

194.

Doris and Galatea

THE Sea Nymphes late did play them on the shore,
And smyl'd to see such sport was newe begunne :
A strife in love, the like not heard before,
Two nymphs contend, which had the conquest wonne,
Doris the fayre, with *Galate* did chyd.
She lyk't her choyce, and to her taunts replyd.

Doris.

Thy love (fayre Nymph) that courts thee on this plaine,
As shepheards say, and all the world can tell,
Is that foule rude Sicilian Cyclop-swayne :
A shame (sweet Nymph) that he with thee should mell.

Galatea.

Smyle not (fayre *Doris*) though he foule doe seeme,
Let passe thy words that savour of disgrace,
He's worth my love, and so I him esteeme.
Renownd by birth, and come of Neptune's race,
Neptune that doth the glassye Ocean tame,
Neptune, by birth from mighty Iove which came.

Doris.

I graunt an honour to be Neptune's chylde,
A grace to be so neere with Iove allyde.
But yet (sweete Nymph) with this be not beguyld,
Where natures graces are by lookes descryde.
So foule, so rough, so ugglye like a Clowne,
And worse then this, a Monster with one eye.
Foule is not gracèd, though it weare a Crowne,
But fayre is Bewtie, none can that denye.

Galatea.

Nor is he foule, or shapelesse as you say,
 Or worse, for that he clownish seem's to be,
 Rough, Satyr-like, the better he will play,
 And manly lookes the fitter are for me.
 His frowning smyles are gracèd by his beard,
 His eye-light Sunne-like, shrodded is in one.
 This me contents, and others makes afeard,
 He sees ynough, and therefore wanteth none.

Doris.

Nay then I see (sweet Nymph) thou art in love,
 And loving, doates ; and doating, doest commend
 Foule to be fayre ; this oft doe lovers proove,
 I wish him fayrer, or thy love an end.

Galatea.

Doris, I love not, yet I hardly beare,
 Disgracefull tearms, which you have spoke in scorne.
 You are not lov'd : and that's the cause I feare :
 For why, my love, of Iove, him selfe was borne.
 Feeding his sheepe of late, amidst this plaine,
 When as we Nymphes did sport vs on this shore,
 He skorn'd you all, my love for to obtaine ;
 That greev'd your hearts : I knew as much before.
 Nay smyle not Nymphes, the trueth I onely tell,
 For fewe can brooke, that others should excell.

Doris.

Shoud I envie that blinde did you that spite ?
 Or that your shape doeth pleease so foule a groome ?
 The shepheard thought of milke, you look'd so white,
 The clowne did erre, and foolish was his doome ;

Your looke was pale, and so his stomach fed,
But farre from faire, where white doth want his red.

Galatea.

Though pale my looke, yet he my love did crave,
And lovelie you, unlyk'd, unlov'd I view :
It's better farre one base, than none to have,
Your faire is foule, to whome there's none will sew :
My love doth tune his love unto his harpe.
His shape is rude, but yet his witt is sharpe.

Doris.

Leave off (sweet Nymph) to grace a woorthlesse clowne.
He itch'd with love, and then did sing or say :
The noise was such, as all the Nymphes did frowne,
And well suspected, that some Asse did bray.
The woods did chyde, to hear his uglie sound,
The prating Eccho scorn'd for to repeat ;
This grislie voice did feare the hollow ground,
Whilst artlesse fingers did his harpstrings beat.
Two Bear-whelps in his armes this monster bore,
With these new puppies did this wanton play,
Their skinnnes was rough, but yet your loves was more :
He fouler was, and farre more fierce than they.
I cannot chuse (sweet Nymph) to thinke, but smyle,
That some of us, thou fearst, will thee beguyle.

Galatea.

Scorne not my love, untill it can be knowne,
That you have one that's better of your owne.

Doris.

I have no love, nor if I had, would boast,
Yet wo'd have bene, by such as well might speed :

But him to love, the shame of all the coast,
 So ugly foule, as yet I have no need.
 Now thus we learne, what foolish love can doe,
 To thinke him faire, that 's foule and ugly too
 To heare this talke, I sate behind an oake,
 And mark'd their wordes, and pend them as they spoke.

GILES FLETCHER.

195.

Idyll

The Fishermen.

TWO ancient fishers once lay side by side
 On piled-up sea-wrack in their wattled hut,
 Its leafy wall their curtain. Near them lay
 The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,
 Hooks, weed-encumbered nets, and cords and oars,
 And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat.
 Their pillow was a scanty mat, eked out
 With caps and garments : such the ways and means,
 Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.
 They knew no luxuries : owned nor door nor dog ;
 Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty :
 Their only neighbour Ocean, who for aye
 Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.

Ere the moon's chariot was in mid-career,
 The fishers girt them for their custom'd toil,
 And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,
 And roused their dreamy intellects with speech :—

Asphalion.

' They say that soon flit summer-nights away,
 Because all lingering is the summer day :

Friend, it is false ; for dream on dream have I
 Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky.
 How ? am I wandering ? or does night pass slow ?'

His Comrade.

'Asphalion, scout not the sweet summer so.
 'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,
 But care maims slumber, and the nights seem long.'

Asphalion.

'Didst thou e'er study dreams ? For visions fair
 I saw last night ; and fairly thou should'st share
 The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.
 Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match ;
 And, for a vision, he whose motherwit
 Is his sole tutor best interprets it.
 And now we've time the matter to discuss :
 For who could labour, lying here (like us)
 Pillowed on leaves and neighboured by the deep,
 Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep ?
 In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet ;
 But fish come alway to the rich man's net.'

Comrade.

'To me the vision of the night relate ;
 Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate.'

Asphalion.

'Last evening, as I plied my watery trade,
 (Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made
 Betimes a meagre meal, as you can vouch,)
 I fell asleep ; and lo ! I seemed to crouch
 Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,
 Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.

A fat fellow caught it : (e'en in sleep I'm bound
To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound :)
Fast clung he to the hooks ; his blood outwelled ;
Bent with his struggling was the rod I held :
I tugged and tugged : my efforts made me ache :
" How, with a line thus slight, this monster take ? "
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught,
I twitched him once ; then slacked and then made taut
My line, for now he offered not to run ;
A glance soon showed me all my task was done.
'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch
That I had captured. I began to flinch :
" What if this beauty be the sea-king's joy,
Or azure Amphitritè's treasured toy ? "
With care I disengaged him—not to rip
With hasty hook the gilding from his lip :
And with a tow-line landed him, and swore
Never to set my foot on ocean more,
But with my gold live royally ashore.
So I awoke : and, comrade, lend me now
Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow.'

Comrade.

' Ne'er quake : you're pledged to nothing, for no prize
You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought but lies.
Yet may this dream bear fruit ; if, wide-awake
And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighbouring lake.
Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap behold,
Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold.'

THEOCRITUS. *Trans. by* C. S. CALVERLEY.

196. *Odysseus and his Companions reach the
Land of the Lotos-eaters*

THEN on our course we sail, distressed in heart,
 Glad of our lives, yet grieving for the dead ;
 Natheless we list not from that shore depart,
 Ere thrice with cries we hailed each fallen head
 Of those whose blood the fierce Ciconians shed
 In the wide plain. Ere yet we ceased to weep,
 Zeus on our fleet the rage of Boreas dread
 Launched, and with black clouds veiled the earth and deep,
 While the dark Night came rushing from heaven's stormy
 steep.

Headlong the ships were driven with tattered sails.
 These having furled we drave our keels ashore,
 Fearing destruction from the raving gales.
 Two nights and days we eating our heart's core
 Lay till the third light beauteous Dawn upbore ;
 Then we the masts plant, and the white sails spread,
 And sitting lean to the laborious oar.
 Wind and good pilotage the brave barks sped ;
 Soon had I scatheless seen my native earth ahead,

But me the current and fell Boreas whirled,
 Doubling Malea's cape, and far astray
 Beyond the rude cliffs of Cythera hurled.
 So for nine days along the watery way,
 Teeming with monsters, me the winds affray
 And with destruction ever seem to whelm :
 But, on the afternoon of the tenth day,
 We reached, borne downward with an easy helm,
 Land of the flowery food, the Lotus-eating realm.

Anon we step forth on the dear mainland,
And draw fresh water from the springs, and there,
Seated at ease along the silent strand,
Not far from the swift ships our meal prepare.
Soon having tasted of the welcome fare,
I with the herald brave companions twain
Sent to explore what manner of men they were,
Who, on the green earth couched beside the main,
Seemed ever with sweet food their lips to entertain.

Who, when they came on the delightful place
Where those sat feeding by the barren wave,
There mingled with the Lotus-eating race ;
Who nought of ruin for our comrades brave
Dreamed in their minds, but of the Lotus gave ;
And whoso tasted of their flowery meat
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave
Fast to that tribe, for ever fain to eat,
Reckless of home-return, the tender Lotus sweet.

These sorely weeping by main strength we bore
Back to the hollow ships with all our speed,
And thrust them bound with cords upon the floor,
Under the benches : then the rest I lead
On board and bid them to the work give heed,
Lest others, eating of the Lotus, yearn
Always to linger in that land, and feed,
Careless for ever of the home-return ;
Then, bending to their oars, the foamy deep they spurn.

Trans. by WORSLEY.

197. *From 'The Lotos-Eaters'*

THEY sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, ' We will return no more ' ;
And all at once they sang, ' Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,

And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
' There is no joy but calm ! '
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings

Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
praying hands:

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and
oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

198.

From 'Ulysses'

THERE lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

199. *Death of Hippolytus**Henchman.*

'T WAS by the bank of beating sea we stood,
 We thralls, and decked the steeds, and combed
 each mane ;

Weeping ; for word had come that ne'er again
 The foot of our Hippolytus should roam
 This land, but waste in exile by thy doom.

So stood we till he came, and in his tone
 No music now save sorrow's, like our own,
 And in his train a concourse without end
 Of many a chase-fellow and many a friend.
 At last he brushed his sobs away, and spake :
 ' Why this fond loitering ? I would not break
 My Father's law.—Ho, there ! My coursers four
 And chariot, quick ! This land is mine no more.'

Thereat, be sure, each man of us made speed.
 Swifter than speech we brought them up, each steed
 Well dight and shining, at our Prince's side.
 He grasped the reins upon the rail : one stride
 And there he stood, a perfect charioteer,
 Each foot in its own station set. Then clear
 His voice rose, and his arms to heaven were spread :
 ' O Zeus, if I be false, strike thou me dead !
 But, dead or living, let my Father see
 One day, how falsely he hath hated me !'

Even as he spake, he lifted up the goad
 And smote ; and the steeds sprang. And down the road
 We henchmen followed, hard beside the rein,
 Each hand, to speed him, toward the Argive plain
 And Epidaurus.

So we made our way

Up toward the desert region, where the bay
Curls to a promontory near the verge
Of our Trozên, facing the southward surge
Of Saron's gulf. Just there an angry sound,
Slow-swelling, like God's thunder underground,
Broke on us, and we trembled. And the steeds
Pricked their ears skyward, and threw back their heads.
And wonder came on all men, and affright,
Whence rose that awful voice. And swift our sight
Turned seaward, down the salt and roaring sand.

And there, above the horizon, seemed to stand
A wave unearthly, crested in the sky ;
Till Skiron's Cape first vanished from mine eye,
Then sank the Isthmus hidden, then the rock
Of Epidaurus. Then it broke, one shock
And roar of gasping sea and spray flung far,
And shoreward swept, where stood the Prince's car.

Three lines of wave together raced, and, full
In the white crest of them, a wild Sea-Bull
Flung to the shore, a fell and marvellous Thing.
The whole land held his voice, and answering
Roared in each echo. And all we, gazing there,
Gazed seeing not ; 'twas more than eyes could bear.

Then straight upon the team wild terror fell.
Howbeit, the Prince, cool-eyed and knowing well
Each changing mood a horse has, gripped the reins
Hard in both hands ; then as an oarsman strains
Up from his bench, so strained he on the thong,
Back in the chariot swinging. But the young
Wild steeds bit hard the curb, and fled afar ;
Nor rein nor guiding hand nor morticed car
Stayed them at all. For when he veered them round,

And aimed their flying feet to grassy ground,
 In front uprose that Thing, and turned again
 The four great coursers, terror-mad. But when
 Their blind rage drove them toward the rocky places,
 Silent, and ever nearer to the traces,
 It followed, rockward, till one wheel-edge grazed.

The chariot tript and flew, and all was mazed
 In turmoil. Up went wheel-box with a din,
 Where the rock jagged, and nave and axle-pin.
 And there—the long reins round him—there was he
 Dragging, entangled irretrievably.

A dear head battering at the chariot side,
 Sharp rocks, and ripped flesh, and a voice that cried :
 ‘ Stay, stay, O ye who fattened at my stalls,
 Dash me not into nothing !—O thou false
 Curse of my Father !—Help ! Help, whoso can,
 An innocent, innocent and stainless man !’

Many there were that laboured then, I wot,
 To bear him succour, but could reach him not,
 Till—who knows how ?—at last the tangled rein
 Unclasped him, and he fell, some little vein
 Of life still pulsing in him.

All beside,

The steeds, the hornèd Horror of the Tide,
 Had vanished—who knows where ?—in that wild land.

O King, I am a bondsman of thine hand ;
 Yet love nor fear nor duty me shall win
 To say thine innocent son hath died in sin.
 All women born may hang themselves, for me,
 And swing their dying words from every tree
 On Ida ! For I know that he was true !

EURIPIDES. *Trans. by* GILBERT MURRAY.

200.

From 'The Georgics'

‘**N**IGH Carpathus in Neptune’s boisterous realm
 There dwells a certain seer, Proteus by name,
 Who bears the azure livery of the sea,
 And speeds his chariot o’er the mighty main,
 Caparisoned with monsters of the deep,
 Half-fish, half-steed—lo ! even now he seeks
 Emathian harbours, and his fatherland,
 Pallene—and to him we sister Nymphs,
 And ancient Nereus too, do reverence :
 For to this wondrous seer all things are known,
 What is—what has been—and what lagging time
 Has yet to bring. So did his master will,
 Great Neptune, whose uncouth and monstrous flocks
 Of ocean-calves he shepherds in the sea.

.

There is a mighty cave,
 Cleft by the waters in the mountain-side,
 Where many a wave is driven by the winds,
 And flows far inland, breaking on the bay,
 Safe refuge for storm-beaten mariners,
 Here, shrouded by a wall of massy rock,
 Proteus was wont to bide, and here the Nymph,
 Within a nook that turned its back on day,
 Stationed the Youth, whilst all aloof she stood,
 Weaving a hiding-place of dusky mist.

Now does the ravening dog-star glow aloft
 With rays that parch the folk of thirsty Ind :
 Now half its fiery course the sun has sped ;

The grasses wither ; and the rivers gape,
 Their sultry channels scorched to beds of mire,
 When Proteus, journeying homeward from the deep,
 Sought, as his wont, the shelter of the cave ;
 While round about him leaped a dripping brood,
 Born of the sea, and scattered briny showers
 With frolic bounds : then laid them down to sleep,
 Calves of the ocean, up and down the shore.
 So Proteus (like some herdsman of the hills
 Warding the folds, what time the evening star
 Calls home the grazing steers, what time the wolves
 Hark to the bleating lambs with hungry maws)
 Sits on a rock and numbers o'er his herd.

VIRGIL. *Trans. by* LORD BURGHCLERE.

201.

The Boatrace

AND now the looked-for day was come with simple light
 and sweet,
 And Phaeton's horses shining bright the ninth dawn in did
 bear.
 Fame and the name Acestes had the neighbouring people
 stir
 To fill the shore with joyful throng, Æneas' folk to see :
 But some were dight amid the games their strife-fellows
 to be.
 There first before the eyes of men the gifts to come they lay
 Amid the course ; as hallowed bowls, and garlands of green
 bay,
 And palms, the prize of victory, weapons, and raiment rolled
 In purple, and a talent's weight of silver and of gold ;

Then blast of horn from midst the mound the great games
halloweth in :

Four ships from all the fleet picked out will first the race
begin

With heavy oars ; well matched are they for speed and
rowers' tale :

Hereof did Mnestheus' eager oars drive on the speedy Whale,
Mnestheus to be of Italy, whence cometh Memmius' name.
The huge Chimæra's mountain mass was Gyas set to tame ;
There on that city of a ship threesome its rowing plies
The Dardan youth ; the banks of oars in threefold order
rise.

Sergestus next, the name whereof the Sergian house yet bears,
Is ferried by the Centaur great : last in blue Scylla steers
Cloanthus, whence the name of thee, Cluentius, man of
Rome.

Far mid the sea a rock there is, facing the shore-line's foam,
Which, beat by overtoppling waves, is drowned and hidden
oft,

What time the stormy North-west hides the stars in heaven
aloft :

But otherwhiles it lies in peace when nought the sea doth
move,

And riseth up a meadow fair that sunning sea-gulls love.
There a green goal Æneas raised, dight of a leafy oak,
To be a sign of turning back to that sea-faring folk,
That fetching compass round the same their long course they
might turn.

So then by lot they take their place : there on the deck they
burn.

The captains, goodly from afar in gold and purple show :
The other lads with poplar-leaf have garlanded the brow,

And with the oil poured over them their naked shoulders
shine.

They man the thwarts ; with hearts a-stretch they hearken
for the sign,

With arms a-stretch upon the oars ; hard tugs the pulse
of fear

About their bounding hearts, hard strains the lust of glory
dear.

But when the clear horn gives the sound, forthwith from
where they lie

They leap away ; the seamen's shouts smite up against
the sky,

The upturned waters froth about as home the arms are
borne :

So timely they the furrows cut, and all the sea upturn
Is cloven by the sweep of oars and bows' three-headed
push.

—Nay, nought so swift in twi-yoke race forth from the
barriers rush

The scattered headlong chariots on to wear the space of
plain,

Nor eager so the charioteers shake waves along the rein

Above the hurrying yoke, as hung over the lash they go.

—Then with the shouts and praise of men, and hope cast
to and fro,

Rings all the grove ; the cliff-walled shore rolleth great
voice around,

And beating 'gainst the mountain-side the shattering shouts
rebound.

Before the others Gyas flies, and first the waves doth skim
Betwixt the throng and roar, but hard Cloanthus presseth
him ;

Who, better manned, is held aback by sluggish weight of
pine.

'Twixt Whale and Centaur after these the edge of strife is
fine,

And hard they struggle each with each to win the foremost
place.

Now the Whale hath it ; beaten now is foregone in the race
By the huge Centaur ; head and head now follow on the
two,

As the long keel of either one the salt sea furrows through.

But now they drew anigh the holm, the goal close on them
gave,

When Gyas first and conquering there amid the whirl
of wave

Unto the helmsman of his ship, Menœtes, cries command :

' And why so far unto the right ? turn thither to this hand !

Hug thou the shore ; let the blades graze the very rocks
a-lee.

Let others hold the deep !'

No less unto the wavy sea

Menœtes, fearing hidden rocks, still turns away the bow.

Gyas would shout him back again : ' Menœtes, whither now ?
Steer for the rocks !'

And therewithal, as back his eyes he cast,
He sees Cloanthus hard at heel and gaining on him fast ;
Who grazing on this hand and that the rocks and Gyas'
ship,

Now suddenly by leeward course a-head of all doth slip,
And leaving clear the goal behind hath open water's gain.
Then unto Gyas' very bones deep burns the wrathful pain ;
Nor did his cheeks lack tears indeed : forgetting honour's
trust,

Forgetting all his fellows' weal, Menœtes doth he thrust
Headlong from off the lofty deck into the sea adown,
And takes the tiller, helmsman now and steering-master
grown;

He cheers his men, and toward the shore the rudder
wresteth round.

Menœtes, heavy, hardly won up from the ocean's ground,
(For he was old, and floods enow fulfilled his dripping gear,)
Made for the holm and sat him down upon the dry rock
there:

The Teucrians laughed to see him fall, and laughed to see
him swim,

And laugh to see him spue the brine back from the heart
of him.

Now Mnestheus' and Sergestus' hope began anew to spring,
That they might out-go Gyas yet amid his tarrying:

Of whom Sergestus draws ahead and nears the rocky holm;
But not by all his keel indeed the other did o'ercome,
But by the half; the eager Whale amidships held her place,
Where Mnestheus midst the men themselves now to and
fro doth pace,

Egging them on: 'Now, now!' he cries; 'up, up, on
oar-heft high!

Fellows of Hector, whom I chose when Troy last threw
the die!

Now put ye forth your ancient heart, put forth the might of
yore,

Wherewith amid Getulian sand, Ionian sea ye bore;
The heart and might ye had amidst Malea's following
wave!

I, Mnestheus, seek not victory now, nor foremost place to
save.

—Yet, O my heart ! but let them win to whom thou givest
the crown,

O Neptune !—but the shameful last ! O townsmen, beat it
down.

And ban such horror !'

Hard on oars they lie mid utter throes,
And quivereth all the brazen ship beneath their mighty
blows ;

The sea's floor slippeth under them ; the ceaseless pantings
shake

Their limbs and parchèd mouths, and still the sweat-streams
never slake.

But very chance those strivers gave the prize they struggled
for,

Since now Sergestus, hot at heart, while to the stony shore
He clingeth innerward, is come into the treacherous strait,
And hapless driveth on the rocks thrust forth for such a
fate :

The cliffs are shaken and the oars against the flinty spikes
Snap crashing, and the prow thrust up yet hangeth where
it strikes :

Up start the seafarers, and raise great hubbub tarrying ;
Then sprits all iron-shod and poles sharp-ended forth they
bring

To beat her off, and gather oars a-floating in the wash.

But Mnestheus, whetted by his luck, joyful, with hurrying
dash

Of timely-beating oars, speeds forth, and praying breezes on,
O'er waters' slope adown the sea's all open way doth run :

—E'en as a pigeon in a cave stirred suddenly from rest,
Who in the shady pumice-rock hath house and happy
nest ;

Scared 'neath the roof she beateth forth with mighty flap of
wings,
And flieth, borne adown the fields, till in soft air she swings,
And floateth on the flowing way, nor scarce a wing doth
move :

—So Mnestheus, so the Whale herself, the latter waters
clove,

So with the way erst made on her she flew on swift and soft ;
And first Sergestus doth she leave stayed on the rock
aloft,

Striving in shallows' tanglement, calling for help in vain,
And learning with his broken oars a little way to gain.
Then Gyas and Chimæra's bulk he holdeth hard in chase,
Who, from her lack of helmsman lost, must presently give
place.

And now at very end of all Cloanthus is the last
With whom to deal : his most he strives, and presseth on
him fast.

Then verily shout thrusts on shout, and all with all good-
will

Cry on the chase ; their echoing noise the very lift doth fill.
These, thinking shame of letting fall their hardly-gotten
gain

Of glory's meed, to buy the praise with very life are
fain ;

Those, fed on good-hap, all things may, because they deem
they may :

The twain, perchance, head laid to head, had won the prize
that day,

But if Cloanthus both his palms had stretched to seaward
there,

And called upon the Gods to aid and poured forth eager
prayer :

‘O Gods, whose lordship is the sea, whose waters I run
o’er,

Now glad will I, your debtor bound, by altars on the shore
Bring forth for you a snow-white bull, and cast amid the
brine

His inner meat, and pour abroad a flowing of fair wine.’

He spake, and all the Nereids’ choir hearkened the words
he said

Down ’neath the waves, and Phorcus’ folk, and Panopea the
maid ;

Yea, and the sire Portunus thrust the keel with mighty hand
Upon its way, and arrow-swift it flew on toward the land,
Swift as the South, and there at rest in haven deep it lies.

But now Anchises’ seed, all men being summoned in due
wise,

Proclaims Cloanthus victor there by loud-voiced herald’s
shout,

And with green garland of the bay he does his brows about.

VIRGIL. *Trans. by* WILLIAM MORRIS.

202. *From ‘The Golden Apples’*

IT once befell that in a quiet bay
A ship of Tyre was swinging nigh the shore,
Her folk for sailing handling rope and oar.

Fresh was the summer morn, a soft wind stole
Down from the sheep-browsed slopes the cliffs that crowned,
And ruffled lightly the long gleaming roll

Of the peaceful sea, and bore along the sound
Of shepherd-folk and sheep and questing hound ;
For in the first dip of the hillside there
Lay bosomed 'mid its trees a homestead fair.

Amid regrets for last night, when the moon,
Risen on the soft dusk, shone on maidens' feet
Brushing the gold-heart lilies to the tune
Of pipes complaining, o'er the grass down-beat
That mixed with dewy flowers its odours sweet,
The shipmen laboured, till the sail unfurled
Swung round the prow to meet another world.

.

The fourth day, about sunrise, from the mast
The watch cried out he saw Phœnician land ;
Whereat the Strong Man on the elder cast
A look askance, and he straight took his stand
Anigh the prow, and gazed beneath his hand
Upon the low sun and the scarce-seen shore,
Till cloud-flecks rose, and gathered and drew o'er.

The morn grown cold ; then small rain 'gan to fall,
And all the wind dropped dead, and hearts of men
Sank, and their bark seemed helpless now and small ;
Then suddenly the wind 'gan moan again ;
Sails flapped, and ropes beat wild about ; and then
Down came the great east wind ; and the ship ran
Straining, heeled o'er, through seas all changed and wan.

Westward, scarce knowing night from day, they drave
Through sea and sky grown one ; the Strong Man
wrought
With mighty hands, and seemed a god to save ;

But on the prow, heeding all weather nought,
The elder stood, nor any prop he sought,
But swayed to the ship's wallowing, as on wings
He there were set above the wrack of things.

And westward still they drave ; and if they saw
Land upon either side, as on they sped,
'Twas but as faces in a dream may draw
Anigh, and fade, and leave nought in their stead ;
And in the shipmen's hearts grew heavy dread
To sick despair ; they deemed they should drive on
Till the world's edge and empty space were won.

But 'neath the Strong Man's eyes e'en as they might
They toiled on still ; and he sang to the wind,
And spread his arms to meet the waters white,
As o'er the deck they tumbled, making blind
The brine-drenched shipmen ; nor with eye unkind
He gazed up at the lightning ; nor would frown
When o'er the wet waste Jove's bolt rattled down.

And they, who at the last had come to think
Their guests were very gods, with all their fear
Feared nought belike that their good ship would sink
Amid the storm ; but rather looked to hear
The last moan of the wind that them should bear
Into the windless stream of ocean grey,
Where they should float till dead was every day.

Yet their fear mocked them ; for the storm 'gan die
About the tenth day, though unto the west
They drave on still ; soon fair and quietly
The morn would break ; and though amid their rest
Nought but long evil wandering seemed the best

That they might hope for ; still, despite their dread,
Sweet was the quiet sea and goodlihead

Of the bright sun at last come back again ;
And as the days passed, less and less fear grew,
If without cause, till faded all their pain ;
And they 'gan turn unto their guests anew,
Yet durst ask nought of what that evil drew
Upon their heads ; or of returning speak.
Happy they felt, but listless, spent, and weak.

.
' And at the dawn he came into a bay
Where the sea, ebb'd far down, left wastes of sand,
Walled from the green earth by great cliffs and grey ;
Then he looked up, and wondering there did stand,
For strange things lay in slumber on the strand ;
Strange counterparts of what the firm earth hath
Lay scattered all about his weary path :

' Sea-lions and sea-horses and sea-kine,
Sea-boars, sea-men, strange-skinned, of wondrous hair ;
And in their midst a man who seemed divine
For changeless eld, and round him women fair,
Clad in the sea-webs glassy green and clear,
With gems on head and girdle, limb and breast,
Such as earth knoweth not among her best.

' A moment at the fair and wondrous sight
He stared, then, since the heart in him was good,
He went about with careful steps and light
Till o'er the sleeping sea-god now he stood ;
And if the white-foot maids had stirred his blood
As he passed by, no other thoughts had place
Within his heart when he beheld that face.

‘ For Nereus now he knew, who knows all things ;
 And to himself he said, ‘ If I prevail,
 Better than by some god-wrought eagle-wings
 Shall I be holpen ; ’ then he cried out : ‘ Hail,
 O Nereus ! lord of shifting hill and dale !
 Arise and wrestle ; I am Hercules !
 Not soon now shalt thou meet the ridgy seas.’

‘ And mightily he cast himself on him ;
 And Nereus cried out shrilly ; and straightway
 That sleeping crowd, fair maid with half-hid limb,
 Strange man and green-haired beast, made no delay,
 But glided down into the billows grey,
 And, by the lovely sea embraced, were gone,
 While they two wrestled on the sea strand lone.’

WILLIAM MORRIS.

203. *The Bark of Clanranald* .

(BIRLINN CHLANN-RAONUILL)

The Blessing of the Ship

MAY God bless the bark of Clan-Ranald,
 The first day she floats on the brine !
 Himself and his strong men to man her,
 The heroes whom none can outshine !
 May the Holy Trinity’s blessing
 Rule the hurricane breath of the air,
 And swept be the rough wild waters,
 To draw us to haven fair.

Father, Creator of Ocean,
 Of each wind that blows on the deep,
 Bless our slim bark and our gallants,
 Herself and her crew safe keep.
 And Thou, O Son, bless our anchor,
 Our sails, shrouds, and helm do thou bless,
 Each tackle that hangs from our masts,
 And guide us to port in peace.
 Our mast-hoops and yards do thou bless,
 Our masts and our ropes one and all,
 Our stays and our halyards preserve,
 And let no mischance befall.
 The Holy Ghost be at the helm,
 And show the right track to go,
 He knoweth each port 'neath the sun,
 On His care ourselves we throw.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON.

204. *The Manning of the Birlinn*

The Sailing

THE sun had opened golden yellow,
 From his case,
 Though still the sky wore dark and drumly
 A scarr'd and frowning face:
 Then troubled, tawny, dense, dun-bellied,
 Scowling and sea-blue,
 Every dye that 's in the tartan
 O'er it grew.
 Far away to the wild westward
 Grim it lowered,
 Where rain-charged clouds on thick squalls wandering
 Loomed and towered.

Up they raised the speckled sails through
 Cloud-like light,
And stretched them on the mighty halyards,
 Tense and tight.
High on the mast so tall and stately—
 Dark-red in hue—
They set them firmly, set them surely,
 Set them true.
Round the iron pegs the ropes ran,
 Each its right ring through ;
Thus having ranged the tackle rarely,
 Well and carefully,
Every man sat waiting bravely,
 Where he ought to be.
For now the airy windows opened,
 And from spots of bluish grey
Let loose the keen and crabbed wild winds—
 A fierce band were they—
'Twas then his dark cloak the ocean
 Round him drew,
Dusky, livid, ruffling, whirling,
 Round at first it flew,
Till up he swell'd to mountains, or to glens,
 Dishevelled, rough, sank down—
While the kicking, tossing waters
 All in hills had grown.
Its blue depth opened in huge maws,
 Wild and devouring,
Down which, clasped in deadly struggles,
 Fierce strong waves were pouring.
It took a man to look the storm-winds
 Right in the face—
As they lit up the sparkling spray on every surge-hill

In their fiery race.
The waves before us, shrilly yelling,
 Raised their high heads hoar,
While those behind, with moaning trumpets,
 Gave a bellowing roar.
When we rose up aloft, majestic,
 On the heaving swell,
Need was to pull in our canvas
 Smart and well :
When she sank down with one huge swallow
 In the hollow glen,
Every sail she bore aloft
 Was given her then.
The drizzling surges high and roaring
 Rush'd on us louting,
Long ere they were near us come,
 We heard their shouting :—
They roll'd sweeping up the little waves
 Scourging them bare,
Till all became one threatening swell,
 Our steersman's care.
When down we fell from off the billows'
 Towering shaggy edge,
Our keel was well-nigh hurled against
 The shells and sedge ;
The whole sea was lashing, dashing,
 All through other :
It kept the seals and mightiest monsters
 In a pother !
The fury and the surging of the water,
 And our good ship's swift way
Spatter'd their white brains on each billow,
 Livid and grey.

With piteous wailing and complaining
All the storm-tossed horde,
Shouted out ' We're now your subjects ;
Drag us on the board.'
And the small fish of the ocean
Turn'd over their white breast—
Dead, innumerable, with the raging
Of the furious sea's unrest.
The stones and shells of the deep channel
Were in motion ;
Swept from out their lowly bed
By the tumult of the ocean ;
Till the sea, like a great mess of pottage,
Troubled, muddy grew
With the blood of many mangled creatures,
Dirty red in hue—
When the horn'd and clawy wild beasts,
Short-footed, splay,
With great wailing gumless mouths
Huge and wide open lay.
But the whole deep was full of spectres,
Loose and sprawling
With the claws and with the tails of monsters,
Pawing, squalling.
It was frightful even to hear them
Screech so loudly ;
The sound might move full fifty heroes
Stepping proudly.
Our whole crew grew dull of hearing
In the tempest's scowl,
So sharp the quavering cries of demons
And the wild beasts' howl.
With the oaken planks the weltering waves were wrestling

In their noisy splashing ;
While the sharp beak of our swift ship
On the sea-pigs came dashing.
The wind kept still renewing all its wildness
In the far West,
Till with every kind of strain and trouble
We were sore distress'd.
We were blinded with the water
Showering o'er us ever ;
And the awful night like thunder,
And the lightning ceasing never.
The bright fireballs in our tackling
Flamed and smoked ;
With the smell of burning brimstone
We were well-nigh choked.
All the elements above, below,
Against us wrought ;
Earth and wind and fire and water,
With us fought.
But when the evil one defied the sea
To make us yield,
At last, with one bright smile of pity,
Peace with us she seal'd :
Yet not before our yards were injured,
And our sails were rent,
Our poops were strained, our oars were weaken'd,
All our masts were bent.
Not a stay but we had started,
Our tackling all was wet and splashy,
Nails and couplings, twisted, broken.
Feeshie, fashie,
All the thwarts and all the gunwale
Everywhere confess'd,

And all above and all below,
 How sore they had been press'd.
Not a bracket, not a rib,
 But the storm had loosed;
Fore and aft from stem to stern,
 All had got confused.
Not a tiller but was split,
 And the helm was wounded;
Every board its own complaint
 Sadly sounded.
Every trennel, every fastening
 Had been giving way;
Not a board remain'd as firm
 As at the break of day.
Not a bolt in her but started,
 Not a rope the wind that bore,
Not a part of the whole vessel
 But was weaker than before.
The sea spoke to us its peace prattle
 At the cross of Islay's Kyle,
And the rough wind, bitter boaster!
 Was restrained for one good while.
The tempest rose from off us into places
 Lofty in the upper air,
And after all its noisy barking
 Ruffled round us fair.
Then we gave thanks to the High King,
 Who rein'd the wind's rude breath,
And saved our good Clan Ranald
 From a bad and brutal death.
Then we furl'd up the fine and speckled sails
 Of linen wide,
And we took down the smooth red dainty masts,

And laid them by the side—
 On our long and slender polish'd oars
 Together leaning—
 They were all made of the fir cut by Mac Barais
 In Eilean Fionain—
 We went with our smooth, dashing rowing,
 And steady shock,
 Till we reach'd the good port round the point
 Of Fergus' Rock.
 There casting anchor peacefully
 We calmly rode ;
 We got meat and drink in plenty,
 And there we abode.

From the Gaelic. Trans. by ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

205.

The Dæmon Lover

How a woman of Aberdeen, the wife of a ship-carpenter, was carried away by the spirit of a dead lover.

‘O WHERE have ye been, my dearest dear,
 These seven long years and more?’

‘I am come to seek my former vows,
 That ye promised me before.’

‘Away with your former vows,’ she says,

‘Or else ye will breed strife ;

Away with your former vows,’ she says,

‘For I am become a wife.

‘ I am married to a ship-carpenter,
A ship-carpenter he’s bound ;
I would not he knew my mind this night,
For twice five hundred pound.’

. (*Stanza lost*)

She has put her foot on good ship-board,
And on ship-board she’s gone,
And the veil that hung over her face
Was all with gold begone.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely two,
Till she did mind on the husband she left,
And her wee young son also.

‘ O, hold your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all your follies abee ;
I’ll show where the white lilies grow,
On the banks of Italie.’

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,
And gurly grew the sea.

‘ O, hold your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all your follies abee ;
I’ll show where the white lilies grow,
In the bottom of the sea !’

He’s taken her by the milk-white hand,
And he’s thrown her in the main ;
And full five-and-twenty hundred ships
Sank all on the coast of Spain.

206. *Sir Patrick Spens*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine :
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The King's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughèd he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud
And a' our Queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

'For I brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready—my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
 That flattered on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son,
 That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

207. *The Lass of Lochroyan*

' O WHA will shoe my bonny foot?
 And wha will glove my hand?
 And wha will lace my middle jimp,
 Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

' O who will kame my yellow hair,
 With a haw bayberry kame?
 And wha will be my babe's father,
 Till Gregory come hame?'

‘Thy father, he will shoe thy foot,
Thy brother will glove thy hand,
Thy mother will bind thy middle jimp
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band !

‘Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,
Wi’ a haw bayberry kame ;
The Almighty will be thy babe’s father,
Till Gregory come hame.’—

‘ And wha will build a bonny ship,
And set it on the sea ?
For I will go to seek my love,
My ain love Gregory.’

Up then spak her father dear,
A wafu’ man was he ;
‘ And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea.

‘ And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea,
And ye shall go and seek your love,
Your ain love Gregory.’

Then he’s gart build a bonny ship,
An’ set it on the sea,
With four-and-twenty mariners
To bear her company.

O he’s gart build a bonny ship,
To sail on the salt sea ;
The mast was o’ the beaten gold,
The sails o’ cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,
The deck o' mountain pine,
The anchor o' the silver shene,
The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank reiver,
And a' his companie.

'Now are ye Queen of Heaven high,
Come to pardon a' our sin?
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,
Was born at Bethlehem?'—

'I'm no' the Queen of Heaven high,
Come to pardon ye your sin,
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,
Was born in Bethlehem.

But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,
That's sailing on the sea,
To see if I can find my love,
My ain love Gregory.'—

'O, see na ye yon bonny bower
It's a' covered owre wi' tin;
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Lord Gregory is within.'

And when she saw the stately tower,
Shining both clear and bright,
Which stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height,

Says, ' Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the salt sea strand.'

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud and loud cried she,
' Now break, now break your fairy charms,
And set my true-love free.'

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane,
And long she knock'd, and sair she called,
But answer got she nane.

' O ! open, open, Gregory !
O ! open if ye be within ;
For here's the lass of Lochroyan,
Come far fra kith and kin.

' O open the door, Lord Gregory !
O open and let me in !
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,
The rain drops fra my chin.

' The shoe is frozen to my foot,
The glove unto my hand,
The wet drops fra my yellow hair,
Na longer daw I stand.'

O up then spake his ill mither,
—An ill death may she die !
' Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,
She's far out-owre the sea.

'Awa', awa', ye ill woman,
Ye're no' come here for gude;
Ye're but some witch or wil' warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood.'—

'I am neither witch nor wil' warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea,
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,
O open the door to me!'

'Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trow thou binna she,
Now tell me of some love-tokens
That pass'd 'tween thee and me.'

'O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers:
And I can shew thee thine.

'O yours was gude and gude enough,
But ay the best was mine,
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

'Yours was o' the gude red gowd,
Mine o' the diamond fine;
Mine was o' the purest troth,
But thine was false within.'—

'If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,
As I kenna thou be,
Tell me some mair o' the love-tokens
Pass'd between thee and me.'—

‘ And dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin’d me o’ my maidenheid,
Right sair against my will ?

Now open the door, love Gregory,
Open the door ! I pray ;
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.’—

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,
So loud I hear ye lie ;
For Annie of the Lochroyan
Is far out-owre the sea.’

Fair Annie turned her round about :
‘ Well, sin’e that it be sae,
May ne’er woman that has borne a son
Hae a heart s’ fu’ a woe.

‘ Tak down, tak down that mast o’ gowd,
Set up a mast of tree ;
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie.’

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Up then raise Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair deep he weep.

‘ O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,
I wish it may bring good !
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
At my bower window stood.

‘ O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,
The thought o’t gars me greet !
That fair Annie of Lochroyan
Lay dead at my bed feet.’—

‘ Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That you mak a’ this mane,
She stood last night at your bower-door,
But I hae sent her hame.’—

‘ O wae betide ye, ill woman,
An ill death may ye die,
That wadna open the door yoursell,
Nor yet wad waken me.’

O he’s gane down to yon shore-side,
As fast as he could dree,
And there he saw fair Annie’s bark
A-rowing owre the sea.

‘ O Annie, Annie,’ loud he cried,
‘ O Annie, O Annie, bide ! ’
But ay the mair he cried ‘ Annie’,
The braider grew the tide.

‘ O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,
Dear Annie, speak to me ! ’
But ay the louder he ’gan call,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie,
And dashed the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie’s corpse was in the faem,
The babe rose never more.

Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks
And made a wafu' moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
His bonny son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair,
And coral, coral was her lips,
Nane might with her compare.

Then first he kissed her pale, pale cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her wane, wane lips,
There was na breath within.

' O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she die !
She turned my true-love frae my door,
Who cam so far to me.

' O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she die,
She has not been the deid of one,
But she's been the deid of three.'

Then he's ta'en out a little dart,
Hung low down by his gore,
He thrust it through and through his heart
And words spak never more.

208. *The Lawlands o' Holland*

‘THE love that I hae chosen,
 I’ll therewith be content ;
 The saut sea sall be frozen
 Before that I repent.
 Repent it sall I never
 Until the day I dee ;
 But the Lawlands o’ Holland
 Hae twinn’d¹ my love and me.

‘ My love he built a bonny ship,
 And set her to the main,
 Wi’ twenty-four brave mariners
 To sail her out and hame.
 But the weary wind began to rise,
 The sea began to rout,
 And my love and his bonny ship
 Turned withershins about.

‘ There sall nae mantle cross my back,
 No kaim gae in my hair,
 Neither sall coal nor candle-light
 Shine in’ my bower mair ;
 Nor sall I choose anither love,
 Until the day I dee,
 Sin’ the Lawlands o’ Holland,
 Hae twinn’d my love and me.’

‘ Noo haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
 Be still, and bide content ;
 There’s iither lads in Galloway ;
 Ye needna sair lament.’

¹ twinn’d] separated.

‘O there is nane in Galloway,
 There’s nane at a’ for me.
 I never lo’ed a lad but ane,
 And he’s drown’d in the sea.’

209.

Bonnie Annie

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
 He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie!
 A ship’s captain courted her to be his honey.

There cam a ship’s captain out owre the sea sailing,
 He courted this young thing till he got her wi’ bairn.

‘Ye’ll steal your father’s gowd, and your mother’s money,
 And I’ll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.’

She’s stown her father’s gowd, and her mother’s money,
 But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.

‘There’s fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,
 There’s fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me.’

They’ve casten black bullets twice six and forty,
 And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie,

‘Ye’ll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,
 Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.’

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
 He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.

‘What can a woman do, love, I’ll do for ye’;
 ‘Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.’

‘ Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.’

‘ I’ve laid about, steerd about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.’

‘ Ye’ll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.’

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

210. *Brown Robyn’s Confession*

IT fell upon a Wodensday
Brown Robyn’s men went to sea;
But they saw neither moon nor sun
Nor starlight with their e’e.

‘ We’ll cast kevels ¹ us amang,
See wha the man may be :’
The kevel fell on Brown Robyn,
The master man was hee.

‘ It is nae wonder,’ said Brown Robyn,
‘ Altho’ I dinna thrive;
(For I murthed my auld father,’ says he;
‘ I would he were yet alive!’)

¹ lots.

‘But tie me to a plank o’ wood,
And throw me in the sea;
And if I sink, ye may bid me sink,
If I swim, just let me be.’

They’ve tied him to a plank o’ wood,
And thrown him in the sea;
He didna sink, tho’ they bade him sink,
He swim’d, and they lat him be.

He hadna been into the sea
An hour but barely three,
Till by and came our Blessed Ladie,
Her dear young son her wi’.

‘Will ye gang to your men again?
Or will ye gang wi’ me?
Will ye gang to the high heavens
Wi’ my dear son and me?’

‘I winna gang to my men again,
For they wou’d be fear’d at me;
But I wou’d gang to the high heavens
With thy dear son and thee.’

‘It’s for nae honour ye did, Brown Robyn,
It’s for nae gude ye did to me;
But it’s a’ for your fair confession
You’ve made upon the sea.’

211.

Merman Rosmer

THERE dwells a lady in Denmark,
Lady Hillers lyle men her ca’;
And she’s gar’d bigg a new castell,
That shines o’er Denmark a’.

Her daughter was stown awa frae her ;
She sought for her wide-where ;
But the mair she sought, the less she fand ;
That works her mickle care.

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,
Wi' vanes o' flaming gold,
Wi' mony a knight and mariner,
Sae stark in stour, bestowed.

She's followed her sons down to the strand
And seen them sailing free,
And wull and waif for eight lang years
They sailed upon the sea.

And eight years wull and waif, they sailed,
O' months that seemed sae lang ;
Syn e they sail'd afore a high castell,
And to the land can gang.

And the young daughter Svanè lylè,
In the bower that was the best,
Says, ' where frae come you foreign swains
Wi' us this night to guest ? '

Then up and spak her youngest brither
Sae wisely ay spak he ;
' We are a widow's three poor sons,
Lang wilder'd on the sea.

' In Denmark were we born and bred,
Lady Hillers was our mither ;
Our sister frae us was stown awa,
We find na where nor whither.'

‘In Denmark were ye born and bred?
Was Lady Hillers your mither?
I can nae longer hold frae thee,
Thou art my youngest brither.

‘And hear ye this, my bonny boy,
Why came ye o’er the faem?
Thy bonny neckbone will be cut
When my gudeman comes hame.’

She’s set him in the weirst nook
She in the house can meet:
She’s bidden him for the high God’s sake
Neither to laugh nor greet.

When Rosmer hame from Zeeland came,
He took on to ban;
‘I smell fu’ weel, by my right hand,
That here is a Christian man.’

‘There cam a bird,’ quo’ the Svanè lyle,
‘Wi’ a man’s bone in his mouth;
He coost it in, and I cast it out,
As fast as e’er I couth.’

But wilily can she Rosmer win;
She claps him tenderly,
‘It’s here is come my sister’s son;
Gin I lose him, I’ll dee.

‘It’s here is come my sister’s son,
Frae baith our father’s land;
And I ha’e pledged him faith and troth,
That ye will not him ban,’

‘And is he come, thy sister’s son,
Frae thy father’s land to thee?
Then I will swear my highest aith
He’s drée nae scaith frae me.’

’Twas then the high King Rosmer,
He ca’d on pages twae:
‘Ye bid Queen Svanè’s sister’s son
To the chamber afore me gae.’

When proud Queen Svanè’s brither stood
By the high King Rosmer’s hand,
A strong quake quook in his blood,
Sae as he scarce coud stand.

And Rosmer took the young wee lad
Upo’ his laidly knee;
He clappit him sae luifsomely,
He turned baith blue and blee.

And up and spak Queen Svanè lyle,
‘Sir Rosmer, ye’re to learn,
That your ten fingers arena sma,
To clap sae wee a bairn.’

PART SECOND

He has stayed there till, the fifteenth year,
He green’d for hame and land;
With ‘Help me now, dear Svanè lyle,
To be set on the white sand’.

It was proud Lady Svanè lyle,
Afore Rosmer doth stand:
‘This lad sae lang i’ the sea has been,
He greens for hame and land.’

‘ If the lad sae lang in the sea has been,
And greens for hame and land,
Then I’ll gie him a kist o’ gold
Sae fitting till his hand.’

‘ And will ye gie him a kist o’ gold,
Sae fitting till his hand ?
Then hear ye, my noble heart’s dear,
Ye bear them baith to land.’

Then wrought proud Lady Svanè lyle,
What Rosmer little wist ;
For she’s ta’en out the gold sae red,
And laid herself in the kist.

He’s ta’en the man upon his back ;
The kist in his mouth took he ;
And he has gane the lang way up
Frae the bottom o’ the sea.

‘ Now I ha’e borne thee to the land ;
Thou seest baith sun and moon,
Thank Lady Svanè for the grace,
I beg thee as a boon.’

And Rosmer sprang i’ the salt sea out,
And jauped it up i’ the sky ;
But when he cam to his castell hame
Nae Svanè lyle could he spy.

When he cam till the castell in
His dearest awa was gane ;
He stampit strang as he were thrang
’Drew sparks frae the flint stane.

But blithe was the Lady Hillers' house,
 Wi' welcome joy and glee;
 Hame to their friends her bairns were come,
 That had been lang in the sea.

212. *The Merman or Marstig's Daughter*

NOW rede me, dear mither, à sonsy¹ rede²;
 A sonsy rede swythe³ rede to me,
 How Marstig's daughter I may fa',
 My love and lenman gay to be.

She's made him a steed o' the clear water;
 A saddle and bridle o' sand made she;
 She's shap'd him into a knight sae fair,
 Syne⁴ into Mary's kirk-yard rade he.

He's tied his steed to the kirk-stile,
 Syne wrang-gaites⁵ round the kirk gaod he;
 When the Mer-Man entered the kirk-door,
 Away the sma' images turned their e'e.

The priest afore the altar stood:
 'O what for a gude knight may this be?'
 The may leugh till hersell, and said,
 'God gif that gude knight were for me!'

The Mer-man he stept o'er ae deas⁶,
 And he has steppit over three:
 'O maiden, pledge me faith and troth!
 O Marstig's daughter, gang wi' me!'

¹ pleasant.

² tale.

³ swiftly.

⁴ Then.

⁵ against the sun.

⁶ a pew.

And she raught out her lily hand,
 And pledged it to the knight sae free :
 ‘Hae ; there’s my faith and troth, sir knight,
 And willingly I’ll gang wi’ thee.’

Out frae the kirk gaed the bridal train,
 And on they danced wi’ fearless glee :
 And down they danced unto the strand,
 Till twasome now alane they be :
 ‘O Marstig’s daughter, haud my steed,
 And the bonniest ship I’ll bigg¹ for thee.’

And whan they came to the white sand,
 To shore the sma’ boats turning came ;
 And whan they came to the deep water,
 The maiden sank in the saut sea faem.
 The shriek she shrieked amang the waves
 Was heard far up upo’ the land :
 ‘I rede gude ladies, ane and a’,
 They dance wi’ nea sic unca² man.’

213.

The Mermaid

TO yon fause stream that, by the sea,
 Hides mony an elf and plum,
 And rives wi’ fearful din the stanes,
 A witless knicht did come.

The day shines clear : Far in he’s gane,
 Whar shells are silver bright ;
 Fishes war loupin’ a’ aroun’
 An’ sparklin’ to the light.

¹ build.² uncanny, strange.

When, as he laved, sounds came sae sweet
Frae ilka rock ajeë :
The brief was out ; 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock sune, sune she rose,
An' stately on she swam,
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang
For him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links
That roun' her neck she'd twine ;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine.

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee ;
Her voice excell'd the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleeched ;
Out shot his hand—alas ! alas !
Fast in the swirl he screeched.

The mermaid leuched ; her brief was dane ;
The kelpie's blast was blawin' :
Fu' low she dived, ne'er cam' again ;
For deep, deep was the fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen :
Warlocks tirl'd lang at gloamin' :
That e'en was coarse ; the blast blew hoarse
Ere lang the waves war foamin'.

214.

*Il Corsaro*¹(Ritornello : *Sü la fiur de l'aqua—sü la fiur del mar.*)

O MARINAR de la marina,
o cantè-me d'üna cansun.

— Muntè, bela, sü la mia barca,
la cansun mi la canterò.—

Quand la bela l'è stáita an barca,
bel marinar s'büta a cantè.

L'àn navigà pi d'sincsent mia,
sempre cantand cula cansun.

Quand la cansun l'è stà fùrnìa,
la bela a cà n'in vol turnè.

— Sei già luntan pi d'sincsent mia,
sei già luntan da vostra cà.

— Coza dirà la mama mia,
che n'a sto tant a riturnè?

— Pensè pa pi a la vostra mama,
o pensè, bela, al marinar.—

S'a n'in ven la meza noiteja,
n'in ven l'ura d'andè dürmì.

— O dëspojè-ve, o dëscaussè-ve,
cugei-ve sì cu'l marinar.

— I m'sun sulà-me tanto scíassa,
che 'l gital pöss pi dëssulè.

O marinar de la marina,
o prèstè-me la vostra spà;

Prèstè, galant, la vostra speja,
che 'l me gital pöss a tajè.—

Quand la bela l'à avù la speja,
an mes al cör a s'l'è piantà.

¹ Translation in Notes.

— O maledeta sia la speja,
 e cula man ch'a i l'à prestà!
 Ma s'i l'ái nen bazà-la viva,
 a l'è morta la vöi bazè.—
 A l'à pià-la pèr sue man bianche,
 ant ël mar a 'l l'à campè.

215.

*Lo Mariner*¹

A LA bora de la mar
 — n' hi ha una donzella
 Que 'n brodava un mocador
 — qu' es per la reyna.
 Quan ne fou á mig brodat
 — li faltá seda;
 Veu veni' un bergantí y diu:
 — '¡ Oh de la vela!
 'Mariner, bon mariner
 — ¿ que 'n portéu seda?'
 '¿ De quin color la voléu
 — blanca ó bermella?'
 'Bermelleta la vull jo
 — que es millor seda.'
 'Entráu dintre de la nau
 — triaréu d' ella.'
 Quan es dintre de la nau
 — la nau pren vela.
 Mariné 's posa á cantar
 — cansons novellas.

¹ Translation in Notes.

Ab lo cant del mariner
— s' es dormideta ;
Ab lo soroll de la mar
— ella 's desperta.

Quan ella s' ha despertat
— ja no 'n véu terra ;
La nau es en alta mar,
— pèl mar navega.

‘ Mariner, bon mariner
— portáume á terra
Que á mi 'ls ayres de la mar
— me 'n donan pena.’

‘ Aixó si que no 'u faré
— qu'heu de ser meva.’
‘ De tres germanas que som
— so la mes bella.

‘ L' una es casada ab un duch
— l'altra es princesa
Y jo pobreta de mi
— so marinera.

‘ L'una du faldillas d'or
— l'altra de seda,
Y jo pobreta de mi
— 'n duch de estamenay.’

‘ No n' es d'estamenya, no,
— que n'es de seda,
No sou marinera, no,
— que 'n seréu reyna,

‘Que jo sò lo fill del rey
 — de l’Inglaterra,
 Y set anys que vaig pèl mar
 — per vos donzella.’

216. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole ; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean ; and of the strange things that befell ; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

IT is an ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 ‘By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?’

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin ;
 The guests are met, the feast is set :
 May’st hear the merry din.’

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 ‘There was a ship,’ quoth he.
 ‘Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!’
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years’ child :
 The Mariner hath his will.

An ancient
 Mariner
 meeteth three
 Gallants
 bidden to a
 wedding-feast,
 and detaineth
 one.

The Wedding-
 Guest is spell-
 bound by the
 eye of the old
 seafaring man,
 and constrained
 to hear his tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind
 and fair
 weather, till
 it reached the
 line.

‘ The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—’
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-
 Guest heareth
 the bridal
 music ; but the
 Mariner con-
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven
 by a storm to-
 ward the south
 pole.

‘ And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong :
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice
and of fearful
sounds where
no living thing
was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great
sea-bird, called
the Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

And lo ! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned north-
ward through fog
and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

The ancient
 Mariner in-
 hospitably
 killeth the pious
 bird of good
 omen.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
 Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
 I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates
 cry out against
 the ancient
 Mariner, for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,*
 And it would work 'em woe:
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
 fog cleared off,
 they justify the
 same, and thus
 make them-
 selves accom-
 plices in the
 crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist:
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze
continues ; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till
it reaches the
Line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
As we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Alba-
tross begins to
be avenged.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had
followed them ;
one of the in-
visible inhabi-
tants of this
planet, neither
departed souls
nor angels ; con-

cerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner : in
sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the element
afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship;
 and at a dear
 ransom he
 freeth his
 speech from
 the bonds of
 thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

And horror
 follows. For
 can it be a
 ship that comes
 onward without
 wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame.
 The day was well nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him
 but the skeleton
 of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs
 are seen as
 bars on the
 face of the
 setting Sun.

The Spectre-
Woman and her
Death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton ship.

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?
Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

Like vessel,
like crew !

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and
Life-in-Death
have dived for
the ship's crew,
and she (the
latter) winneth
the ancient
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising
of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

PART IV

‘I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a Spirit
is talking to
him ;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.’—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

But the
ancient Mariner
assureth him
of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to re-
late his horrible
penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm,

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth
that *they*
should live,
and so many
lie dead,

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of the
 dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-
 ness and
 fixedness he
 yearneth
 towards the
 journeying
 Moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward :
 and every where
 the blue sky
 belongs to them,
 and is their
 appointed rest,
 and their native
 country and their
 own natural
 homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and
 yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And no where did abide :
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt away
 A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light
of the Moon
he beholdeth
God's crea-
tures of the
great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell
begins to
break.

PART V

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained,

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and
 commotions
 in the sky and
 the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about !
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired,
 and the ship
 moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !'

Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

But not by
the souls of
the men, nor
by dæmons of
earth or middle
air, but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requireth
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

‘The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI

First Voice :

‘But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?’

Second Voice :

‘Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

First Voice :

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?'

Second Voice :

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded ;
 the Mariner
 awakes, and
 his penance
 begins anew.

'The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
 finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

And the ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my Gód !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock :
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

The angelic
 spirits leave the
 dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

And appear in
 their own forms
 of light.

A little distance from the prow
 Those crimson shadows were :
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood !
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was a heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit
of the Wood.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?'

'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly en-
treateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the pen-
ance of life
falls on him.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future life
an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land ;

And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach,
by his own
example,
love and
reverence to
all things
that God
made and
loveth.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

217. *Endymion hears the Merman's tale*

HE saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet ;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambitious magic : every ocean-form
Was woven in with blank distinctness ; storm,
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar,
Quicksand, and whirlpool, and deserted shore,
Were emblem'd in the woof ; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape.
'The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twould size and swell
To its huge self ; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And show his little eye's anatomy.
Then there was pictur'd the regality
Of Neptune ; and the sea nymphs round his state,
In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he conn'd

So stedfastly, that the new denizen
 Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
 To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

(*The old man speaks*)

Now shall I lay my head
 In peace upon my watery pillow : now
 Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
 O Jove ! I shall be young again, be young !
 O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierc'd and stung
 With new-born life ! What shall I do ? Where go,
 When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe ?—
 I'll swim to the syrens, and one moment listen
 Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten ;
 Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
 That writhes about the roots of Sicily :
 To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
 And mount upon the snortings of a whale
 To some black cloud ; thence down I'll madly sweep
 On forkèd lightning, to the deepest deep,
 Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd
 With rapture to the other side of the world !

JOHN KEATS.

218.

From 'Alastor'

A^T length upon the lone Chorasman shore
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
 Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,

Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approached, and with strong wings
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight.—‘Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts?’ A gloomy smile
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he looked around.
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.
A little shallop floating near the shore
Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.
It had been long abandoned, for its sides
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.
A restless impulse urged him to embark
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean’s waste;
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and sky
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.
Following his eager soul, the wanderer
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.
The waves arose. Higher and higher still
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven
With dark obliterating course, he sate :
As if their genii were the ministers
Appointed to conduct him to the light
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep ;
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;

Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat
Still fled before the storm; still fled, like foam
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river;
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave;
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass
That fell, convulsing ocean: safely fled—
As if that frail and wasted human form
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save?—
The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,
The shattered mountain overhung the sea,
And faster still, beyond all human speed,
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,
The little boat was driven. A cavern there
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths
Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on
With unrelaxing speed.—‘Vision and Love!’
The Poet cried aloud, ‘I have beheld
The path of thy departure. Sleep and death
Shall not divide us long!’

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

219. . *The Forsaken Merman*

COME, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go. .
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know :
‘ Margaret ! Margaret ! ’
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear :
Children’s voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
‘ Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.’
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-wall’d town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said: 'I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee.'
I said: 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves!
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!'

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan!

Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.

Come,' I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear;

'Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!

Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more!

Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!

Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark, what she sings: 'O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy.

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun!'

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children.
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, ' Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,

When clear falls the moonlight ;
 When spring-tides are low ;
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starr'd with broom ;
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom :
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie ;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing : ' There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she.
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

220.

The Neckan

IN summer, on the headlands,
 The Baltic Sea along,
 Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
 And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
 Green rolls the Baltic Sea.
 And there, below the Neckan's feet,
 His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale.
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings ;
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth
Far from the green sea wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd
By castle, field, and town.—
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the Sea Children own.

Sings of his earthly bridal—
Priests, knights, and ladies gay.
'And who art thou,' the priest began,
'Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?'—

'I am no knight,' he answered ;
'From the sea waves I come.'—
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,
The surpliced priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanish'd with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea halls,
Beneath the salt sea tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
'False Neckan shares my bed,' she weeps ;
'No Christian mate have I.'—

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan—
Tears fill'd his cold blue-eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassocked priest rode by.

'Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven behold.'—

The 'cassock'd priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight grey
Wept by the river-pool.

He wept: 'The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
But, ah, not human souls!'

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

221.

The Rock of Cloud

FROM Youghal, where gulls take harbour,
Youghal, the strand of yews,
We stood away, off Brandon,
Three nights out on the cruise.

And thick cloud came over the deep
The third day out from land
That none could see his shipmate's face
Nor the helm in his own hand.

Now bitterer than the mild sea-mist
Hath ship no enemy,
But we heard a chanting through the mist
On the cold face of the sea
That night, and lay upon our oars
Amazed that this should be.

Hark! was it a hoarse phantom troll'd,
Or was it man?—But one
We knew had such a sea-rough voice,
The Clock-gate keeper's son.

We thronged up close into the bow
And hailed with might and main,
'*What hell-spawn, or what spirit, thou?*'
And the hoarse voice came again,

Rang as of one so evil-starred -
That he hath done with grief,
A voice of dread, and harsh and hard
As the bell swung from a reef:

‘I am a man. But were I none!
Row hither! ye may hear
Yet shall not save nor bring me home
Seek ye ten thousand year!’

‘*Keep a stout hope!*’ ‘I keep no hope!’
‘*Man alive . . .*’ ‘Spare your speech—’
‘*We are upon thee!*’ ‘Nay, no rope
Over the gap shall reach.’

‘*Who art thou?*’ ‘I was helmsman once
On many a ship of mark:
Through many a pitchy night I steer’d;
But there came a night too dark.

‘In the middle watch we struck—we sank.
I reached this rock of wings
Whereby from every boulder’s flank
The brown sea-ribbon swings.

‘Here, while the sole eye of the Sun
Did scorch my body bare,
A great Sea-spirit rose, and shone
In the water thrill’d with hair . . .

‘She lay back on the green abyss,
Beautiful; her spread arms
Soothed to a poise—a sob—of bliss
Huge thunders and alarms.

‘ Her breasts as pearl were dull and pure,
Her body’s chastened light
Swam like a cloud ; her eyes unsure
From the great depths were bright.

‘ There was no thing of bitterness
In aught that she could say ;
She call’d my soul, as down a coast
The Moon calls bay beyond bay,
And they rise—back o’ the uttermost—
Away, and yet away :—

“ I chose thee from the sinking crews,
I bore thee up alive ;
Now durst thou follow me, and choose
Under the world to dive ?

“ Come ! we will catch, when stars are out,
The black wave’s spitting crest,
And still, when the Bull of Dawn shall spout
Be washing on abreast !

“ Swim with me now and I’ll waft thee
Who hast known no happy hour
Through coral gulfs, over the lip
Of islands like a flower,
And fresh thee in the drench of youth
Beyond an April’s power.

“ Spring we up sun-lasht waterfalls
Cauldron’d in giant vallies—
To hang high as the rainbow hangs
Or bask among sea-lilies !

““ My headland temples keen with light
Such as men know not here
Shall make thy senses infinite—
Shall let thy heart be clear.

““ Or thee a flame under the seas
Quivering with rays I'll hide,
Deathless and boundless and at ease
In any shape to glide.

““ All waters that on earth have well'd
At last to me repair,—
All mountains starred with cities melt
Into my dreamy air !

““ Shall I all women be to thee
As thou to me all men ?
Thou shalt have all the souls in me
To gaze with ! Haste thee, then,

““ Set on thy peak under the brink
I'll show thee storms above,
The sands of kingdoms :—they shall sink
While thou dost teach me love ;
On beaches white as the young Moons
I'll sit and fathom love ! ”’

And we cried, ‘ *By God, ’twas hard for thee
At that song not to go
And let thy heart take heed no more
When the Spirit called thee so !* ’

‘ Ah ! ’twas not any word she sang
But what she did not say,
Suck’d griefs out of the colour’d world
And time out of the day.’

‘ *What saidst thou then ?* ’ ‘ From over sea
I felt a sighing burn
That made this wrathful rock to me
More delicate than fern ;

And when as moth-wings I could hear
Them heave that stand in line
By the mud-banks of Blackwater,
The many-voiced pine,

‘ Great laughter seized me naked here
That I clung against the ground
Shaking in utter folly, while
Myself was like a wound.

‘ And I cried out sore, sore at the heart
For her that sleeps at home,
“ Brightness, I will not know thine art,
Nor to thy country come ! ”

‘ Straightway she sank—smiling so pale—
But from the seethe upbroke—
Never thrashed off by gust or gale—
White, everlasting smoke.

‘ By stealth it feels all over me
With numbness that appals ;
It laps my fierce heart endlessly
In soft and rolling walls.

‘ A mist no life may pierce, save these
 Wave-wing’d, with puling voice ;
 Stars I discern not, nor the seas—’
 ‘ O, dost not rue *thy choice* ? ’

‘ Rue it ? Now tell me what ye are ?
 For I doubt if ye be men ’
 And to us from the cloud-breathing deep
 No answer came again.

We knew the voice ! We called his name !
 We pulled on, weeping loud,
 All night in earshot of the rock,
 But never through the cloud

And the gulls across from Brandon,
 They carried back the news
 To the walled town of my mother’s folk,
 Youghal, the strand of yews,
 And the woman waiting on the quay—
 Ere we had done the cruise.

HERBERT TRENCH.

222.

Dolor Oogo

THIRTEEN men by Ruan Shore,
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Drownèd men since ’eighty-four,
 Down in Dolor Oogo :
 On the cliff against the sky,
 Ailsa, wife of Malachi—
 That cold woman—
 Sits and knits eternally.

By her silent husband's side
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Stretched awake, she hears the tide
 Moan in Dolor Oogo :
 Till athwart the easter gale
 Hark ! the merry dead men hail—
 'Thou cold woman,
 Take the lantern from the nail !'

Rising in her chilly sark
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Forth she fares by Behan Parc,
 Out to Dolor Oogo :
 Kneeling there above the brink,
 Lets her long red tresses sink
 —That cold woman—
 For the sailor men to drink.

Then the sailor men beneath
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Take the ends between their teeth,
 Deep in Dolor Oogo.
 'Lusty blood is this to quaff:
 (So the merry dead men laugh)
 'O, cold woman,
 Hath thy man as good by half?'

'Drownèd men by Ruan Shore
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Lost aboard the *Elsinore*
 Down by Dolor Oogo—
 If the gulls behind the share
 Yesterday had called 'Beware,
 Thy cold woman !'
 Paler now had been my hair.

‘Socks I knit you each a pair
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Half of yarn and half of hair,
 Over Dolor Oogo.’
 ‘Dripping, dripping on the tide,
 What red dye thy hair hath dyed,
 Thou cold woman?’
 ‘It hath brushed upon his side.’

Knitting with her double thread
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—
 Half of black and half of red—
 Over Dolor Oogo,
 On the cliff against the sky,
 Ailsa, wife of Malachi,
 That cold woman,
 Wipes her hands incessantly.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

223.

Santorin

(*A Legend of the Aegean*)

‘**W**HO are you, Sea Lady,
 And where in the seas are we?
 I have too long been steering
 By the flashes in your eyes.
 Why drops the moonlight through my heart,
 And why so quietly
 Go the great engines of my boat
 As if their souls were free?’

'Oh ask me not, bold sailor;
Is not your ship a magic ship
That sails without a sail:
Are not these isles the Isles of Greece
And dust upon the sea?
But answer me three questions
And give me answers three.
What is your ship?' 'A British.'
'And where may Britain be?'
'Oh it lies north, dear lady;
It is a small country.'
'Yet you will know my lover,
Though you live far away:
And you will whisper where he has gone,
That lily boy to look upon
And whiter than the spray.'
'How should I know your lover,
Lady of the sea?'
'Alexander, Alexander,
The King of the World was he.'
'Weep not for him, dear lady,
But come aboard my ship.
So many years ago he died,
He's dead as dead can be.'
'O base and brutal sailor
To lie this lie to me.
His mother was the foam-foot
Star-sparkling Aphrodite;
His father was Adonis
Who lives away in Lebanon,
In stony Lebanon, where blooms,
His red anemone.
But where is Alexander,

The soldier Alexander,
 My golden love of olden days
 'The King of the world and me?'

She sank into the moonlight
 And the sea was only sea.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

224.

Alexander

IT was the Great Alexander,
 Capped with a golden helm,
 Sate in the ages, in his floating ship,
 In a dead calm.

Voices of sea-maids singing
 Wandered across the deep :
 The sailors labouring on their oars
 Rowed as in sleep.

All the high pomp of Asia,
 Charmed by that siren lay,
 Out of their weary and dreaming minds
 Faded away.

Like a bold boy sate their Captain,
 His glamour withered and gone,
 In the souls of his brooding mariners,
 While the song pined on.

Time like a falling dew,
 Life like the scene of a dream
 Laid between slumber and slumber,
 Only did seem. . . .

O Alexander, then,
In all us mortals too,
Wax not so overbold
On the wave dark-blue !

Come the calm starry night,
Who then will hear
Aught save the singing
Of the sea-maids clear ?

WALTER DE LA MARE.

PART IV

SAILORS, THEIR DEEDS AND SONGS

Protégez-moi, mon Seigneur; mon navire est si petit, et votre mer est si grande.—ANON.

There are many advantages in sea-voyaging, but security is not one of them.—SAADI.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

GEORGE HERBERT.

But peace they have that none may gain who live,
And rest above them that no love can give,
And over them, while death and life shall be,
The light and sound and darkness of the sea

A. C. SWINBURNE.

225. *From 'Homer's Hymn to Castor and Pollux'*

YE wild-eyed Muses, sing the 'Twins of Jove,
... mild Pollux, void of blame,
And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly

Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
 Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
 And sacrifice with snow-white lambs,—the wind
 And the huge billow bursting close behind,
 Even then beneath the weltering waters bear
 The staggering ship—they suddenly appear,
 On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,
 And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,
 And strew the waves on the white Ocean's bed,
 Fair omen of the voyage; from toil and dread
 The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
 And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

Trans. by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

226.

A Shrine by the Sea

THIS is the Cyprian's holy ground,
 Who ever loves to stand
 Where she can watch the shining seas
 Beyond the utmost land;
 That sailors on their voyages
 May prosper by her aid,
 Whose radiant effigy the deep
 Beholding is afraid.

ANYTE. *by Trans. SIR RENNELL RODD.*

From the Greek Anthology.

227.

The Harbour God

ME, Pan, whose presence haunts the shore,
 The fisher folk set here,
 To guard their haven anchorage
 On the cliff that they revere;
 And thence I watch them cast the net
 And mind their fishing gear.

Sail past me, traveller ; for I send
 The gentle southern breeze,
 Because of this their piety,
 To speed thee over seas.

ARCHIAS. *Trans. by* SIR RENNELL RODD.
From the same.

228. *On the Empty Tomb of One lost at Sea*

NOT dust nor the light weight of a stone, but all
 this sea that thou beholdest is the tomb of Erasippus ; for he perished with his ship, and in some unknown place his bones moulder, and the sea-gulls alone know them to tell.

GLAUCUS. *Trans. by* J. W. MACKAIL.
From the same.

229. *On a Sailor drowned in Harbour*

EVERYWHERE the sea is the sea ; why idly blame we the Cyclades or the narrow wave of Helle and the Needles ? in vain have they their fame ; or why when I had escaped them did the harbour of Scarphe whelm me ? Pray whoso will for a fair passage home ; that the sea's way is the sea, Aristagoras knows who is buried here.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON. *Trans. by* J. W. MACKAIL.
From the same.

230.

The Sea-Farer

I CAN sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,
How oft through laborious days, through the wearisome
hours

I have suffered : have born tribulations ; explored in my ship,
Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow.

Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch
hath held me

At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the cliffs.

My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with
ice-chains,

Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart ;
And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of
courage.

This he, whose lot happily chances on land doth not
know ;

Nor how I on the ice-cold sea passed the winter in exile,
In wretchedness, robbed of my kinsmen, with icicles hung.

The hail flew in showers about me ; and there I heard
only

The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the
swan ;

For pastime the gannets' cry served me ; the kittiwakes'
chatter

For laughter of men ; and for mead-drink the call of the
sea-mews.

When storms on the rocky cliffs beat, then the terns, icy-
feathered,

Made answer ; full oft the sea-eagle forebodingly screamed.

The eagle with pinions wave-wet. There none of my
kinsmen

Might gladden my desolate soul ; of this little he knows
Who possesses the pleasures of life, who has felt in the
city

Some hardship, some trifling adversity, proud and wine-
flushed.

How weary I oft had to tarry upon the sea-way !

The shadows of night became darker, it snowed from the
north.

The world was enchained by the frost ; hail fell upon
earth.

'Twas the coldest of grain. Yet the thoughts of my heart
now are throbbing

To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous play.

Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander

To seek out the home of the stranger in lands afar off.

There is no one that dwells on earth so exalted in mind,

So large in his bounty, nor yet of such vigorous youth.

Nor so daring in deeds, nor to whom his liege lord is so
kind,

But that he has always a longing, a sea-faring passion

For what the Lord God shall bestow, be it honour or
death.

No heart for the harp has he, nor for acceptance of
treasure,

No pleasure has he in a wife, no delight in the world,

Nor in aught save the roll of the billows ; but always a
longing,

A yearning uneasiness hastens him on to the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

Trans. from the Anglo-Saxon by L. IDDINGS.

231. *The Building of the Ark*

A SHIP behovès the to dight,
 Thi self shal be the master wright;
 I shal the tell how brood, how long,
 Of what mesure, and als how strong.
 When the timber is festened wele,
 Windè the sidès everich dele.
 First binde it wele with balk and band,
 And wind it sithen wele with wand.
 With pickè¹—loke it be not thin—
 Plastre it well without and in.

Make them of bordes and wandes betwene,
 Thus thrivandly,² and not ouer-thin,
 Loke that thi semes be suttly sene,
 And nailed wele that thei not twin.³

ANONYMOUS (*adapted*).

 232. *How Alfred Caused Ships to be Built,
 and how the Pagans were Beaten at
 Swanage*

IN the year of the Incarnation of the Lord eight hundred and seventy-seven, as autumn drew nigh, some of the pagans remained at Exeter, and some returned to Mercia in search of plunder. Moreover, the number of the heathen increased every day, so that, indeed, if thirty thousand of them were slain in one day, twice that number would take their place. At that time did King Alfred command barks and galleys, that is, long ships, to be built throughout his dominions, that he might engage in a naval

¹ pitch.

² throughly well.

³ part.

battle with those who were newly arriving. In them he placed pirates and gave them charge to protect the ways of the sea.

But he himself hastened to Exeter, where the pagans were then wintering, and when he had shut them in, he laid siege to the city. Moreover, he gave orders to his sailors that they should suffer no great assistance to come to the enemy by way of the estuary. Then there met with his sailors one hundred and twenty ships filled with armed men, who were coming to the help of their comrades; and when the King's officers knew that the ships were filled with heathen they rushed to arms and boldly attacked the barbarous nations. But the pagans, who had now for almost a month suffered disaster amid the waves of the wild sea, fought against them in vain. Therefore in the twinkling of an eye were their ranks broken, and they were swallowed up in the waters, and they all perished together at a place which is called Swanage.

ASSER, Life of Alfred.

233.

The Shipman

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by weste :
 For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
 He rood up-on a rouncy, as he couthe,
 In a gowne of falding to the knee.
 A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
 Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
 The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun ;
 And, certainly, he was a good felawe.
 Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
 From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman sleep.
 Of nyce conscience took he no keep.

If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
 By water he sente hem hoom to every lond.
 But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
 His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
 His herberwe and his mone, his lodemenage,
 Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
 Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
 With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
 He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
 From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
 And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne;
 His barge y-cleped was the *Maudelayne*.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

234. *Winchelsea Fight, or the Humbling of
 the Spaniards*

HOW King Edward & his meny
 Met with the Spaniardes in the see.

I wald noght spare for to speke, wist I to spede,
 Of wight men with wapin and worthy in wede,
 That now er driuen to dale and ded all thaire dede,
 Thai sail in the see-gronde fissches to fede;
 Fele fissches thai fede for ail thaire grete fare,
 It was in the waniand that thai come thare.

Thai sailed furth in the Swin in a somers tyde,
 With trompes and taburns and mekill other pride;
 The word of tho weremen walked full wide;
 The gudes that thai robbed in holl gan thai it hide,
 In holl than thai hided grete welthes, als I wene,
 Of gold and of siluer, of skarlet and grene.

When thai sailed westward, tho wight men in were,
 Thaire hurdis, thaire ankers hanged thai on here ;
 Wight men of the west neghed tham nerr.
 And gert tham snaper in the snare, might thai no ferr,
 Fer might thai noght flit bot thare most thai fine,
 And that thai bifore reued than most thai tyne.

Boy with thi blac berd, I rede that thou blin,
 And sone set the to schriue with sorow of thi syn ;
 If thou were on Ingland noght saltou win,
 Cum thou more on that coste thi bale sall bigin :
 Thare kindels thi care kene men sall the kepe,
 And do the dye on a day and domp in the depe.

Ye broght out of Bretayne yowre custom with care,
 Ye met with the marchandes and made tham ful bare ;
 It es gude reson and right that ye euill misfare,
 When ye wald in Ingland lere of a new lare,
 New lare sall ye lere, sir Edward to lout :
 For when ye stode in yowre strenkith ye war all to
 stout.

LAURENCE MINOT.

235. *The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage*

MEN may leue alle gamys,
 That saylen to seynt Jamys !
 For many a man hit gramys,
 When they begyn to sayle.
 For when they haue take the see,
 At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee.
 At Brystow, or where that hit bee.
 Theyr hertes begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in alle the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

With 'howe ! hissa !' then they cry,
'What, howe, mate ! thow stondyst to ny.
Thy fellow may nat hale the by ;'
Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyn Anone up styen,
And ouerthwart the sayle-yerde lyen ;—
'Y how ! taylia !' the remenaunt cryen,
And pulle with alle theyr myght.
'Bestowe the boote, Bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley theron ;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone
Or hit be full mydnyght.

'Hale the bowelyne ! now, vere the shete !—
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms haue no lust to ete,
I pray God yeue hem rest !'
'Go to the helm ! what, howe ! no nere ?
Steward, fellow ! A pot of bere !'
'Ye shalle have, sir, with good chere,
Anon alle of the best.'

'Y howe ! trussa ! hale in the brayles !
Thow halyst nat, be god, thow fayles !
O se howe wellle owre good shyp sayles !'
And thus they say among.
'Hale in the wartake !' 'Hit shal be done.'
'Steward ! couer the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt therone,
And tary nat to long.'

Then cometh oone and seyth, 'be mery;
Ye shall haue a storme or a pery.'

'Holde thow thy pèse! thow canst no whery,
Thow medlyst wondyr sore.'

Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And haue theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry aftyr hote maluesy,

'Thow helpe for to restore.'

And som wold haue a saltyd tost,
For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,

As for oo day or twayne.

Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se;—
'Allas! myne hede wolle cleue on thre!'

Thus seyth anther certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde.

And speketh many a Royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,

To see alle thyng be welle.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,

With many a febylle celle;

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
For som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,

Without mete or drynk;

For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pompe was nygh oure beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede

As smell therof the styнк!

ANON., *XVth Cent.*

236. ‘*Lustely, Lustely*’

LUSTELY, lustely, lustely, let vs sayle forth,
The winde trim doth serue vs, it blowes at the
north.

All thinges wee haue ready and nothing wee want,
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby :
Victals and weapons they be nothing skant,
Like worthy mariners our selues wee will try.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be new trimmed set flanting aloft.
Our ship for swift swimming oh shee doth excell,
Wee feare no enemies, we haue escaped them oft,
Of all ships that swimmeth shee bareth the bell.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our masters mate hee is not to seeke :
And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,
And here is a ship boy wee neuer had his leeke.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next viadge proue.
Wee will returne merely and make good cheere :
And hould all together as freends linkt in loue,
The cannes shalbe filled with wine ale and beere.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

ANON.

237. *In Prais of Seafaringe Men, in Hope
of Good Fortune*

WHOEE siekes the waie to win renowne,
Or flies with whinges of hie desire,
Whoe seikes to wear the lawreat crouen,
Or hath the mind that would espire,
Lett him his native soylle eschew,
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,
With everie chance that shal betyde ;
No hap can hinder his entente ;
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide.
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,
Eche foule content with everie ayre,
Eche hautie hart remainethe still,
And not be dround in depe dispaire :
Wherfor I judg all landes alieke,
To hautie hartes who fortune sieke.

Too pas the seaes som thinkes a toille,
Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome,
Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,
Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome.
Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ;
I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,
And carke and care for worldlie trashe,
With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,
Instead of launce a whip to slashe ;

A mynd that is base his kind will show,
Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,
The Gresions when thay cam to Troye,
Had never so the Trogian's foylde,
Nor never put them to such anoye :
Wherfore who lust to live at whome,
To purchas fame I will go rome.

ANON.

238. *From 'The Faerie Queene'*

i

NOW strike your sailes ye iolly Mariners,
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

ii

Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray ;
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serue new passage to assay :
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.

EDMUND SPENSER.

239.

To Sleep

WILT thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

240. *Henry V on the Way to France*

SUPPOSE that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning;
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

241. *A Ioyful New Ballad, Declaring the
Happie Obtaining of the Great Galleazzo*

*Wherein Don Pedro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the
mightie power and prouidence of God, being a speciall token
of his gracious and fatherly goodnes towards vs, to the
great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the
defence of his gospel, and our good Queene of England.*

To the Tune of *Monseurs Almaigne.*

○ NOBLE England, fall downe vpon thy knee :
And praise thy God with thankfull hart which
still maintaineth thee.

The forraine forces, that seekes thy vtter spoile :
Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shame-
full foile.

With mightie power they come vnto our coast :
To ouer runne our countrie quite, they make their brags
and boast.

In strength of men they set their onely stay :
But we, vpon the Lord our God, will put our trust alway.

Great is their number, of ships vpon the sea :
And their prouision wonderfull, but Lord thou art our stay.
Their armed souldiers are many by account :
Their aiders eke in this attempt doe sundrie waies surmount.
The Pope of Rome with many blessed graines :
To sanctify their bad pretense bestowed both cost and
paines.

But little land, is not dismaide at all :
The Lord no doubt is on our side, which soone will worke
their fall.

In happy houre our foes we did descry:
And vnder saile with gallant winde as they cam passing by.
Which suddaine tidings to Plymmouth being brought:
Full soone our Lord high Admirall for to pursue them
sought.

And to his traine coragiously he said:
Now, for the Lord and our good Queene, to fight be not
afraide.

Regard our cause, and play your partes like men:
The Lord no doubt will prosper vs in all our actions then.

This great Galleazzo, which was so huge and hye:
That like a bulwarke on the sea did seeme to each mans
eye.

There was it taken, vnto our great reliefe:
And diuers Nobles, in which traine Don Pietro was the
chiefe.

Stronge was she stuff, with Cannons great and small:
And other instruments of warre, which we obtained all.
A certaine signe of good successe we trust:
That God will ouerthrow the rest, as he hath done the
first.

Then did our Nauie pursue the rest amaine:
With roaring noise of Cannons great; till they neare Callice
came:

With manly courage they followed them so fast:
Another mightie Gallion did seeme to yeeld at last.
And in distresse, for sauegard of their liues:
A flag of truce they did hand out, with many mournfull
cries:

Which when our men did perfectly espie:
Some little Barkes they sent to her, to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards, esteeming them but weake :
When they within their danger came, their malice forth
did breake.

With charged Cannons, they laide about them then :
For to destroy those proper Barkes, and all their valiant men.
Which when our men perceiued so to be :
Like Lions fierce they forward went, to quite this iniurie.
And bourding them, with strong and mightie hand :
They kild the men vtill their Arke did sinke in Callice
sand.

The chieftest Captaine of this Gallion so hie :
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he within this fight did die.
Who was the Generall of all the Gallions great :
But through his braines, with pouders force, a Bullet strong
did beat.

And manie more by sword did loose their breath :
And manie more within the sea did swimme and tooke
their death.

There might you see the salt and foming flood :
Died and stained like scarlet red, with store of Spanish
blood.

This mightie vessell was threescore yards in length :
Most wonderfull to each mans eie, for making and for
strength.

In her was placed an hundreth Cannons great :
And mightily provided eke, with bread, corne, wine and
meat.

There was of Oares, two hundereth I weene :
Threescore foote and twelue in length, well measured to
be seene.

And yet subdued, with manie others more :
And not a Ship of ours lost, the Lord be thankd therefore.

Our pleasant countrie, so fruitfull and so faire :
They doe intend by deadly warre to make both poore and
bare.

Our townes and cities to rack and sacke likewise :
To kill and murder man and wife, as malice doth arise ;
And to deflower our virgins in our sight :
And in the cradle cruelly the tender babe to smite.
Gods holy truth they meane for to cast downe :
And to depriue our noble Queene both of her life and
crowne.

Our wealth and riches, which we enioyed long,
They doe appoint their pray and spoile, by crueltie and
wrong.

To set our houses a fier on our heades :
And cursedly to cut our throates, as we lye in our beds.
Our childrens braines to dash against the ground :
And from the earth our memorie for euer to confound.
To change our ioy to grief and mourning sad :
And neuer more to see the dayes of pleasure we haue had.

But God almightie be blessed euermore,
Who doth encourage Englishmen to beate them from our
shoare.

With roaring Cannons, their hastie steps to stay :
And with the force of thundering shot to make them flye
away.

Who made account, before this time or day :
Against the walles of faire London their banners to display.
But their intent the Lord will bring to nought :
If faithfully we call and cry for succour as we ought.

And you deare bretheren, which beareth Arms this day :
For safegarde of your natue soile, marke well what I
shall say.

Regarde your dueties, thinke on your countries good :
And feare not in defense thereof to spend your dearest
bloud.

Our gracious Queene doth greete you euery one :
And saith, she will among you be, in euery bitter storme.
Desiring you, true English hearts to beare :
To God, and her, and to the land wherein you nursed were.

Lord God almightie, which hath the harts in hand :
Of euerie person to dispose defend this English land.
Bless thou our Soueraigne with long and happie life :
Indue her Councel with thy grace, and end this mortall
strife.

T[HOMAS] D[ELONEY].

242. *Sir Francis Drake's First Sight of the
Pacific. February 11th 1593*

ALL the way was thorow woods very coole and pleasant,
by reason of those goodly and high Trees, that growe
there so thicke, that it is cooler trauelling there vnder them
in that hot region, then it is in the most parts of England
in the Summer time. This gaue a speciall encouragement
vnto vs all, that we vnderstood there was a great Tree
about the midway, from which, we might at once discern
the North sea from whence we came, and the South sea
whether we were going.

The fourth day following we came to the height of the
desired Hill, (a very high Hill, lying East and West, like a
ridge betweene the two Seas) about tenne of the clocke: where
the chiefest of these Symerons tooke our Captaine by the hand,
and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see
at once the two Seas : which he had so long longed for.

Here was that goodly and great high Tree, in which they
had cut and made diuers steps, to ascend vp neere vnto the top,

where they had also made a conuenient Bower, wherein tenne or twelue men might easily sit : and from thence we might without any difficulty plainly see, th' Atlantick Ocean whence now we came, and the south Atlanticke so much desired. . . .

After our Captaine had ascended to this Bower, with the chiefe Symeron, and hauing as it pleased God, at that time, by reason of the brize, a very faire day, had seene that sea, of which he had heard such golden reports : hee besought Almightye God of his goodnesse, to giue him life and leaue to sayle once in an English Ship in that sea : and then calling vp all the rest of our men, acquainted Iohn Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happinesse : who vnderstanding it, presently protested, that vnlesse our Captaine did beate him from his company, he would follow him by Gods grace.

Thus all throughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended, and after our repast, continued our ordinary march, through woods, yet two dayes more as before. . . .

PHILIP NICHOLS. *Preacher. Sir Francis Drake Reuiued* (reuiued by Sir F. Drake himselfe before his death), 1626.

243. *Epitaph on Drake*

SIR Drake whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did'st compasse round,
And whom both Poles of heaven once saw
Which North and South do bound,
The stars above, would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow traveller.

Wit's Recreations (1640).

244. *Epitaph on Drake*

ENGLAND his hart; his Corps the Waters haue :
And that which raysd his fame, became his grave.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

245. *Epitaph on Hawkins*

THE Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was
made his Toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not sufficient roome.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

246. *From 'Britannia's Pastorals'*

TIME neuer can produce men to o're-take
The fames of *Greenuil*, *Dauies*, *Gilbert*, *Drake*,
Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thousands more
That by their powre made the *Deuonian* shore
Mocke the proud *Tagus*; for whose richest spoyle
The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* soyle
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this though all the rest were lost.

As oft the *Sea-Nymphes* on her strand haue set
Learning of *Fisher-men* to knit a net,
Wherein to wynd vp their disheuel'd hayres,
They haue beheld the frolicke *Marriners*
For exercise (got earely from their beds)
Pitch bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.

So by *Heroes* were we led of yore,
 And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,
 Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere;
 Whilst their Inhabitants like Heardes of *Deere*,
 By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.
 If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
 Of men immayl'd; *Fate* drew them on to be
 A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

247. *Ode on Drake's Chair*

I

CHEAR up my mates, the wind does fairly blow,
 Clap on more sail and never spare;
 Farewell all lands, for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
 And we shall cut the burning line:
 Hey boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know,
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly rome,
 And gain such experience, and spy too
 Such countries, and wonders as I do?
 But prythee good pilot take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at Peru;
 With gold, there the vessel we'll store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 No never be poor any more.

II

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?
As well upon a staff may witches ride
 Their fancy'd journies in the ayr,
As I sail round the ocean in this chair :
 'Tis true ; but yet this chair which here you see,
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,
Has wandred, and has travailed more,
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before.
In every ayr, and every sea 't has been,
'T has compas'd all the earth, and all the heavens 't has
 seen.
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,
This is the only Universal Chair.

III

The pious wandrers fleet, sav'd from the flame,
(Which still the reliques did of Troy persue,
 And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal nymphs became :
Still with their arms they row about the seas,
And still make new and greater voyages ;
Nor has the first poetick ship of Greece,
(Though now a star she so triumphant show,
And guide her sailing successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece ;)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of heaven still carries her around.
Only Drakes sacred vessel which before
 Had done, and had seen more,
 Than those have done or seen,
Ev'n since they goddesses, and this a star has been ;

As a reward for all her labour past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see ;
 Let the world now come to see thee.

IV

The world will do 't ; for curiosity
 Does no less than devotion, pilgrims make ;
 And I my self who now love quiet too,
 As much almost as any chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take,
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake :
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of Drake ?
 Great relique ! thou too, in this port of ease,
 Hast still one way of making voyages ;
 The breath of fame, like an auspicious gale,
 (The great Trade-Wind which ne're does fail,)
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run,
 As long around it as the sun.
 The straits of time too narrow are for thee,
 Lanch forth into an undiscovered sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie,
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot mee.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

248.

Drake's Drum

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
 away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
 long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
 him long ago!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

249. *The Spanish Armada*

FROM merciless invaders,
 From wicked men's device,
 O God! arise and helpe us,
 To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
 Their strength and corage breake,
 O God! arise and arm us,
 For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
 With heathene legions come,
 O God! arise and arm us,
 We'll dye for owre home!

We will not change owre Credo
 For Pope, nor boke, nor bell;
 And yf the Devil come himself,
 We'll hounde him back to hell.

BISHOP JOHN STILL.

250.

From 'The Armada'

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
 praise;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
 Bay;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
 isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters
lay.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids :

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your
blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft
her wide ;

Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold ;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold ;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

THOMAS BARINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

251. *The Last Fight of H.M.S. 'Revenge'*

THE 13 of September the said (Spanish) Armada arrived at the Iland of Corvo, where the Englishmen with about 16 ships as then lay, staying for the Spanish fleet, whereof some or the most part were come, and there the English were in good hope to have taken them. But when they perceived the kings army to be strong, the Admiral being the lord Thomas Howard, commanded his Fleet not to fall upon them, nor any of them once to separate their ships from him, unlesse he gave commission so to do: notwithstanding the viceadmirall Sir Richard Greenvil, being in the ship called the Revenge, went into the Spanish fleet and shot among them doing them great hurt, & thinking the rest of the company would have folowed, which they did not, but left him there & sailed away, the cause why could not be knownen. Which the Spaniards perceiving, with 7 or 8 ships they boorded her, but she withstood them all, fighting with them at the least 12 houres together and sunke two of them, one being a new double Flieboat of 600 tunnes, and Admiral of the Flieboats, the other a Biscain: but in the end by reason of the number that came upon her, she was taken, but to their great lose; for they had lost in fighting and by drowning, above 400 men, and of the English were slaine about 100, Sir Richard Greenvil himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwards he died.

He was caried into the ship called S. Paul, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet Don Alonso De Baçan: here his wounds were drest by the Spanish surgeons, but Don Alonso himselfe would neither see him nor speake with him: all the rest of the captaines and gentlemen went to visit him,

and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondering at his courage and stout heart, for yt he showed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour; but feeling the houre of death to approch, he spake these words in Spanish, and said : Here die I Richard Greenvil with a joyful & quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true souldier ought to do, that has fought for his countrey, Queene, religion and honour, whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this body, & shal alwayes leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true souldier that hath done his dutie as he was bound to doe.

When he had finished these or such other like words, he gave up the ghost, with great & stout courage, & no man could perceive any true signe of heavines in him.

JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.

Trans. by W. PHILLIP.

252. *The Last Fight of the 'Revenge'*

HIS masts were broken, and his tackle torne,
 His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
 Naught of his ship about the source was borne,
 But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
 Onely the ships foundation (yet that worne)
 Remained a trophie in that mighty fray;
 Nothing at all about the head remained,
 Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for shot, was spent and wasted cleane,
 Scarce seene a corne to charge a peece withall,
 All her pykes broken, halfe of his best men slaine,
 The rest sore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,

On th' other side, her foe in ranks remaine,
 Displaying multitudes, and store of all
 What euer might auaille for victorie,
 Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When Grinuile saw his desperate drierie case,
 Meerely dispoyled of all succes-full thought,
 Hee calls before him all within the place,
 The Maister, Maister-gunner, and them taught
 Rules of true hardiment to purchase grace;
 · Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,
 How sweet it is, swift Fame to ouer-goe,
 How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

‘ Gallants (he saith) since three aclock last noone,
 Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by course,
 We have maintaind stout warre, and still vndoone
 Our foes assaults, and driue them to the worse,
 Fifteene Armados boardings haue not wonne
 Content or ease, but beene repeld by force,
 Eight hundred Cannon shot against our side,
 Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

· · · · ·
 ‘ And thus resolu'd since other meane is reft,
 Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,
 We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
 Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
 Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,
 Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine;
 Sinke her, and sinking with the Greeke wee'le cry,
 Best not to be, or beeing soone to dye.’

Scarse had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
But the stout Maister-gunner, euer ritch
In heauenlie valure and repulsing wrong,
Proud that his hands by action might inritch
His name and nation with a worthie song,
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
And instantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils desier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,
Disented from the honour of their minds,
And humbly praid the Knight to rue their stat's,
Whom miserie to no such mischeife binds ;
To him th' aleadge great reasons, and dilat's
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
Then they to offer words for warres excuse.

They show him diuers gallant men of might,
Whose wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
For their saks sue they to diuorce this night
Of desperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
Their lengthned liues, their countries cares might right,
And to their Prince they might good hopes assure.
Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not spill,
The liues whom gods and Fat's seeke not to kill.

And where thou sayst the Spanyards shall not braue,
T' haue tane one ship due to our virgin Queene,
O know, that they, nor all the world can saue,
This wounded Barke, whose like no age hath seene,

Sixe foote shee leaks in hold, three shot beneath the waue,
 All whose repaire so insufficient beene,
 That when the Sea shall angrie worke begin,
 Shee cannot chuse but sinke and dye therein.

.

O when Sir Richard saw them start aside,
 More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
 And those whom hee so oft in dangers tryde,
 Now trembling seeke their hatefull liues to saue.
 Sorrow and rage, shame, and his honors pride,
 Choking his soule, madly compeld him raue,
 Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
 His heaue hart, and left him in a swound.

The Maister-gunner, likewise seeing Fate
 Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
 With his sharpe sword sought to set ope the gate,
 By which his soule might from his body flie,
 Had not his freends perforce preseru'd his state,
 And lockt him in his Cabbin, safe to lie,
 Whilst others swarm'd where haplesse Grinuile lay,
 By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too restlesse turmoile of vnrest
 The poore Reuenges Maister stole awaye,
 And to the Spanish Admirall adrest
 The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day.
 (The Spanish Admirall who then oprest,
 Houering with doubt, not daring t' end the fray,)
 And pleads for truce, with souldiour-like submission,
 Anexing to his words a straight condition.

Alfonso, willing to giue end to armes,
 For well he knew Grinuile would neuer yeild,
 Albe his power stooode like vnnumbred swarmes,
 Yet daring not on stricter tearmes to build,
 Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
 Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
 Free from the Gallie, prisonment, or paine,
 And safe returne vnto their soyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own sake,
 Whom desperate hazard might indamage sore,
 As for desier the famous Knight to take,
 Whom in his hart he seemed to deplore,
 And for his valure halfe a God did make,
 Extolling him all other men before,
 Admiring with an honourable hart,
 His valure, wisdom, and his Souldiours Art.

.
 Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
 But they beheld where speechlesse Grinuile lay,
 All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
 Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
 They wept for pittie, and yet silent marke
 Whether his lungs sent liuing breath away,
 Which when they sawe in ayrie blasts to flie,
 They striu'd who first should stanch his misery.

.
 They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
 His mangled carkasse, but vnmaimed minde,
 Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought,
 Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde;

The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all soules bought,
 And his pure part, from worser parts refind,
 Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,
 Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

GERVASE MARKHAM.

*The most Honorable Tragedie of
 Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.*

253. *The English Admirals*

. . . . Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet ; and if the Indian Empire, the trade of London, and all the outward and visible ensigns of our greatness should pass away, we should still leave behind us a durable monument of what we were in these sayings and doings of the English Admirals.

Duncan, lying off the Texel with his own flagship, the *Venerable*, and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. 'I have taken the depth of the water,' added he, 'and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly.' . . . In the same spirit, Nelson went into Aboukir with six colours flying ; so that even if five were shot away, it should not be imagined he had struck. He too must needs wear his four stars outside his Admiral's frock, to be a butt for sharp-shooters. 'In honour I gained them', he said to objectors, adding with sublime illogicality, 'in honour I will die with them.' . . . When Raleigh sailed into Cadiz, and all the forts and ships opened fire on him at once, he scorned to shoot a gun, and made answer with a flourish of insulting trumpets. . . . When the news came to Essex before Cadiz that the attack had been

decided, he threw his hat into the sea. . . . Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg; he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight. . . . Trowbridge went ashore with the *Culloden*, and was able to take no part in the battle of the Nile. 'The merits of that ship and her gallant captain,' wrote Nelson to the Admiralty, 'are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, *while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness.*' This is a notable expression, and depicts the whole great-hearted, big-spoken stock of the English Admirals to a hair. It was to be 'in the full tide of happiness' for Nelson to destroy five thousand five hundred and twenty-five of his fellow-creatures, and have his own scalp torn open by a piece of langridge shot. Hear him again at Copenhagen: A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this may be the last to any of us at any moment'; and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, '*But, mark you,—I would not be elsewhere for thousands.*'

. . . Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral to Lord Thomas Howard, and lay off the Azores with the English squadron in 1591. He was a noted tyrant to his crew: a dark, bullying fellow apparently; and it is related of him that he would chew and swallow wine-glasses, by way of convivial levity, till the blood ran out of his mouth. When the Spanish fleet of fifty sail came within sight of the English, his ship, the *Revenge*, was the last to weigh anchor, and was so far circumvented by the Spaniards, that there were but two courses open—either to turn her back upon the enemy or sail through one of his squadrons. The first alternative Greenville dismissed as dishonourable

to himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship. Accordingly, he chose the latter, and steered into the Spanish armament. Several vessels he forced to luff and fall under his lee; until, about three o'clock of the afternoon, a great ship of three decks of ordnance took the wind out of his sails, and immediately boarded. Thenceforward, and all night long, the *Revenge* held her own single-handed against the Spaniards. As one ship was beaten off, another took its place. She endured, according to Raleigh's computation, 'eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries.' By morning the powder was spent, the pikes all broken, not a stick was standing, 'nothing left overhead either for flight or defence'; six feet of water in the hold; almost all the men hurt; and Greenville himself in a dying condition. . . . The captain and crew thought they had done about enough; but Greenville was not of this opinion; he gave orders to the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a fellow after his own stamp, to scuttle the *Revenge* where she lay. The others, who were not mortally wounded like the Admiral, interfered with some decision, locked the master-gunner in his cabin, after having deprived him of his sword, for he manifested a decision to kill himself if he were not to sink the ship; and sent to the Spaniards to demand terms. These were granted. The second or third day after, Greenville died of his wounds aboard the Spanish flagship, leaving his contempt upon the 'traitors and dogs' who had not chosen to do as he did, and engage fifty vessels, well found and fully manned, with six inferior craft ravaged by sickness and short of stores. He at least, he said, had done his duty as he was bound to do, and looked for everlasting fame.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

254.

Henry Martin

IN Scotland there lived three brothers of late,
In Scotland there lived brothers three;
Now, the youngest cast lots with the other two,
Which should go rob on the salt sea.

The lot it did fall to bold Henry Martin—
The youngest of all the three;
And he had to turn robber all on the salt seas,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

He had not been sailing past a long winter's night,
Past a long winter's night before day,
Before he espied a lofty, fine ship,
Come sailing all on the salt sea.

'O! where are you bound for?' cried Henry Martin,
'O! where are you bound for?' cried he.
'I'm a rich loaded ship bound for fair England,
I pray you to let me pass free.'

'O, no! O, no!' cried Henry Martin,
'O, no! that never can be;
Since I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me.

Heave down your main tack, likewise your main tie,
And lig yourself under my lee;
For your rich glowing gold I will take it away,
And your fair bodies drown in the sea.'

Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,
 For fully two hours or three,
 When, by chance, Henry Martin gave her a broad-side,
 And right down to the bottom went she.

Bad news ! bad news ! unto old England,
 Bad news I tell unto thee ;
 For your rich glowing gold is all melted away,
 And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea.

255. *The Sweet Trinity ; or Sir Walter
 Raleigh*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has built a Ship,
 In the Neatherlands,
 Sir *Walter Raleigh* has built a Ship
 in the Neatherlands,
 And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,
 And was taken by the false Gallaly,
 sailing in the Low-lands.

Is there never a Seaman bold
 in the Neatherlands ?
 Is there never a Seaman bold
 in the Neatherlands ?
 That will go take this false Gallaly,
 And to redeem the *Sweet Trinity*,
 sailing in the Low-lands ?

Then spoke the little Ship-boy
 in the Neatherlands,
 Then spoke the little Ship-boy
 in the Neatherlands,

Master, master, what will you give me?
And I will take this false Gallaly,
And release the *Sweet Trinity*,
sailing in the Low-lands.

I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands,
I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands,
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
Until he came to the false Gallaly,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,
in the Neatherlands,
He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,
in the Neatherlands;
The which will bore
Fifteen good holes at once,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,
in the Neatherlands,
Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,
in the Neatherlands;
Until the salt water flash'd in their eyes,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some cut their hats and some cut their caps,
in the Neatherlands,
Some cut their hats and some cut their caps,
in the Neatherlands ;
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast and away did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast and away did swim,
in the Neatherlands ;
Until he came to his own Ship again,
sailing in the Low-lands.

I have done the work I have promis'd to do
in the Neatherlands,
I have done the work I have promis'd to do
in the Neatherlands ;
For I have sunk the false Gallaly,
And released the *Sweet Trinity*,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands ;
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
in the Neatherlands ;
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands,
Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands;
Seeing you are not so good as your word,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands,
And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands:
Wishing all happiness to all Seamen, both old and young,
in their sailing in the Low-lands.

256. *The Golden Vanity*

I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*;
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,
As she sails on the Low Lands Low.

Then up starts our little cabin boy,
Saying, 'Master, what will you give me if I do them
destroy?'
'I will give you gold, I will give you store;
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
If you sink them in the Low Lands Low.'

The boy bent his breast, and away he jump't in;
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice ;
 While some were playing cards, and some were playing
 dice,
 He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
 And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

The boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back again,
 Saying, 'Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,
 For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low.'

'I'll not take you up,' the master he cried,—
 'I'll not take you up,' the master replied ;
 'I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the
 tide,
 I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.'

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side ;
 They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died :
 Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,
 And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
 And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

257.

The Mermaid

ON Friday morning as we set sail,
 It was not far from land,
 O, there I spy'd a fair pretty maid,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 The stormy winds did blow,
 And the raging seas did roar,
 While we poor Sailors went to the top,
 And the land lubbers laid below.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
And a well speaking boy was he,
'I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town,
And this night they weep for me.'
The stormy, &c.

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,
And a well speaking man was he,
'I've married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be.'
The stormy, &c.

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a valiant man was he,
'For want of a boat we shall be drown'd,
For she sunk to the bottom of the sea.'
The stormy, &c.

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light,
And my mother was looking for me,
She might look and weep with watery eyes,
She might look to the bottom of the sea.
The stormy, &c.

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.
The stormy, &c.

258. *Les Merveilles de la Mer*

QUI congnoistra les merveilles de mer,
 L'horrible son, plein de peril amer,
 Des flotz esmeus et troublez sans mesure ?
 Qui la verra par gros ventz escumer,
 Pousser, fumer, sublimer, s'abysmer,
 Et puis souldain tranquille sans fracture ?
 Qui congnoistra son ordre et sa nature ?
 Mais qui dira : j'ay veu telle adventure,
 Sinon celluy qui navigue dessus ?
 Celluy là peult bien dire par droicture :
 O merveilleux qui habite là sus.

O navigantz, O povres matelotz,
 Qui congnoissez la nature et les flotz
 De la grand mer où pretendez profitz,
 Levez les yeulx, ayant les cueurs devotz,
 Devers le ciel, et je seray des vos
 A donner gloire a celuy qui la fit.

Considerez la grandeur et l'estente
 De ceste mer tant large et tant patente
 Dont la moytié pourroit noyer la terre ;
 Et non obstant sa force violente,
 La main de Dieu forte et omnipotente
 La tient ensemble en arrest et en serre ;
 Par sa puissance en lieu bourné la serre,
 Par sa prudence il luy donne son erre,
 Son mouvement et son cours ordinaire ;
 Et quant el' bruit, comme horrible tonnerre,

Dont povrement maint esquipage enerre,
Par sa clémence il l'appaise et faict taire.

Considerez les merveilleux troppeaulx,
Qu'on voit cingler au travers de ces eaux,
De gros poissons et d'horribles belues,
Diversement et à si grandz monceaux
Qu'engin humain jugeroit cela faulx
Si de premier telz bestes estoient veues ;
Ilz sont sans nombre et toutes sont repues ;
Le seul Parfaict qui surmonte les nues
Sustente tout et leur donne pasture
Qu'ilz vont chercher parmy vagues esmues
En sortissant de leur profondes mues
Jouxte l'instinct de leur propre nature.

JEAN PARMENTIER.

259.

To the Virginian Voyage

YOU braue Heroyque mynds,
Worthy your Countries Name,
That honor still pursue,
Goe and subdue ;
Whilst loytering hyndes
Lurck heere at home with shame.

Britans, you stay too long ;
Quickly aboard bestowe you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd Sayle,
With Vowes as stronge,
As the Winds that blow you.

Your Course securely steare ;
West and by South foorth keep :
Rocks, Lee-shores, nor Sholes,
When Eolus scoulds
You need not feare,
Soe absolute the Deepe.

And cheerefully at Sea
Successe you still entise
To get the pearle and Gold ;
And ours to hould
Virginia,
Earths onely Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowle, Venison and Fishe ;
And the Fruitefull'st Soyle,
Without your Toyle,
Three Haruests more,
All greater then your Wish.

And the ambitious Vine
Crownes with his purple Masse
The Cedar, reaching hie
To kisse the Skye ;
The Cypresse, Pine,
And usefull Sassafras.

To whome the golden Age
Still Natures lawes doth giue ;
No other Cares attend
But Them to defend
From Winters rage,
That long there doth not liue.

When as the Lushious smell
Of that delicious Land,
 Aboue the Seas that flowes,
 The cleere Wind throwes,
 Your Harts to swell,
Approching the deare Strand.

In kenning of the Shore
(Thanks to God first giuen)
 O! you the happy'st men,
 Be Frolike then ;
 Let Cannons roare,
Frighting the wide Heauen.

And in Regions farre
Such Heroes bring yee foorth,
 As those from whome We came ;
 And plant Our name
 Vnder the Starre
Not knowne vnto our North.

And where in Plenty growes
Of lawrell euery where,
 Apollos Sacred tree ;
 Your may dayes see
 A Poet's Browes
To crowne, that may sing there.

Thy Voyages attend
Industrious Hackluit ;
 Whose Reading shall inflame
 Men to seeke Fame,
 And much commend
To after Times thy Wit.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

260. *Like an adventurous sea-farer am I*

LIKE an aduenturous Sea-farer am I,
 Who hath some long and dang'rous Voyage beene,
 And calld to tell of his Discouery,
 How farre he sayld, what Countries he had seene :
 Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,
 Shewes by his Compasse how his Course he steer'd
 When East, when West, when South and when by North,
 As how the Pole to eu'ry place was rear'd ;
 What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,
 The Gulphes and Straits that strangely he had past,
 Where most becalm'd, where with foule Weather spent,
 And on what Rockes in perill to be cast.

Thus in my Loue Time calls me to relate
 My tedious Travells and oft-varying Fate.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

261. *On the Victory obtained by Blake*

*Over the Spaniards, in the Bay of Santa Cruz in the Island
 of Teneriffe, 1657.*

NOW does Spains fleet her spacious wings unfold,
 Leaves the new world and hastens for the old :
 But though the wind was fair, they slowly swomme,
 Frayted with acted guilt, and guilt to come :
 For this rich load, of which so proud they are,
 Was rais'd by tyranny, and rais'd for war ;
 Every capatious gallions womb was fill'd,
 With what the womb of wealthy kingdomes yield,
 The new worlds wounded entrails they had tore,
 For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more.
 Wealth which all others avarice might cloy,

But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as joy.
For now upon the main, themselves they saw,
That boundless empire, where you give the law ;
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,
But much more fearful are your flags to see.
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep,
They dreaded to behold, least the sun's light,
With English streamers, should salute their sight :
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear ;
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles ;
For they behold the sweet Canary isles ;
One of which doubtless is by nature blest
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For least some gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply ;
O noble trust which heaven on this isle poures,
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres.
A happy people, which at once do gain
The benefits without the ills of rain.
Both health and profit, fate cannot deny ;
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry ;
The jarring elements no discord know,
Fewel and rain together kindly grow ;
And coolness there, with heat doth never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by night.
Your worth to all these isles, a just right brings,
The best of lands should have the best of kings.
And these want nothing heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their lord ;
But this great want, will not a long one prove,
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove.

For Spain had better, shee'l ere long confess,
Have broken all her swords, then this one peace,
Casting that league off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain ;
By that alone those islands she secures,
Peace made them hers, but war will make them yours ;
There the indulgent soil that rich grape breeds,
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds ;
They still do yield, such is their pretious mould,
All that is good, and are not curst with gold.
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow,
Neither the soyl, nor people quiet know.
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis oar,
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war,
Kind nature had from thence remov'd so far.
In vain does she those islands free from ill,
If fortune can make guilty what she will.
But whilst I draw that scene, where you ere long,
Shall conquests act, your present are unsung.

For Sanctacruze the glad fleet takes her way,
And safely there casts anchor in the bay.
Never so many with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must dye.
Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,
You scap't the sea, to perish in your port.
'Twas more for Englands fame you should dye there,
Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.
The Peek's proud height, the Spaniards all admire,
Yet in their brests, carry a pride much higher.

Onely to this vast hill a power is given,
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven.
But this stupendious prospect did not neer,
Make them admire, so much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce,
A grief, above the cure of grapes best juice.
They learn'd with terroure, that nor summers heat,
Nor winters storms, had made your fleet retreat.
To fight against such foes, was vain they knew,
Which did the rage of elements subdue.
Who on the ocean that does horror give,
To all besides, triumphantly do live.

With hast they therefore all their gallions moar,
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore.
Forts, lines, and sconces all the bay along,
They build and act all that can make them strong.

Fond men who know not whilst such works they raise,
They only labour to exalt your praise.
Yet they by restless toyl, became at length,
So proud and confident of their made strength,
That they with joy their boasting general heard,
Wish then for that assault he lately fear'd.
His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,
With winged speed, for Sanctacruze does make.
For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride,
Ore seas as vast as is the Spaniards pride.
Whose fleet and trenches view'd, you soon did say,
We to their strength are more oblig'd then they.
Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,
And a third world seek out our armes to shun.

Those forts, which there, so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.
Of speedy victory let no man doubt,
Our worst works past, now we have found them out.
Behold their navy does at anchor lye,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,
And all assumes your courage, in your cause.
That bay they enter, which unto them owes,
The noblest wreaths, that victory bestows.
Bold Stainer leads, this fleets design'd by fate,
To give him lawrel, as the last did plate.

The thund'ring cannon now begins the fight,
And though it be at noon, creates a night.
The air was soon after the fight begun,
Far more inflam'd by it, then by the sun.
Never so burning was that climate known,
War turn'd the temperate, to the torrid zone.

Fate these two fleets between both worlds had brought.
Who fight, as if for both those worlds they sought.
Thousands of wayes, thousands of men there dye,
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
Nature never made cedars so high aspire,
As oakes did then, urg'd by the active fire.
Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,
That it return'd to its own element.
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,
Whilst others lower, in the sea do lye.
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far,
By death, as bodies there were by the war.
Th' all-seeing sun, ne er gaz'd on such a sight,
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight.

And neither have, or power, or will to fly,
There one must conquer, or there both must dye.
Far different motives yet, engag'd them thus,
Necessity did them, but choice did us.

A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success.
For your resistless genius there did reign,
By which we laurels reapt ev'n on the mayn.
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sence,
Bless those they shine for, by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
And o're two elements triumphs at once.
Their gallions sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah would those treasures which both Indies have,
Were buried in as large, and deep a grave,
Wars chief support with them would buried be,
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.
Ages to come, your conquering arms will bless,
There they destroy, what had destroy'd their peace.
And in one war the present age may boast,
The certain seeds of many wars are lost.

All the foes ships destroy'd, by sea or fire,
Victorious Blake, does from the bay retire,
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news ;
The saddest news that ere to Spain was brought,
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with lawrel fraught.
Whilst fame in every place, her trumpet blowes,
And tells the world, how much to you it owes.

ANDREW MARVELL.

262. *Saylors for my Money*

A new Ditty composed in the praise of Saylors and Sea Affaires, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling, and effects of their industry.

To the Tune of *The Iovial Cobbler*.

COUNTRIE men of England, who live at home with ease,

And little thinke what dangers are incident o' th' seas,
Give eare unto the saylor who unto you will shew

His case, his case : *how ere the winde doth blow.*

He that is a saylor must have a valiant heart,
For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to start ;
But must with noble courage all dangers undergoe :

Resolve, resolve : *how e're the wind doth blow.*

Our calling is laborious, and subject to much care ;
But we must still contented be with what falls to our share.
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, raine or snow,

Nor shrink : nor shrink : *how e'er the winde doth blowe.*

Sometimes on Neptune's bosome our ship is tost with waves,

And every minute we expect the sea must be our graves.
Sometimes on high she mounteth, then falls againe as low :

With waves : with waves : *when stormie winds do blow.*

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty bindes,
Wee turne unto the Lord of hosts, with all our hearts and minds ;

To Him we flie for succour, for He, we surely know,
Can save : can save : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

'Then He who brake the rage of the rough and blustrous
 seas,
When His disciples were afraid, will straight the stormes
 apease ;
And give us cause to thanke, on bended knees full low :
 Who saves : who saves : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Our enemies approaching, when wee on sea espie,
Wee must resolve incontinent to fight, although we die ;
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe
 In fight, in fight : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

And when, by God's assistance, our foes are put to th' foile,
'To animate our courages wee all have share o' th' spoile.
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw,
 To sinke, or swimme : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Thus wee gallant sea-men, in midst of greatest dangers,
Doe alwaies prove our valour, wee never are no changers ;
But what soe ere betide us, wee stoutly undergoe,
 Resolv'd, resolv'd : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

If fortune doe befriend us, in what we take in hand,
Wee prove our selves still generous whereere we come to land ;
Ther's few that shall out brave us, though neere so great
 in show
We spend, and lend : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

We travell to the Indies, from them we bring som spice ;
There we buy rich merchandise at very little price ;
And many wealthy prizes we conquer from the foe
 In fight, in fight : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Into our native country with wealth we doe returne,
And cheere our wives and children, who for our absence
mourne

Then doe we bravely flourish, and where soe ere we goe
We roare : we roare : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

For when we have received our wages for our paynes
The vintners and the tapsters by us have golden gaines.
We call for liquor roundly, and pay before we goe :
And sing : and drink : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

We bravely are respected when we walke up and downe,
For if wee meet good company wee care not for a crowne ;
Ther's none more free than saylors, where ere he come
or goe,
They'll roare o' th' shore : *how ere the winde doth blow.*

Then who would live in England and norish vice with
ease,
When hee that is in povertie may riches get o' th' seas ?
Let's saile unto the Indies, where golden grass doth grow :
To sea, to sea : *how ere the wind doth blow.*

MARTIN PARKER.

263.

On His Majesties Fleet

CEASE now the talke of wonders, nothing rare
Of floateing ilandes, castles in the aire,
Of wooden walls, graves walkeing, flieing steedes,
Or Trojan horse. The present truth exceeds
Those ancient fables ; floating iles great store,
Sent from the British Ile, now guard her shore,

And castles strong without foundation stande
More safe on waters pavement then on lande.
Now wooden walles defend our walles of rocke ;
These walles are cittyes too ; tooke from the block
Arise those christned frames, which are the health
And moddle of a vaster Commonwealth ;
Beyond the Kentish stratagem now ghosts
Of trees not greene doe walk about our coasts,
Which humane art hath made move quick, by death
Inur'd to motion, taught to feed on breath.
Now winged steeds with bridles plac'd behinde,
Leaving no print, accompany the winde,
Their bowells greate with sonns of Mars doth groane
To be delivered into action.

Ride on, Arts liveing creatures, flie and swell
Your wings like angry swans, while wee that dwell
On shore, with prayer and fame encrease the gale
Which Heaven shall breath into each pregnant saile.
Powre out the language of a chastning Jove
That speakes in thunder here, like him above.
Cannot your *Lion* roare and act her king ?
Is shee with all her *Whelpes* not swift to bringe
• Her pray into her den ? Is not your *Rose*
Worth lilies three, or any flower that growes ?
Your *Honour* (which is admirall) maintaine ;
She leades you forth, come home to her againe.
For sea and fish, if tempests rise, bee free.
Give them to what they love, that troublers bee.

265. 'To all you Ladies now at Land'

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roul up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story ;
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe
 And quit their fort at Goree :
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst
 Be you to us but kind ;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find :
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main ;
 Or else at serious ombre play ;
 But why should we in vain
 Each others ruin thus pursue ?
 We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away ;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play :
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry note ;
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote :
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our distress ;
 When we, for hopes of honour, lose
 Our certain happiness ;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hope this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears :
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

EARL OF DORSET.

266.

Thurot

(*Naval Battle fought off Ramsey, 1760*)

THUROT he came round Point of Ayre—
 He came with vessels three ;
 He'd harried the shores of Erin fair—
 A piteous sight to see :—

Tow'r and town he'd stripp'd them bare—
A merciless man was he!
And now he'd sail to his south-land lair,
In safety there to be.

'See Captain, three tall English craft
Reach out from Ramsey Bay.'
He gripp'd his sword and grimly laugh'd,
'We've fallen on an evil day!
But the wine is pour'd, and must e'en be quaff'd,
We'll fight it as we may;
Welcome the cup that holds the draught
To rovers bold and gay!'

'Carrickfergus is smoking yet,
In Larne the maids still weep;
Except to fight your hearts be set,
In English jail ye'll sleep,
But light I reck'n their fume and fret,
They buy me not so cheap,
And ere those dogs my ship may get
She'll be ten fathoms deep!'

The French they rag'd like flaming fire,
Like beasts that seek to flee,
The English fought with deadly ire,
And dumb as dumb could be,
With wrath and scorn that would not tire
Or doubt of victory!
How should the spawn of prison mire
Resist the kings of the sea?

Thro' ragged holes the sea came fast,
 'Captain she sinks!' they cried.
'Amen! fight on while she may last,'
 The bold Thurot replied.
The English grape-shot rattled past,
 His arm fell by his side;
And crashing fell his tall fore-mast,
 And his men despairing died.

'I yield me not!' Thurot he said,
 'Nor ye, while I command!
Curs! be ye out of steel and lead?
 E'en die there as ye stand!'
His crew were mad with craven dread,
 And fear their anger fann'd;
And a traitor shot brave Thurot sped
 From his own men's felon hand.

And never since the world began
 Was braver tar than he;
For he that doth the best he can
 How may he better be?
So fill your cup and fill your can,
 And pledge him lustily,
And stand, as ye drink to a valiant man,
 Tho' he was your enemy!

267.

Hearts of Oak

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year ;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They ne'er meet us but they wish us away ;
 If they run, then we follow, and drive them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

Monsieur Thurot in the absence of Boyce,
 Went over to Ireland to brag the dear boys ;
 Near Man, Elliot met him, and gave him a blow,
 Which sent him to tell it to Pluto below.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

They talk to invade us, these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;
 But, if their flat bottoms in darkness come o'er,
 Sure Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

We'll make them to run, and we'll make them to sweat,
 In spite of the Devil and Russel's Gazette ;
 Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

268. .

The Arethusa

COME all ye jolly Sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While England's glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa.
She is a Frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite Launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a Tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the French men laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We, with two hundred, did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchman cry'd out hallo!

‘Bear down, d’ye see
 To our Admiral’s lee.’
 ‘No, no,’ says the Frenchman, ‘that can’t be.’
 ‘Then I must lug you along with me,’
 Says the Saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman’s land,
 We forc’d them back upon their strand;
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we’ve driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favorite lass!
 A health to our Captain, and Officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa!

PRINCE HOARE.

269.

Song

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The mainmast by the board;
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love, well-stored,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more,
 Safe moor’d with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And surges roaring from below
 Shall my signal be
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song :
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The mainmast by the board.

And on that night when all the crew,
 The memory of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee ;
 And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The mainmast by the board.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

270.

Copenhagen

OF Nelson and the north,
 Sing the day,
 When, their haughty powers to vex,
 He engaged the Danish decks ;
 And with twenty floating wrecks
 Crowned the fray.

All bright, in April's sun,
 Shone the day,
 When a British fleet came down
 Through the islands of the Crown,
 And by Copenhagen town
 Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might :
From her battleships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor, to the last
Bade them fight.

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out ; but these were nought
To the batteries which they brought
Like Leviathans afloat
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood.
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolf on his prey ;
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar ;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame—
For to him 'twas all the same,
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep ;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

'Twas the *Edgar* first that smote
Denmark's line ;
As her flag the foremost soared,
Murray stamped his foot on board,
And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign.

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung Huzza !
Then from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens—
For each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack ;
But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed ; their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Oh, death—it was a sight
Filled our eyes !
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue
Ere the Cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

Why cease not here the strife,
O ye brave ?
Why bleeds old England's band
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save ?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town :
' Proud foes, let vengeance sleep !
If another chain-shot sweep—
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down.

Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring !
If you'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

The Dane returned, a truce
Glad to bring :
He would yield his conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.

Then Death withdrew his pall
From the day ;
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet, all amidst her wrecks
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke ;
But a nobler note was rung
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
' Hearts of Oak ! '

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows.

Yes—yet amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou.

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing—glory to the souls
Of the brave.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

271. *Ye Mariners of England*

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep though the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow!
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow !
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

272.

Adieu, mona beu Navire

ADIEU, mon beau navire,
 Aux grands mâts pavoisés,
 Je te quitte et puis dire :
 Mes beaux jours sont passés !

Toi, qui plus fort que l'onde,
 En sillonnant les flots,
 A tous les bouts du monde
 Portes nos matelots ;
 Nous n'irons plus ensemble
 Voir l'équateur en feu,
 Mexique où le sol tremble,
 Et l'Espagne au ciel bleu !
 Adieu, mon beau, etc.

Quand éclatait la nue,
 Et la foudre à nos yeux,
 Lorsque la mer émue
 S'élançait jusqu'aux cieux :

Sous nos pieds, sur nos têtes,
Quand grondaient mer et vent,
Entre ces deux tempêtes,
Tu passais triomphant !
Adieu, mon beau, etc.

Plus de courses paisibles,
Où l'espoir rit au cœur !
Plus de combats terribles
Dont tu sortais vainqueur !
Et d'une main hardie
Un autre à mon vaisseau,
Sur la poupe ennemie,
Plantera ton drapeau !
Adieu, mon beau, etc.

FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ ET EDMOND ARNOULD.

273. *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—

The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

274. *The Loss of the Royal George*

TOLL for the brave—
The brave ! that are no more :

All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel

And laid her on her side ;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock ;

His sword was in the sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes,
 And mingle with your cup
 The tears that England owes ;
 Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main ;
 But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his Eight hundred
 Must plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

275.

The Mariner

O GOD ! have mercy in this dreadful hour
 On the poor mariner ! in comfort here
 Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
 The blast that rages with resistless power.
 What were it now to toss upon the waves,
 The madden'd waves, and know no succour near ;
 The howling of the storm alone to hear,
 And the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;
 To gaze amid the horrors of the night
 And only see the billow's gleaming light ;
 Then in the dread of death to think of her
 Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
 Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ? . .
 O God ! have mercy on the mariner !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

276. *From 'Oceano Nox'*

O H ! combien de marins, combien de capitaines
 Qui sont partis joyeux pour des courses lointaines,
 Dans ce morne horizon se sont évanouis !
 Combien ont disparu, dure et triste fortune !
 Dans une mer sans fond, par une nuit sans lune,
 Sous l'aveugle océan à jamais enfouis !

Combien de patrons morts avec leurs équipages !
 L'ouragan de leur vie a pris toutes les pages,
 Et d'un souffle il a tout dispersé sur les flots !
 Nul ne saura leur fin dans l'abîme plongée.
 Chaque vague en passant d'un butin s'est chargée ;
 L'une a saisi l'esquif, l'autre les matelots !

Nul ne sait votre sort, pauvres têtes perdues !
 Vous roulez à travers les sombres étendues,
 Heurtant de vos fronts morts des écueils inconnus.
 Oh ! que de vieux parents, qui n'avaient plus qu'un rêve,
 Sont morts en attendant tous les jours sur la grève
 Ceux qui ne sont pas revenus !

.

On demande : — Où sont-ils ? Sont-ils rois dans quelque
 île ?

Nous ont-ils délaissés pour un bord plus fertile ? —
 Puis votre souvenir même est enseveli.

Le corps se perd dans l'eau, le nom dans la mémoire.
 Le temps, qui sur toute ombre en verse une plus noire,
 Sur le sombre océan jette le sombre oubli.

Bientôt des yeux de tous votre ombre est disparue.
 L'un n'a-t-il pas sa barque et l'autre sa charrue ?

Seules, durant ces nuits où l'orage est vainqueur,
 Vos veuves aux fronts blancs, lasses de vous attendre,
 Parlent encor de vous en remuant la cendre
 De leur foyer et de leur cœur !

Et quand la tombe enfin a fermé leur paupière,
 Rien ne sait plus vos noms, pas même une humble pierre
 Dans l'étroit cimetière où l'écho nous répond,
 Pas même un saule vert qui s'effeuille à l'automne,
 Pas même la chanson naïve et monotone
 Que chante un mendiant à l'angle d'un vieux pont !

Où sont-ils les marins sombrés dans les nuits noires ?
 Ô flots ! que vous savez de lugubres histoires,
 Flots profonds, redoutés des mères à genoux !
 Vous vous les racontez en montant les marées,
 Et c'est ce qui vous fait ces voix désespérées
 Que vous avez le soir quand vous venez vers nous !

VICTOR HUGO.

277.

Hervé Riel

I.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
 two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase ;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville ;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;
And they signalled to the place
' Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
quicker still,
Here's the English can and will !'

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board ;
' Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass ?' laughed they :
' Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,—
Shall the " Formidable " here, with her twelve and eighty
guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside ?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay !'

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate :

‘ Here’s the English at our heels ; would you have them
take in tow

All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ’

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

‘ Not a minute more to wait !

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach !

France must undergo her fate.

V.

Give the word ! ’ But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard ;

For-up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second,
third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And ‘ What mockery or malice have we here ? ’ cries Hervé
Riel :

‘ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools,
or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
 embogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
 fifty Hagues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
 there's a way!
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this "Formidable" clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!' cries
 Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
 'Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried
 its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound, -
 Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past.

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor !'—sure as fate,

Up the English come,—too late !

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

'Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away !

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !'

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

'This is Paradise for Hell !

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing !'

What a shout, and all one word,

'Hervé Riel !'

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips :
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
 Damfreville.'

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 ' Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
 a run ?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore !'
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.
 Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

278. *Home-thoughts, from the Sea*

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west
 died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand
 and gray ;
 ' Here and here did England help me : how can I help
 England ? '—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
 and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

279. *The Last Three from Trafalgar*

IN grappled ships around The Victory,
 Three boys did England's Duty with stout cheer,
 While one dread truth was kept from every ear,
 More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea :
 For in the flag-ship's weltering cockpit, he
 Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,
 He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear,
 Was passing from all life save Victory.

And round the old memorial board to-day,
 Three greybeards—each a war-worn British Tar—
 View through the mist of years that hour afar :
 Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,
 The impassioned soul which on its radiant way
 Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

280. *Admirals All*

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight ;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began :
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, ' They must wait their turn, good souls,'
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
And his colours aloft he flew.
' I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
' And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still.'

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
' Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
Said he, ' for a thousand pound ! '

The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head,
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
 And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still),
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea,
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

281. *Song for all Seas, all Ships*

TO-DAY a rude brief recitative,
 Of ships sailing the Seas, each with its special flag or
 ship-signal;
 Of unnamed heroes in the ships—Of waves spreading and
 spreading, far as the eye can reach;
 Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing;
 And out of these a chant, for the sailors of all nations,
 Fitful, like a surge.

Of Sea-Captains young or old, and the Mates—and of all
intrepid Sailors ;

Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never
surprise, nor death dismay,

Pick'd sparingly, without noise, by thee, old Ocean—
chosen by thee,

Thou Sea, that pickest and cullest the race, in Time, and
unitest Nations !

Suckled by thee, old husky Nurse—embodying thee !

Indomitable, untamed as thee.

(Ever the heroes on water or on land, by ones or twos
appearing,

Ever the stock preserv'd, and never lost, though rare—
enough for seed preserv'd.)

Flaunt not O Sea, your separate flags of nations !

Flaunt out, visible as ever, the various ship-signals !

But do you reserve especially for yourself, and for the soul
of man, one flag above all the rest,

A spiritual woven Signal, for all nations, emblem of man
elate above death,

'Token of all brave captains, and all intrepid sailors and
mates,

And all that went down doing their duty ;

Reminiscent of them—twined from all intrepid captains,
young or old ;

A pennant universal, subtly waving, all time, o'er all brave
sailors,

All seas, all ships.

WALT WHITMAN.

282. *Old Anchor Chanty**First Voice*

WITH a long heavy heave, my very famous
men. . . .
(Chorus. *Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

Second Voice

And why do you, lad, look so pale ? Is it for love, or
lack of ale ?

First Voice

All hands bear a hand that have a hand to len'—
And there never was a better haul than you gave
then. . . .
(Chorus. *Bring home !*)

First Voice

Heave hearty, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

Second Voice

Curl and scud, rack and squall—sea-clouds you shall
know them all. . . .

First Voice

For we're bound for Valparaiso and round the Horn
again
From Monte Desolado to the parish of Big Ben !. . . .
(*Bring home !*)

First Voice

Heave hearty, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

Second Voice

Bold through all or scuppers under, when shall we be
back, I wonder ?

First Voice

From the green and chancy water we shall all come
back again

To the Lizard and the ladies—but who can say for
when?

(Bring home!)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-trip, my very famous men. . . .

(Bring home! heave and rally!)

Second Voice

When your fair lass says farewell to you a fair wind
I will sell to you. . . .

First Voice

You may sell your soul's salvation, but I'll bet you
two-pound-ten

She's a-tripping on the ribs of the devil in his den. . . .

(Bring home!)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-peak, my very famous men. . . .

(Bring home! heave and rally!)

Second Voice

You shall tread, for one cruzado, Fiddler's Green in
El Dorado. . . .

First Voice

Why, I've seen less lucky fellows pay for liquor with
doubloons

And for 'baccy with ozellas, gold mohurs, and
ducatoons!

(Bring home!)

First Voice

Heave and a-weigh, my very famous men. . . .

(Bring home! heave and rally!)

Second Voice

And drop her next in heat or cold, the flukes of
England they shall hold !

First Voice

Ring and shank, stock and fluke, she's coming into
ken—

Give a long and heavy heave, she's a-coming into
ken. . . .

(*Bring home !*)

. *First Voice*

Heave and in sight, my very famous men. . . .

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

Second Voice

With her shells and tangle dripping she's a beauty we
are shipping. . . .

First Voice

And she likes a bed in harbour like a decent citizen,
But her fancy for a hammock on the deep sea comes
again. . . .

(*Bring home !*)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-wash, my very famous men. . . .

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

Second Voice

O never stop to write the news that we are off upon
a cruise. . . .

First Voice

For the Gulf of Californy's got a roller now and then
But it's better to be sailing than a-sucking of a pen. . . .

(*Bring home !*)

HERBERT TRENCH.

283.

The Last Chantey

‘And there was no more sea.’

THUS said the Lord in the vault above the Cherubim,

Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree :

‘Lo! Earth has passed away

On the smoke of Judgment Day’

That Our word may be established shall We gather up the
sea?’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

‘Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!

But the war is done between us,

In the deep the Lord hath seen us—

Our bones we’ll leave the barracout and God may sink
the sea!’

Thus said the soul of Judas that betrayéd Him :

‘Lord hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?

How once a year I go

To cool me on the floe?

And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!’

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind :
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers
flee)

‘I have watch and ward to keep

O’er thy wonders on the deep,

And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

‘Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk were we !

 If we worked the ship together

 Till she foundered in foul weather,

Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on
 the sea ?’

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw over-
board :

‘Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we ;

 But Thy arm was strong to save,

 And it touched us on the wave,

And we drownd the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets
 tore the sea.’

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God :

‘Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.

 There were fourteen score of these,

 And they blessed Thee on their knees,

When they learned Thy Grace and glory under Malta by
 the sea !’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :

Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily :

 ‘Our thumbs are rough and tarred,

 And the tune is something hard—

May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at
 sea ?’

Then said the souls of the gentlemen adventurers,

Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity :

 ‘Ho, we revel in our chains

 O’er the sorrow that was Spain’s

Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of
 the sea !’

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn' speckshioner—
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee)

‘Oh the ice-blink white and near,

And the bowhead breaching clear!

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in
the sea?’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,

Crying: ‘Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!

Must we sing for evermore

On the windless, glassy floor?

Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!’

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to
Him,

And 'stablished His borders unto all Eternity,

That such as have no pleasure

For to praise the Lord by measure,

They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,

Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;

And the ships shall go abroad

To the Glory of the Lord

Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea.

284

L'Envoi

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year
has shot her yield

And the ricks stand gray to the sun,

Singing:—‘Over then, come over, for the bce has quit the
clover

And your English summer's done.'

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind

And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ;

You have heard the song—how long ! how long !

Pull out on the trail again !

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,

We've seen the seasons through,

And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out
trail,

Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ring'd sun,

Or South to the blind Horn's hate ;

Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,

Or West to the Golden Gate ;

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,

And the wildest tales are true,

And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,

And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and
old,

And the twice-breathed airs blow damp ;

And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll

Of a black Bilbao tramp ;

With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,

And a drunken Dago crew,

And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,

From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid ;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the
crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave ;
It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,
It's 'Hawsers warp her through !'
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread !
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead !
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake 's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
powder'd floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame !
Her plates are scarr'd by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel
and swing,

And the Southern Cross rides high !
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the
out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow !
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain ;
You have heard the song—how long ! how long !
Pull out on the trail again ?

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail — the trail that
is always new.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

285.

From 'Erechtheus'

FROM the depth of the springs of my spirit a fountain
is poured of thanksgiving,
My country, my mother, for thee,
That thy dead for their death shall have life in thy sight
and a name everliving
At heart of thy people to be.
In the darkness of change on the waters of time they shall
turn from afar
To the beam of this dawn for a beacon, the light of these
pyres for a star.
They shall see thee who love and take comfort, who hate
thee shall see and take warning,
Our mother that makest us free;
And the sons of thine earth shall have help of the waves
that made war on their morning,
And friendship and fame of the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

NOTES

I. *Hymn of St. Colum.* Translation by Michael O'Curry from an Irish MS. in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, given in Elizabeth A. Sharp's *Lyra Celtica*, 1896. I have omitted the last 18 lines.

25. MOORE, *The First Ship.* From *Lyra Celtica*. I have omitted the last verse, which is inferior to the others.

80. *In Hebrid Seas.* Mr. William Sharp says in *Lyra Celtica*: 'This stirring Hebridean poem is given as from the ancient Gaelic.' Probably by this is meant old Gaelic, mediaeval or even later. The translation is by Mr. Thomas Pattison and is included in his 'Gaelic Bards'.

81. *The St. Kilda Maid's Song.* Translated from the Gaelic by Alexander Stewart; at least as old as the middle of the eighteenth century (see *Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*, p. 895).

118-121. From Cook and Tinker's *Select Translations from Old English Poetry*, 1902.

203, 204. *The Bark of Clanranald, The Blessing of the Ship, and The Sailing.* These are translations of two sections of *Birlinn Chlann-Raonuill*, the masterpiece of Alexander Macdonald, son of Alexander Macdonald, episcopal clergyman of Ardnamurchan, who was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He became an ardent follower of Prince Charlie in '45, and his warlike Jacobite songs were sung throughout the Highlands; they were published in Edinburgh, in 1751.

208. *The Lawlands o' Holland.* Some of this ballad was probably composed in the eighteenth century, other verses may be older. I have used the shorter version taken by Mr. Stone in his *Sea Songs*.

211. *Merman Rosmer.* I have kept some changes found in the version used by Mr. Masefield in his *Sailor's Garland*. The ballad of Rosmer is found in all the Scandinavian languages.

214. *Il Corsaro.* From *Canti popolari del Piemonte* collected by Costantino Nigra, Turin, 1888.

LE CORSAIRE

(Literal translation by H. Gonnet)

'O marin de la mer,
O chantez-moi une chanson.'
'Montez, la belle, dans ma barque,
La chanson je la chanterai.'

Quand la belle fut dans la barque,
 Le beau marin se mit à chanter.
 Ils naviguèrent plus de cinq cents lieues,
 Toujours en chantant cette chanson.
 Quand la chanson fut finie
 La belle à la maison voulut retourner.
 'Vous êtes plus loin de cinq cents lieues,
 Vous êtes éloignée de votre maison.'

'Que dira ma maman,
 Que je reste tant à revenir?'
 'Ne pensez plus à votre maman,
 O pensez, la belle, au marin.'
 Vint la moitié de la nuit,
 L'heure arriva d'aller dormir.
 'O déshabillez-vous, O déchaussez-vous,
 Couchez-vous là avec le marin.'
 'Je me suis lacée si fort,
 Que le lacet je ne puis détacher.'

'O marin de la mer,
 O prêtez-moi, galant, votre épée,
 Pour que le lacet je puisse couper.'
 Quand la belle eut eu l'épée,
 Au milieu du cœur elle se l'est plantée.
 'O maudite soit l'épée,
 Et cette main qui l'a prêtée,
 Mais si je n'ai pu la baiser vivante!
 Elle est morte, je la veux baiser.'
 Il la prit par ses mains blanches
 Et dans la mer il la jeta.

215. *Lo Mariner*. From *Cansons de la Terra* collected by Francesch Pelay Briz and Candi Candi, Barcelona, 1866-7.

THE MARINER

(Translation)

It is on the sea-shore that a maiden is sitting, and a kerchief
 that she is broidering for the queen.

The kerchief is but half broidered and the silk it is lacking.
 Now it is a ship that is coming; 'Ah, a sail, a sail!'

'Mariner, good mariner, is it silk you are carrying?'
 'Of what shade would'st thou have it; white or cramoisie?'
 'Cramoisie I will have it; the best is cramoisie.'
 'Come then to my ship, and choose for thyself.'

It is in the ship that the maiden now is. The ship sets sail.
 It is the sailor that is singing to her new songs.

With the singing of the sailor it is sleeping that she is.
 It is the swell of the sea that awakens her.

It is awake that she is and seeing no land.
 The ship is on the high seas, a sailing, a sailing.

'Mariner, good mariner, oh take me to shore.
 It is suffering that I am from the sea air.'

'Nay, it is not from here that thou canst be going.'
 'But we are three sisters, and I am the fairest.'

'It is with a duke that one is wedded, and it is a princess
 that the other is.'

Ah me! Ah me! to wed a mariner.

'It is a robe of gold that the one is wearing, and of silk the
 other.'

Ah me! Ah me! to wear woollen.'

'It will be no woollen, but silk that you will be wearing, and
 no mariner's wife that you will be, but a queen rather.'

'It is the son of England's king that I am. And it is seven
 years that the seas I have been sailing for thee, my love.'

230. *The Sea-Farer.* From the translation by L. Iddings in Cook and Tinker (see nos. 118-21).

234. MINOT, *Winchelsea Fight.* From Joseph Hall's edition of Poems of Laurence Minot, Clarendon Press.

235. *The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage.* Printed by Halliwell in *Early Naval Ballads* (Percy Society) from MS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. iii. 19.

236. *Lustely, Lustely.* Printed in Collier's *English Dramatic Poetry*, Stone's *Sea Songs and Ballads*, and *Naval Songs and Ballads*, ed. C. H. Firth for the Navy Records Society, 1908.

237. *In Prais of Seafaring Men.* Printed by Halliwell (see no. 235) from MS. Sloane 2497, fol. 47.

247. A. COWLEY, *Ode on Drake's Chair*. I have included this fine ode, for although it is not exactly a sea poem it breathes the spirit that inspired Drake and his companions.

254. *Henry Martin*. Evidently an echo of the early ballad (too long to be included here) of Sir Andrew Barton. This is the version in Christopher Stone's *Sea Songs*. Mr. Masefield has a different one in the *Sailor's Garland*.

255. *The Sweet Trinity* occurs in broadsides of the late seventeenth century.

256. *The Golden Vanity*. I have taken the version used by Mr. Stone in his *Sea Songs*.

257. *The Mermaid*. Prof. Child gives six versions of this ballad. It was sung by sailors until quite recently.

258. PARMENTIER, *Les Merveilles de la Mer*. Jean Parmentier, a sailor-poet of the sixteenth century, and the first navigator to sail as far as Sumatra, wrote his poem 'Navigation de Parmentier : contenant les merveilles de la mer, du ciel et de la terre, avec la dignité de l'homme' during a long and dangerous voyage.

262. MARTIN PARKER, *Saylors for my Money*. Printed in *Roxburghe Ballads* and *Naval Songs and Ballads* (see no. 236).

263. *On His Majesties Fleet*, printed in *Naval Songs and Ballads* (see no. 236), must date from the period when Charles I was endeavouring to maintain his claim to the sovereignty of the seas against the French and Dutch. He built about twelve new ships between 1632 and 1640.

265. EARL OF DORSET. *To all you Ladies now at Land*. Written at sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the night before an engagement.

266. *Thurot*. Adapted from the original ballads in Manx and English by E. Crabb.

271. CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England*. The first and complete version of Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic', taken from the 'Oxford Campbell'.

INDEX OF SOURCES

	No.
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM (1824-1889)	
Æolian Harp	41
ANONYMOUS	
The ladye praieth the returne of her louer abidyng on the seas (Tottel's <i>Miscellany</i> , 1557)	7
In Hebrid Seas (translated from the Gaelic)	80
The St. Kilda Maid's Song (translated from the Gaelic by Alexander Stewart)	81
The Harvest of the Sea (translated from the Manx by W. H. Gill)	84
Selections from <i>Andreas</i> (translated R. K. Root)	120
The Storm-Spirit in the Sea (from the <i>Anglo-Saxon Riddles</i> , translated H. B. Brougham)	121
The Sea-Farer (translated from the Anglo-Saxon by L. Iddings)	230
The Building of the Ark	231
'Lustely, lustely'	236
In Prais of Seafaringe Men, <i>in Hope of Good Fortune</i> (c. 1585)	237
Epitaph on Drake (from <i>Wit's Recreations</i> , 1640)	243
The Mermaid	257
On His Majesties Fleet (c. 1635-6)	263
Neptune to England (c. 1636-7)	264
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888)	
The River of Time	53
From <i>The Scholar Gipsy</i>	54
Song of Callicles (from <i>Empedocles on Etna</i>)	55
From <i>Dover Beach</i>	164
From <i>Sohrab and Rustum</i>	165
The Forsaken Merman	219
The Neckan	220
ASSER	
How Alfred Caused Ships to be Built, and how the Pagans were beaten at Swanage (from <i>Life of King Alfred</i> , A. D. 877)	232

INDEX OF SOURCES

455

No.

BALLADS

The Dæmon Lover	205
Sir Patrick Spens	206
The Lass of Lochroyan	207
The Lawlands o' Holland	208
Bonnie Annie	209
Brown Robyn's Confession	210
Merman Rosmer	211
The Merman or Marstig's Daughter	212
The Mermaid	213
Il Corsaro (Piedmontese)	214
Lo Mariner (Catalan)	215
The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage (15th cent.)	235
Henry Martin	254
The <i>Sweet Trinity</i> ; or <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> (c. 1635)	255
The <i>Golden Vanity</i>	256
Thurot (naval battle fought off Ramsey, 1760)	266

BARNEFIELD, RICHARD (1574-1627)

Epitaph on Drake	244
Epitaph on Hawkins	245

BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES (1821-1867)

L'Homme et la Mer	163
-----------------------------	-----

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (1803-1849)

'To Sea'	39
--------------------	----

BEOWULF (7th cent.)

The Sea-Burial of King Scyld (translated by C. B. Tinker)	118
The Swimming-Match (translated by C. B. Tinker)	119

BEST, CHARLES (c. 1602)

A Sonnet to the Moone	11
---------------------------------	----

BINYON, LAURENCE (living)

John Winter	102
-----------------------	-----

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI (1313-1375)

Sonetto	123
-------------------	-----

BRIDGES, ROBERT (living)

A Passer-by	109
The Cliff-top	110
'Who has not walked upon the shore'	111
'The evening darkens over'	112
'The snow lies sprinkled on the beach'	113

	No.
BROWNE, WILLIAM (1590-1645)	
The Heart's Venture	10
The Siren's Song	16
A Dirge	17
From <i>Britannia's Pastorals</i>	246
BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889)	
The Wanderers (from <i>Paracelsus</i>)	58
Amphibian	59
From <i>Meeting at Night</i>	60
Parting at Morning	61
From <i>The Englishman in Italy</i>	162
Hervé Riel	277
Home-thoughts, from the Sea	278
BURGHCLERE, LORD	
From <i>The Georgics</i> , Book IV	200
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824)	
The Ocean (from <i>Childe Harold</i>)	27
Stanzas for Music	28
The Swimmer	158
CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART (1831-1884)	
The Fishermen (translation from Theocritus, Idyll xxi)	195
CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844)	
Copenhagen	270
Ye Mariners of England	271
CAMPION, THOMAS (c. 1567-1619)	
A Hymne in Praise of Neptune	15
CARDUCCI, GIOSUÈ (1835-1907)	
'Passa la nave mia'	65
CHAPMAN, GEORGE (1560-1634)	
From Homeric <i>Hymn to Neptune</i>	184
From the <i>Odyssey</i> , Book XII	189
CHAUCEr, GEOFFREY (1340-1400)	
The Shipman	233
CHIABRERA, GABRIELLO (1552-1638)	
Quando ride il mare	13
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861)	
Where lies the Land to which the Ship would go?	52
Qua cursum Ventus	166
COLERIDGE, MARY E. (1861-1907)	
The Haven	93
Veneta	94

INDEX OF SOURCES

457

No.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)	
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	216
COLUM, ST., Hymn of (from the Irish)	1
CONOLLY, LUKE AYLMER (c. 1786-1833)	
The Enchanted Island	26
CONRAD, JOSEPH (living)	
The Bond of the Sea (from <i>Heart of Darkness</i>)	178
Youth and the Sea (from <i>Youth</i>)	183
COTTON, CHARLES (1630-1687)	
Winter	19
COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618-1667)	
Ode on Drake's Chair	247
COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800)	
The Loss of the <i>Royal George</i>	274
CRABBE, GEORGE (1754-1832)	
The Sea	138
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784-1842)	
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	273
DANIEL, SAMUEL (1562-1619)	
Ulysses and the Syren	191
DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265-1321)	
'Noi eravam lunghesso il mare ancora' (<i>Purgatorio</i> , Canto II)	122
'Era già l'ora che volge il disio' (<i>Purgatorio</i> , Canto VIII)	124
'Io son', cantava, 'io son dolce sirena' (<i>Purgatorio</i> , Canto XIX)	190
DARLEY, GEORGE (1795-1846)	
A Dirge (from <i>The Sea Bride</i>)	35
'Hie on to great Ocean' (from <i>Nepenthe</i>)	36
'In the caves of the deep' (from <i>Nepenthe</i>)	37
Runilda's Chant (from <i>Ethelstan</i>)	38
DAVIDSON, JOHN (1857-1909)	
(Song: <i>The boat is chafing</i>)	77
From <i>A Cinque Port</i>	78 (i)
From <i>On Romney Marsh</i>	78 (ii)
DAVIES, SIR JOHN (1569-1626)	
From <i>Orchestra</i>	12
DAVIES, WILLIAM H. (living)	
Dreams of the Sea	103
The Sea	104

	No.
DEFOE, DANIEL (1661-1731)	
After the Shipwreck (from <i>Robinson Crusoe</i>) . . .	136
DE LA MARE, WALTER (living)	
'Never more, Sailor'	107
Alexander	224
DELONEY, THOMAS (end of 16th cent.)	
A Joyful New Ballad, declaring the Happie Obtaining of the Great Galleazzo	241
DE TABLEY, JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER WARREN, LORD (1835-1895)	
The Ocean Wood	42
From <i>The Churchyard on the Sands</i>	43
DE VERE, AUBREY (1814-1902)	
Song of the Sicilian Sea	40
DIBDIN, CHARLES (1745-1814)	
Song: 'Blow high, blow low'	269
DIXON, RICHARD WATSON (1833-1900)	
From <i>The Wanderer</i>	74
DONNE, JOHN (1573-1631)	
The Storme	133
The Calme	134
DORSET, EARL OF (1638-1706)	
'To all you Ladies now at Land'	265
DOWDEN, ELIZABETH (living)	
'There shall be no more Sea'	92
DOWLAND, JOHN (c. 1600)	
A Dialogue	16
DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631)	
To the Virginian Voyage	259
Like an adventurous Sea-farer am I	260
DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1707)	
The Spanish Galleons seen by an Aztec	139
EXODUS, BOOK OF	
<i>Cantemus Domino</i> : 'I will sing unto the Lord' (chap. xv)	2
FALCONER, WILLIAM (1730-1769)	
'A Squall, deep lowering'	137
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (1810-1886)	
The Hymn of the Fishermen	83

INDEX OF SOURCES

459

No.

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY (1884-1915)	
The Old Ships	97
Santorin (a Legend of the Aegean)	223
FLETCHER, GILES (158?-1623)	
Doris and Galatea	194
GARRICK, DAVID (written c. 1754)	
Hearts of Oak	267
GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE (1811-1872)	
Pendant la Tempête	50
Les Matelots	51
GILL, W. H.	
The Harvest of the Sea (translated from the Manx)	84
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL (living)	
The Sea-Going Bark (trans. from the Irish of King and Bishop Cormac Mac-Culennain, A. D. 837-933)	82
Herring is King	88
HARDY, THOMAS (living)	
'I found her out there'	108
HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST (1849-1903)	
'The wan sun westers' (from <i>Echoes</i>)	71
'The full sea rolls and thunders' (from <i>Echoes</i>)	72
HOARE, PRINCE (late 18th cent.)	
The <i>Arethusa</i>	268
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809-1894)	
From <i>The Chambered Nautilus</i>	156
HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY (1516-1547)	
Complaint of the Absence of her Lover	8
HUGO, VICTOR (1802-1885)	
Tempête	167
From <i>Les Travailleurs de la Mer</i>	170
From <i>Oceano Nox</i>	276
HYDE, DOUGLAS (living)	
My Grief on the Sea (translated from the Irish)	87
JOB, BOOK OF	
Leviathan (chap. xli)	4
KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)	
On the Sea	150
To Ailsa Rock	151
From <i>To my Brother George</i>	152

	No.
KEATS, JOHN (<i>continued</i>)	
From <i>Endymion</i>	153
The Shell's Song (from <i>Hyperion</i>)	154
From <i>Hyperion</i>	157
On first looking into Chapman's Homer	185
Endymion hears the Meïman's Tale (from <i>Endymion</i>)	217
KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-1875)	
The Sands of Dee	44
KIPLING, RUDYARD (living)	
The Last Chantey	283
L'Envoi	284
LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1864)	
From <i>The Old Margate Hoy</i>	147
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864)	
The Shells	155
LANG, ANDREW (1844-1912)	
The Odyssey	186
Poseidon goeth to the Achaians (translation from the <i>Iliad</i> , Book XIII, with W. Leaf and E. Myers)	187
The Wreck of Odysseus (from the <i>Odyssey</i> , with S. H. Butcher)	188
LÉONARD, NICOLAS-GERMAIN (1744-1793)	
Les Plaisirs du Rivage	140
LEOPARDI, GIACOMO (1798-1837)	
L'Infinito	143
LINSCHOTEN, JAN HUYGEN VAN (written c. 1574)	
The Last Fight of H.M.S. <i>Revenge</i>	251
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882)	
My Lost Youth	46
LOVELACE, RICHARD (1618-1658)	
To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas	24
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD (1800-1859)	
The Armada	250
MACDONALD, ALEXANDER	
The Bark of Clanranald: The Blessing of the Ship; The Sailing	203, 204
MACKAIL, J. W. (living)	
Spring on the Coast (translated from Leonidas of Tarentum)	114

INDEX OF SOURCES

461

No.

MACKAIL, J. W. (living) (<i>continued</i>)	
A Restless Grave (translated from Archias)	115
On the Empty Tomb of One lost at Sea (translated from Glaucus)	228
On a Sailor drowned in Harbour (translated from Antipater of Sidon)	229
MACLEOD, FIONA (William Sharp) (1856-1902)	
The Undersong	85
The Moon-child	86
The Swimmer at Sunrise	160
MARKHAM, GERVASE (1570-1655)	
The Last Fight of the <i>Revenge</i>	252
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1563-1593)	
From <i>The Tragedy of Dido</i> (with Thomas Nashe)	126
From <i>Hero and Leander</i>	193
MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-1678)	
Bermudas	22
On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards, 1657	261
MASEFIELD, JOHN (living)	
From <i>Dauber</i>	99
Cargoes	100
Sea-Fever	101
MELVILLE, HERMAN	
The White Whale (from <i>Moby Dick</i>)	172
The Pacific (from <i>Moby Dick</i>)	182
MEYNELL, ALICE (living)	
From <i>From the Sea Wall</i>	175
The Small Sea World	179
MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674)	
The Fifth Day (<i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VII)	5
Sabrina fair (from <i>Comus</i>)	20
From <i>Lycidas</i>	21
The Third Day (<i>Paradise Lost</i> , Book VII)	135
MINOT, LAURENCE (middle 14th cent.)	
Winchelsea Fight or the Humbling of the Spaniards	234
MOORE, DUGALD (1805-1841)	
The First Ship	25
MOORE, T. STURGE (living)	
Rowers' Chant	106

	No.
MOORE, THOMAS (1780-1852)	
'I saw from the beach'	29
MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896)	
Song of the Argonauts (from <i>The Life and Death of Jason</i>)	57
The Boatrice (translated from the <i>Aeneid</i> of Virgil, Book V).	201
From <i>The Golden Apples</i>	202
MURRAY, GILBERT (living)	
Death of Hippolytus (translated from Euripides)	199
NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY (living)	
Drake's Drum	248
Admirals All	280
NICHOLS, PHILIP	
Sir Francis Drake's First Sight of the Pacific, February 11th, 1593 (from <i>Sir Francis Drake Ruined</i> , 1626)	242
NICHOLS, ROBERT	
The Full Heart	105
NOEL, RODEN W. B. (1834-1894)	
The Swimmer	159
PARKER, MARTIN (c. 1630)	
Sailors for my Money	262
PARMENTIER, JEAN (16th cent.)	
Les Merveilles de la Mer	258
PASCOLI, GIOVANNI (living)	
Dalla Spiaggia	75
Il Mare	76
PATER, WALTER (1839-1894)	
From <i>Sebastian van Storck</i> (<i>Imaginary Portraits</i>)	174
POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849)	
Annabel Lee	45
PSALMS, BOOK OF	
<i>Quam magnificata</i> : 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works' (Ps. civ)	3
'They that go down to the sea in ships' (Ps. cvii)	6
QUILLER-OUCH, SIR ARTHUR (living)	
Laying up the Boat (from <i>From a Cornish Window</i>)	181
Dolor Oogo	222
RACAN, HONORAT DE BUEIL, MARQUIS DE (1589-1670)	
Pour un Marinier	23
RODD, SIR RENNELL (living)	
A Shrine by the Sea (translated from Anyte)	226
The Harbour God (translated from Archias)	227

INDEX OF SOURCES

463

No.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA (1830-1894)

Sleep at Sea	62
By the Sea	63

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882)

The Sea-Limits	64
A Sea-Spell	161
The Last Three from Trafalgar	279

RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1900)

A Gale at Sea	168
Turner's Picture 'The Slave Ship' (from <i>Modern Painters</i>)	169

SANTAYANA, GEORGE (living)

Ode to the Mediterranean	96
------------------------------------	----

SCOTT, GEOFFREY

Sottomare	176
---------------------	-----

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)

'Come unto these yellow sands' (<i>The Tempest</i>)	14
'This precious stone set in the silver sea' (<i>King Richard II</i>)	127
'Your mind is tossing on the ocean' (<i>Merchant of Venice</i>)	128
'The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch' (<i>The Tempest</i>)	129 (i)
'I saw him beat the surges under him' (<i>The Tempest</i>)	129 (ii)
'Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks' (<i>King Richard III</i>)	130
'Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land' (<i>Othello</i>)	131
'Thou remember'st, Since once I stood upon a promontory' (<i>A Midsummer-Night's Dream</i>)	132
To Sleep (<i>Henry IV</i>)	239
Henry V on the Way to France (<i>King Henry V</i>)	240

SHARP, WILLIAM : see Macleod, Fiona

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)

From <i>Stanzas, written in Dejection near Naples</i>	30
From <i>Ode to the West Wind</i>	31
Arethusa	32
From <i>Prometheus Unbound</i>	33
From <i>The Recollection</i>	34
'When winds that move not' (translated from Moschus of Syracuse)	116
From <i>Julian and Maddalo</i>	148
From <i>Epipsychidion</i>	149

	No.
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (<i>continued</i>)	
From <i>Alastor</i>	218
From <i>Homer's Hymn to Castor and Pollux</i>	225
SIGERSON, DORA (Mrs. Shorter) (living)	
Can Doov Deelish	89
SOULIÉ, FRÉDÉRIC, ET ARNOULD, EDMOND (c. 1835)	
Adieu, mon beau Navire	272
SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843)	
The Mariner	275
SPENSER, EDMUND (1552-1599)	
Sonnet: 'One day I wrote her name vpon the strand'	9
Port after Stormy Seas	125
From <i>Colin Clout's Come Home Again</i>	192
From <i>The Faerie Queene</i>	238
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894)	
Over the Sea to Skye	73
From <i>Will o' the Mill</i>	171
From <i>The Merry Men</i>	173
The English Admirals	253
STEWART, ALEXANDER	
The St. Kilda Maid's Song (translated from the Gaelic)	81
STILL, BISHOP JOHN (c. 1543-1608)	
The Spanish Armada	249
SURREY, EARL OF: <i>see</i> Howard	
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-1909)	
To a Seamew	68
From <i>By the North Sea</i>	69
From <i>In Guernsey</i>	70
From <i>Erechtheus</i>	285
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON (1840-1873)	
Venetian Sunrise.	177
SYNGE, JOHN (1871-1909)	
From <i>The Aran Islands</i>	180
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809-1892)	
'Break, break, break'	56
From <i>The Lotos-Eaters</i>	197
From <i>Ulysses</i>	198
THOMSON, JAMES (1700-1748)	
Sea-birds (from <i>The Seasons</i>)	141
Omens of Storm (from <i>The Seasons</i>)	142 (i)
Clouds (from <i>The Castle of Indolence</i>)	142 (ii)

INDEX OF SOURCES

465

No.

TRENCH, HERBERT (living)

The Strait 98

The Rock of Cloud 221

Old Anchor Chanty 282

VERLAINE, PAUL (1844-1896)

'Je ne sais pourquoi' 66

'La mer est plus belle' 67

WATSON, SIR WILLIAM (living)

From *In the Midst of the Seas* 95

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892)

'In Cabin'd Ships at Sea' 47

From *Out of the Cradle endlessly Rocking* 48

'On the Beach at Night' 49

Song for all Seas, all Ships 281

WICKHAM, EDWARD CHARLES

The Drowned Seaman (translated from Horace) 117

WILDE, OSCAR (1856-1900)

Les Silhouettes 79

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)

'The world is too much with us' 144

Evening by the Sea 145

The Ship 146

WORSLEY, PHILIP STANHOPE (1836-1886)

Odysseus and his Companions reach the Land of the
Lotos-eaters (translated from the *Odyssey*, Book IX) 196

The White Birds 90

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER (living)

The Sad Shepherd 91

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	No.
A bare strand	148
A faint wind draws from the soon-faded sky	176
A la bora de la mar	215
A little lonely child am I	86
A ship behoves the to dight	231
A ship is floating in the harbour now	149
A shipman was ther, woning fer by weste	233
A squall, deep lowering, blots the southern sky	137
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	273
Adieu, mon beau navire	272
Ah, sleepless race	98
Alone on the shore in the pause of the night-time	105
Amid the heavens	142
And God created the great Whales, and each	5
And now the looked-for day was come with simple light and sweet	201
And on the other side, outspread, is seen	152
Arethusa arose	32
As Armies at the call	135
As carefull <i>Merchants</i> doe expecting stand	10
As one that for a weary space has lain	186
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay	166
As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles	142 ii
Assai sem raggirati in alto mare	123
Assis sur la rive des mers	140
At last, as far as I could cast my eyes	139
At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore	218
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise	250
Below the down the stranded town	78 i
Blow! blow! blow!	48
Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear	269
Break, break, break	56
But I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue	155
But now my Oate proceeds	21
But the majestic River floated on	165
C'è sopra il mare tutto abbonacciato	75

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

467

	No.
Can doov deelish, beside the sea	89
Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?	4
Cease now the talke of wonders, nothing rare	263
Chear up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow.	247
Come all ye jolly Sailors bold	268
Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer	267
Come, dear children, let us away	219
Come unto these yellow sands	14
Come worthy Greeke <i>Ulysses</i> come	191
Consider the sea's listless chime	64
Countrie white men of England, who live at home with ease	262
Delightful would it be to me to be in Uchd Ailiunn	1
Dessus la mer de Cypre, où souvent il arrive	23
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away	348
Echoes we: listen!	33
Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake	280
England his hart; his Corps the Waters haue	244
England to whom we owe, what we be, and have	133
Era già l'ora che volge il disio	124
Fair came the falling wind; a seaman said	99
Far, far from here	55
Far off the storms were dying	40
For loe the Sea that fleets about the Land	12
From mercilesse invaders	249
From the depth of the springs of my spirit a fountain is poured of thanksgiving	285
From Youghal, where gulls take harbour	221
Glide soft ye siluer Floods	17
Good Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile	8
Grey woods within whose silent shade	42
Haply, the River of Time	53
Hark, hark, I hear the North Wind roar	19
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas	157
He saw far in the concave green of the sea	217
Hear us, O Lord, from Heaven, Thy dwelling place.	84
Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!	151
Her cheeks were white, her eyes were wild	104
Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple-tree	161
Hie on to great Ocean! hie on! hie on!	36

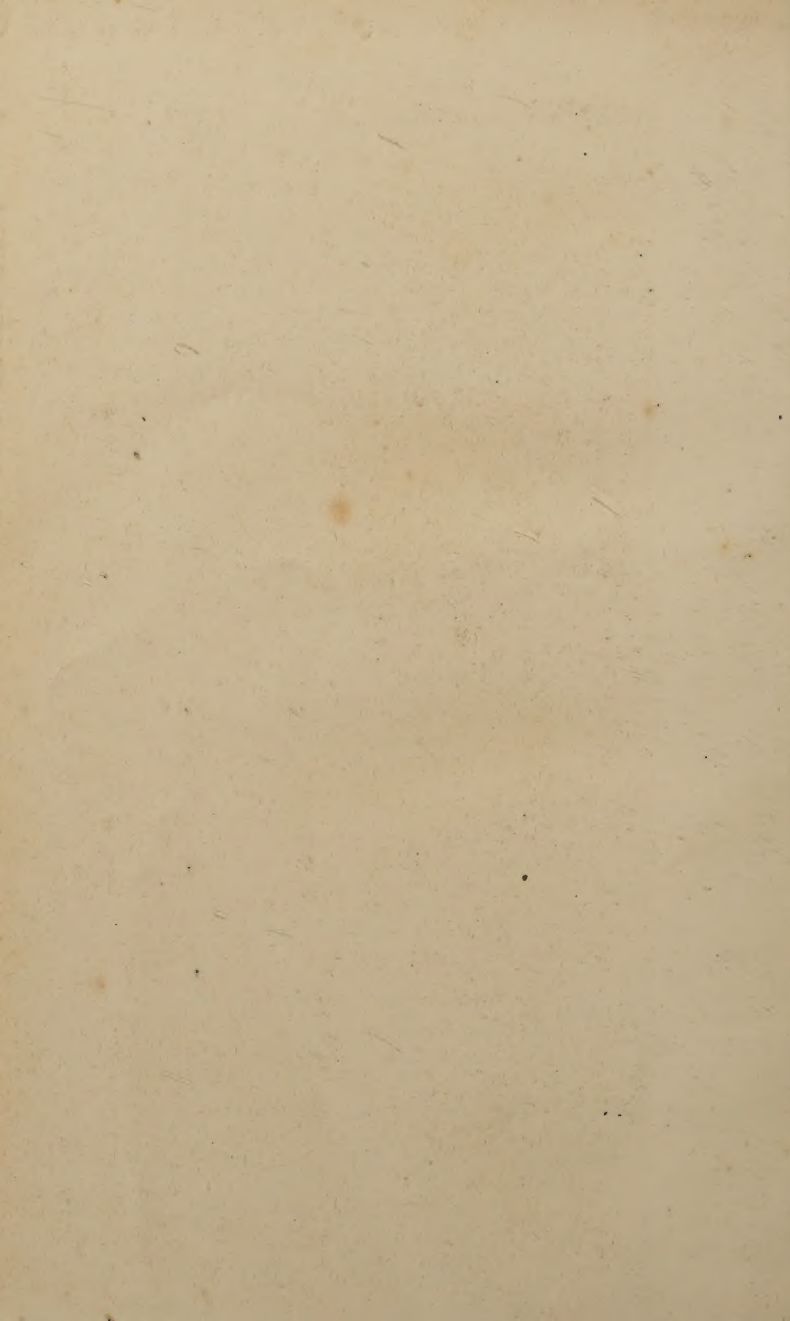
	No.
His masts were broken, and his tackle torne . . .	252
Homme libre, toujours tu chériras la mer . . .	163
How many a time have I . . .	158
How often have I now outwatched the night . . .	177
I can sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling . . .	230
I found her out there . . .	108
I have a ship in the North Countrie . . .	256
I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep . . .	97
I hear the sea-song of the blood in my heart . . .	85
I know not why I yearn for thee again . . .	103
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky . . .	101
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining . . .	29
I saw him beat the surges under him . . .	129 ii
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore . . .	154
I wald nocht spare for to speke, wist I to spede . . .	234
I will sing unto the Lord . . .	2
I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea! . . .	90
If to be absent were to be . . .	24
In cabin'd ships at sea . . .	47
In grappled ships around The Victory . . .	279
In Scotland there lived three brothers of late . . .	254
In summer, on the headlands . . .	220
In the caves of the deep—lost Youth! lost Youth! . . .	37
'Io son,' cantava, 'io son dolce sirena' . . .	190
It fell upon a Wodensday . . .	210
It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free . . .	145
It is an ancient Mariner . . .	216
It keeps eternal whisperings around . . .	150
It once befell that in a quiet bay . . .	202
It was many and many a year ago . . .	45
It was the great Alexander . . .	224
Je ne sais pourquoi . . .	66
La barque est petite et la mer immense . . .	50
La mer est plus belle . . .	67
Let all the fish that swim the sea . . .	88
Let them not dream that they have known the ocean . . .	95
Like an adventurous Sea-farer am I . . .	260
Looke how the pale Queene of the silent night . . .	11
Lustely, lustely, lustely, let vs sayle forth . . .	236

	No.
M'affaccio alla finestra, e vedo il mare	76
Masts in the offing wagged their tops	78 <i>ii</i>
May God bless the bark of Clan-Ranald	203
Me, Pan, whose presence haunts the shore	227
Men may leue alle gamys	235
Methinks the wind had spoke aloud at land	131
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks	130
Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!	69
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	185
My grief on the sea	87
My Love lies in the gates of foam	43
My merry mates! to Neptune's praise	18
My mother sea, my fostress, what new strand	70
Neptune, the mighty Marine God, I sing	208
Never more, Sailor	107
Nigh Carpathus in Neptune's boisterous realm	200
Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away	278
Noi eravam lughesso il mare ancora	122
Now does Spains fleet her spacious wings unfold	261
Now rede me, dear mithers, a sonsy rede	212
Now strike your sailes ye iolly Mariners	238 <i>i</i>
O bitter sea, tumultuous sea	57
O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour	275
O Lord, how manifold are thy works!	3
O marinar de la marina	214
O Mary, go and call the cattle home	44
O noble England, fall downe vpon thy knee	242
O pale green sea	41
O wha will shoe my bonny foot?	207
O where have ye been, my dearest dear	205
O'er the wild gannet's bath	38
Of Nelson and the north	270
Of Neptunes Empyre let us sing	15
Of thee, great state, the god of waves	264
Of thee the Northman by his beachèd galley	96
Oft by the marsh's quaggy edge	74
Often I think of the beautiful town	46
Oh! combien de marins, combien de capitaines	276
On a day	133
On Friday morning as we set sail	257
On <i>Hellespont</i> guiltie of True-loves blood	193

	No.
On the beach at night	49
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two .	277
One day I wrote her name vpon the strand	9
Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage . .	134
Over the rocks, steadily, steadily	81
Over the sea our galleys went	58
Passa la nave mia con vele nere	65
Prayer unsaid, and mass unsung	35
Quando avvien che un zefiretto	13
Qui congnoistra les merveilles de mer	258
Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir	100
Round the cape of a sudden came the sea	61
Row till the land dip 'neath	106
Sabrina fair	20 i
Sempre caro mi fu quest' ermo colle	143
Shall I loose my dusky little coracle	82
Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare . . .	7
Sing me a song of a lad that is gone	73
Sir Drake whom well the world's end knew	243
Sir Walter Raleigh has built a Ship	255
So at the dawning, when the day first broke	120
So, I turned to the sea ; and there slumbered	162
So much haue I receiu'd at <i>Didos</i> hands	126
So to the sea we came ; the sea ? that is	192
Sound the deep waters	62
Steere hither, steere, your winged pines	16
Suppose that you have seen	240
Sur l'eau bleue et profonde	51
The billows crash above me while I move	121
The boat is chafing at our long delay	77
The cliff-top has a carpet	110
The evening darkens over	112
The fancy I had to-day	59
The full sea rolls and thunders	72
The grey sea and the long black land	60
The king sits in Dunfermline town	206
The love that I hae chosen	208
The sea is calm to-night	164
The sea is flecked with bars of grey	79

	No.
The Sea Nymphes late did play them on the shore . . .	194
The sky in beauty arch'd	25
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch . . .	129 i
The snow lies sprinkled on the beach	113
The sun had opened golden yellow	204
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	30
The wan sun westers, faint and slow	71
The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his Toome	245
The world is too much with us; late and soon . . .	144
Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles! . . .	54
Then on our course we sail, distressed in heart . . .	196
There be none of Beauty's daughters	28
There dwells a lady in Denmark	211
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods	27
There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield	284
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail . . .	198
'There shall be no more Sea.' Ah, surely this . . .	92
There was a man whom Sorrow named his friend . . .	91
There was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar . . .	209
They sat them down upon the yellow sand	197
They that go down to the sea in ships	6
Thirteen men by Ruan Shore	222
This is the Cyprian's holy ground	226
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign . . .	156
This precious stone set in the silver sea	127
This said; the golden-thron'd <i>Aurora</i> rose	189
Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion . .	31
Thou remember'st, Since once I stood upon a promontory .	132
Thurot he came round Point of Ayre	266
Thus saith the Lord in the vault above the Cherubim .	283
Time neuer can produce men to o're-take	246
To all you ladies now at land	265
To God give foremost praises	83
To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail	26
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er	39
To the Ocean now I fly	20 ii
To yon fause stream that, by the sea	213
To-day a rude brief recitative	281
Toll for the brave	274
Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee	133
'Twas by the bank of beating sea we stood	199
Two ancient fishers once lay side by side	195

	No.
We turned her prow into the sea	80
We wandered to the Pine Forest	34
What ails John Winter, that so oft	102
What if some little paine the passage haue	125
When I had wings, my brother	68
When winds that move not its calm surface sweep	116
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?	52
Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?	146
Where the gray bushes by the gray sea grow	93
Where the Northern Ocean in vast whirls	141
Where the remote Bermudas ride	22
While still the dusk impends above the glimmering waste	160
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding	109
Who are you, Sea Lady	223
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way	238 <i>ii</i>
Who has not walked upon the shore	111
Whoe siekes the waie to win renowne	237
Why does the sea moan evermore?	63
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast	239
Wind and waters ring the bells	94
With a long heavy heave, my very famous men	282
 Ye Mariners of England	 271
Ye wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove	225
Yonder, lo! the tide is flowing	159
You braue Heroyque mynds	259
Your mind is tossing on the ocean	128



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